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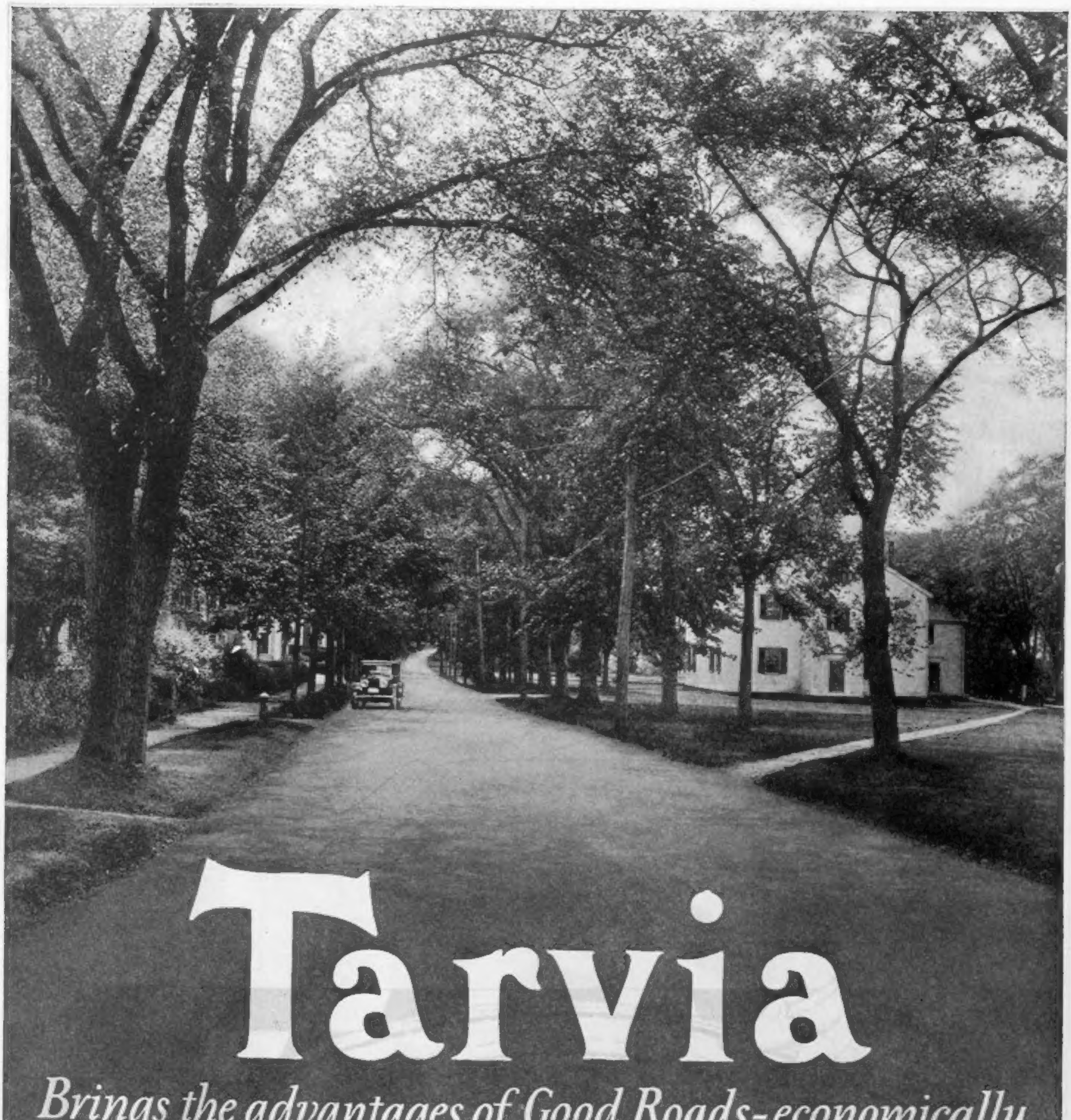

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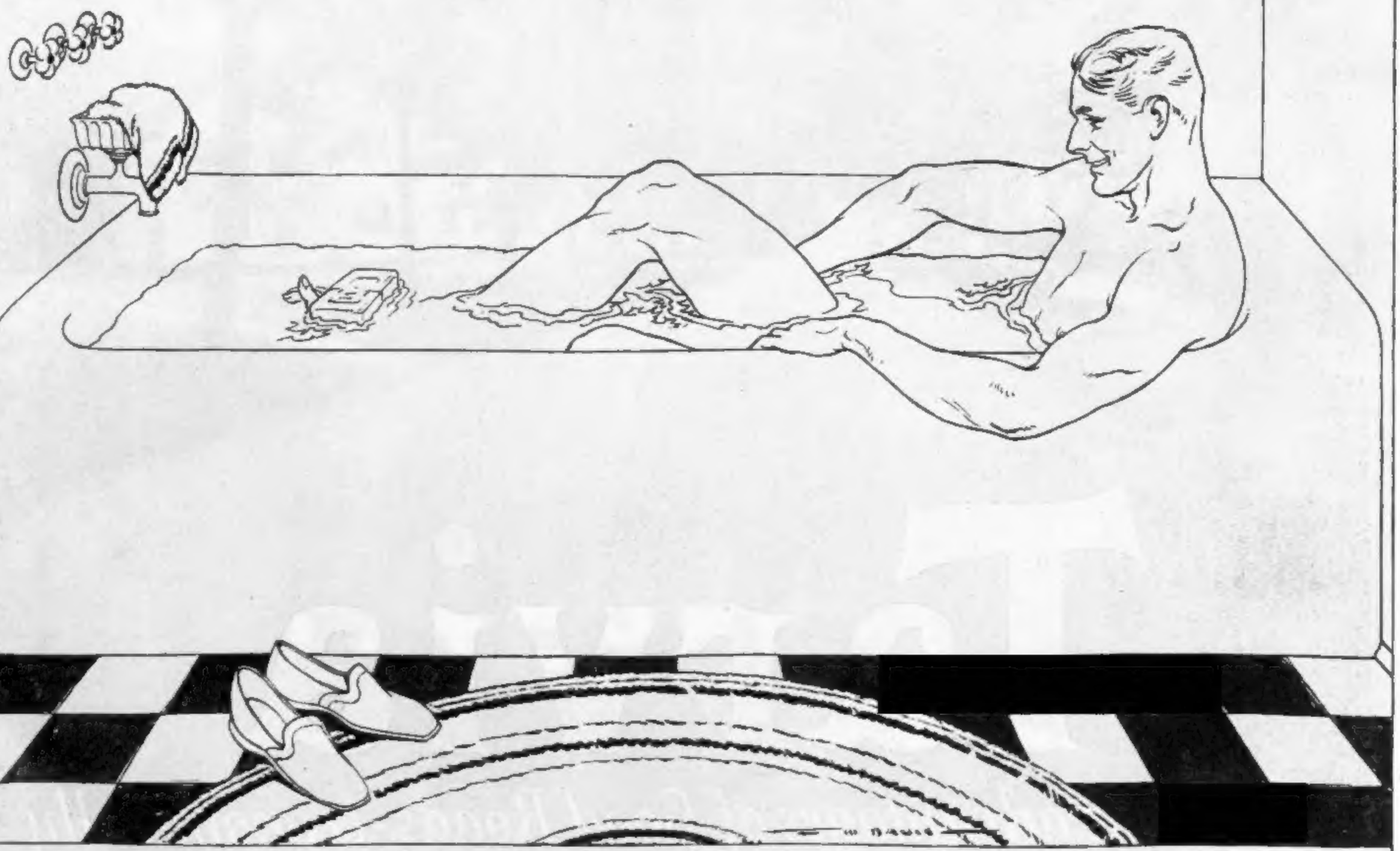

GENTLEMEN BATHERS

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THE RELUCTANT DUCHESS

"Not on Your Tiatypo, Pitsy," Said the Duke, and He Emerged From Behind the Great Bulk of His Cousin's Outer Garments

By Alice Duer Miller

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

JACQUELINE McMANNIS was walking down Fifth Avenue, busily engaged in hating her governess. It was one of those mornings in early October which make Americans so particularly offensive about their climate—that is to say, it was as clear as rock crystal, as bright as a Spanish shawl and as still as a church. Later in the day probably a wind would rise and great white clouds come ballooning up from the west, but now not a leaf stirred in the green-and-gold foliage, and jets of white steam and plumes of black smoke rose straight into the motionless air.

The Avenue was almost empty. It was too early for babies to be out, their perambulators spreading in magnificent insolence across the sidewalk. A few children were on their way to school; the boys—dangerous projectiles—flying along on roller skates; the girls leading long-haired white terriers that looked up at Jacqueline out of shrewd bright eyes and pranced a little, like small hobbyhorses, as an indication that the weather had gone even to their dignified Scotch heads. A few young men strode by with pipes in their mouths and soft hats well down on their heads, trying to perpetuate as clerks the traditions of their so recent college days.

Jacqueline looked down the long vista of the Avenue and felt that, with just one more breath of this fresh pure air, her feet might leave the ground and she go floating to school six feet above the earth, as in her dreams she so often did. A verse—for she secretly wrote poetry—began to form itself in her mind without any apparent assistance from her consciousness:

The towers of the city stand
Like pinnacles in fairyland,
So very tall ——

The inevitable hitch had arrived. "So very tall"—"so high." "From thence a fay—or no, an angel—from those tall tops ——" Ah, there it was:

So tall one well might hope to see
Blue vistas of eternity.

She felt excited and surprised, as every creator does; not at the beauty of the creation, but at the mere act. And then she became aware that Miss Salisbury was raising her

eyebrows, flickering her eyelids and remarking, "Oh, this glare—this terrible glare!" In Jacqueline's ears it sounded as if she said "Glay-ah." Instantly the girl became transformed. The look of peace left her smooth forehead, her brows contracted, her mouth grew sullen, and she said quite rudely, "Oh, you don't like the sun?"

"Oh, in moderation; one likes it in moderation," said Miss Salisbury. "But not this glay-ah. The English climate is the only one. In England it is possible to be out-of-doors all the year round." And Miss Salisbury sighed, recalling the equable moisture of her native island.

"If you don't mind being soaked to the skin," answered Jacqueline, a little hampered in her attack by the fact that she had never been in England and knew its climate only from hearsay.

"Better," replied her governess, "than being alternately parched and frozen as in America."

And so they fell to quarreling.

It was quite extraordinary the number of subjects which these two found to quarrel about, besides those questions of manners and pronunciation about which every girl naturally quarrels with her governess. Last week, for instance, they had quarreled about whether or not George Washington was an Englishman. The worst of this discussion had been that Miss Salisbury, defending the affirmative, had had a good deal the best of it. Jacqueline had been obliged to shift to other grounds, such as the conduct of the Hessians during the Revolution, the burning of the city of Washington during the War of 1812, and the hostile attitude of the British cabinet toward the North during the Civil War. But even here Miss Salisbury did not yield. She regarded the Revolution as having been not won but conceded by a generous government. She seemed never to have heard of the War of 1812, and made it clear that she rather doubted its existence, while she remembered a great deal more about the magnificent friendliness of John Bright and the cotton spinners than she did of the insolence of Palmerston.

Jacqueline's Heart Gave a Bound, But Remembering Her Disapproval, She Said, "I Don't Want to Come to Your Dinner Party, Thank You"

And only two days before this they had had a particularly bitter disagreement. At breakfast they had found letters—an English mail. Mr. and Mrs. McMannis had been spending the summer in England. Jacqueline, looking up from a short two pages from her father, containing nothing but a perfunctory description of St. Paul's, had heard a little cry from Miss Salisbury, who was engaged with a letter from Mrs. McMannis, longer and more closely written.

"Only fancy!" she exclaimed. "The Duke of Dormier is coming over with your parents!"

Everything about this announcement was repugnant to Jacqueline. In the first place they were not her parents, for Mrs. McMannis was her stepmother; in the second place, she noticed, and loathed, a certain note of tremulous excitement in her governess' voice, as if a duke were something of supreme importance; and third, she was bruised in an old wound at not having been told directly. She never was told. The butler, the chauffeur, Mr. Williams, her father's secretary, always knew the family plans before she did. But stronger than all these emotions was her aching humiliation at each fresh proof that her family—even her great democratic practical father—were subject to an ambition which seemed to Jacqueline the most contemptible in all human experience—social ambition.

Besides which, she had heard the news already—had learned it most painfully on the opening day of school. A certain weekly publication which she was strictly forbidden to read—and in which, as a matter of fact, she took no interest whatsoever—had been smuggled into her hands by her friend, Lucy Traver, and the action had been accompanied by a giggle—a giggle Jacqueline could still hear. She had read the following paragraph:

"The Peter McMannises—we beg their pardon, the P. Leslie McMannises—are, we understand, even now returning to their more or less native shores with a certain great peer in tow. The McMannises, having failed so conspicuously to make good their social ambitions in these United States, have met, so we are told, with great success in England, where so little is expected of Americans except quaint speech and an ability to pay the bills. We understand that the enormous new Italian palace in the East Eighties—so strangely out of harmony with the background of the McMannises—is to be opened for a series of entertainments in the hope that many people will go there to meet a duke who have been obdurate heretofore."

To be wroth with those we love is, as the poet has said, maddening; but to be ashamed of them is almost worse. Jacqueline dropped the paper on the floor by the simple method of unclosing her long fingers.

"Don't ever give me such stuff as that to read again," she said severely.

"But is it true?" asked Lucy. "Are you really going to have a tame duke in the house?"

Jacqueline would not even answer. As a matter of fact, she did not know whether it was true or not, but she feared the worst. She knew only too well the joy it would be to Mrs. McMannis to bring home a duke, for the girl had a terrible detached clarity of vision. She had seen her stepmother's eyes lighten at reading her name in the right list of names, and had heard her father roll a great name under his tongue, telling a story that had no point except the friendliness of some foreign celebrity toward Peter Leslie McMannis.

All through the summer their letters from England had been full of a high clear note of triumph—yes, even her father's letters. Names were mentioned which one still in the process of studying English history could not help knowing were historic names. They stayed at castles in Scotland, steel engravings of which were in the edition of the Waverley Novels which Mr. McMannis had given his daughter the Christmas she was fourteen. They had even spent the night at St. Giles's Grange, where, as every child knows, Charles II had lain concealed in a secret room between the walls. Jacqueline felt an emotion of envy when she read the letter that described that visit. She longed to see the mysterious sliding panel and the tiny circular stair behind the chimney piece.

She could have understood an interest in the English aristocracy from this romantic, historical point of view. But her parents' interest was not like that, nor was Miss Salisbury's. So the girl had not taken the slightest notice of her governess' announcement, but had gone on reading about the dangerous condition of the dome of St. Paul's—a subject, it must be owned, in which she took no interest at all; and when Miss Salisbury exclaimed "Won't it be delightful?" Jacqueline looked up and said, "Won't what be delightful?"

"To watch the duke over here—to see what he thinks of it all."

"Not to me," answered the girl; "because, you see, I don't care what he thinks. Is he particularly clever, that we should want to know what he thinks?"

No, Miss Salisbury had never heard that the duke was brilliant. She said it as if it were hardly the function of the aristocracy to be brilliant.

So they had fallen to arguing. Whenever their conversation began, whether with English dukes or American weather, they always ended with an argument.

Now, as they passed the little round pond in the park, upon which already eager shipowners were launching their craft, Miss Salisbury was asserting with calm finality, "As a matter of fact, England is a far more democratic country than the United States."

"A queer kind of democracy that has a House of Lords, if you ask me," replied Jacqueline, with a most irritating sort of crow in her voice.

"Better than a plutocracy—an irresponsible plutocracy like this," said Miss Salisbury. "Our aristocracy has its recognized responsibilities."

"What are they?" asked the girl. "Opening bazaars—isn't that it?"

"Charity is certainly one of their duties," replied Miss Salisbury with dignity. "Upholding traditions is another."

"How you all do bow down to them!" cried Jacqueline, feeling as usual a certain lack of first-hand information.

"Indeed, we don't make half such fools of ourselves as you do over here," answered Miss Salisbury; and Jacqueline, conscious of her parents' ignominy, did not reply, but sank into a remoteness of sulky pain.

They passed the bust of Richard Hunt, late architect of the late Lenox Library. On that great pile of granite it was optimistically supposed that the sightless eyes of the bust would gaze as long as New York stood; but now, by one of those rapid changes so characteristic of Manhattan, those eyes are fixed upon a long low private house, the creation of quite a different architect.

Jacqueline glanced at the apartment houses and marble palaces about her—not a sliding panel or secret stairway in the whole lot probably. She began to plan a castle of her own, and by this means regained her inner poise before they turned east again and reached the Montross School.

At the door Miss Salisbury left her charge and returned to the McMannis house, secure of an uninterrupted morning for that occupation upon which the British Empire has been so largely built—the letter home. Every week she wrote sixteen pages in her clear handsome handwriting to the Rev. Ethelbert Salisbury, rector of St. Margaret's Church, in a small Kentish village, where he lived with wife, two sisters and his remaining five daughters.

Meantime the locker room at school was filled with short-haired, straight-backed girls, big and little, from seven to eighteen—all engaged in snatching off their hats and coats and exchanging greetings.

"Done your algebra?"

"Haven't tried."

"Is it true Grigsby has had a bob?"

"I thought not."

"Who was that sheik you were with at the movies?"

"An uncle —— My cricks!"

"That's new, isn't it?"

"No; the old one with a new collar."

"It makes you look just like that last picture of Constance's."

"Oh, you dear, isn't she divine—simply divine?"

Jacqueline took off her things in silence and alone—she was a person of importance, but not exactly popular. She had two qualities which her schoolmates valued—beauty and maturity. Her beauty was obvious, a matter of deep-gray eyes, fringed with black, a little short face on a long throat—almost too long. But her maturity was harder to explain, for of course she had been protected from life by riches and comfort and nurses and governesses and an ordered routine; but that other protection—the irrational and unchanging love of parents—Jacqueline had not had. She had learned to judge for herself, to think for herself, to find methods of calming her own spirits, a technic of self-control that children who know there is always an adult bosom to weep upon never discover. She led her own inner life; which gave her preëminence among the other girls, who were all thinking and acting in instinctive accord with their families' wishes or in equally instinctive opposition to them.

The dark sullenness on Jacqueline's brow justified the greeting of her friend Lucy:

"Hullo, my little local thunderstorm, what's wrong with you?"

"I hate the English," said Jacqueline. "I leave the house every morning enjoying the weather and my own thoughts, and I never get ten blocks before this rabbit-toothed creature whom my family have imported for me says something to enrage me." And Jacqueline obliged with a representation of Miss Salisbury's enunciation, her slight difficulty in getting her lips to close over her projecting teeth.

Lucy enjoyed the show, but her mind was on something more serious. She had not as yet looked at her English poetry, which she was almost certain to be called upon to recite. "Puss-Puss is certain to call on me," she said, thus referring to Miss Grigsby, she who was falsely reported to have had a bob, "for she's let me alone for a week. Put the great bean to work on that, Jackie, and see what can be done."

Jacqueline nodded silently, meaning that she would give the matter her full attention during the opening exercises.

It was no empty promise. When the senior class in English Poetry since Pope—"And what's wrong with Pope?" as Lucy had inquired—took its place in the classroom, Miss Grigsby—alias Puss-Puss—had actually opened her mouth to say "Lucy, will you recite the first stanza of the Intimations of Immortality?" when Jacqueline's long thin arm shot up with her hand fluttering at the end of it like a tiny banner.

"Oh, Miss Grigsby, I do want to ask you something."

Miss Grigsby had the sort of grateful affection for Jacqueline that every teacher has for a pupil who takes an independent interest in a subject. Jacqueline actually read more of a poet sometimes than the prescribed amount. She was allowed to go on:

"I heard a discussion the other day—awfully interesting. But is it true that no poet has ever been a good man?"

For a hasty composition, this was not bad—a teacher of English verse really was obliged to take note of this.

"I should rather say," replied Miss Grigsby, smiling with a false sweetness which she herself was the last person to know was false, "that no great poet had ever been anything but a good man. Milton ——"

"—— was horrid to his daughters, Miss Grigsby."

"We have very little evidence on that point. Tennyson ——"

"Oh, but not a great poet, Miss Grigsby."

"There I disagree with you, Jacqueline—most humbly, of course."

The girls' thoughts:

"Why does she try being sarcastic, when Jackie can write poetry and she can't?"

"How about Swinburne, Miss Grigsby?"

Swinburne was the curse of Miss Grigsby's existence. She admired him extravagantly; not only A Forsaken Garden and Proserpine but other poems less respectable. It annoyed her unspeakably that the modern generation did not care for him; yet what could she do? She could not go about recommending him to growing girls. She simply ignored the name.

"Except for the boyish peccadillo with Justice Shallow," she said, a little less sugary than before, "we have in Shakspere ——"

"If he isn't really Bacon," said Jacqueline reflectively. "If he is, why, then we know a good deal against his moral character."

Nothing more was necessary, and Jacqueline sat back, conscious of a friend well served. Miss Grigsby explained that Shakspere was not Bacon—could not have been Bacon; the moral characters of the two men were so different. Could anyone imagine that the author of Hamlet had ever accepted a bribe?

Lucy, under cover of a rather large sleeve, was able to learn her verse very comfortably, before at last, in the final minutes of the period, she was called on to recite. The girls admired the art of Jacqueline's performance. Miss Grigsby herself was dimly aware of what was happening, but the Bacon-Shakspere controversy so maddened her, she could not have resisted replying even if the whole plot had been made clear to her eyes.

Lucy, full of gratitude, went home to lunch with Jacqueline. She was one of the friends approved of by the McMannises, and even Miss Salisbury, who had said, "I confess that Lucy seems to me to have been very nicely brought up."

The use of "I confess" annoyed Jacqueline.

"Why should she confess approving of you, Lucy?" she demanded fiercely. "As if it were something to her discredit!"

Lucy, who had Dutch ancestors, was of a calm imperturbable nature, disturbed only by occasional attacks of the giggles. Her friend's deep though concealed storminess took her by surprise. They had met first as little girls at the Montross School. In the Roman History class, during some story of Roman courage, Lucy had observed that Jacqueline was crying. She looked at her in wonder and then whispered, "It isn't sad—he wasn't killed."

To which Jacqueline had replied, "Idiot! If it were a sad story I wouldn't cry! It's his being so brave."

To this day Lucy pondered over this incident without understanding it. The friendship was cemented by the fact that the next year Jacqueline, then eleven, had fallen deeply in love with Lucy's brother—an older man of eighteen—a college man; to speak accurately, a god. It began

(Continued on Page 117)

"Only Fancy!" She Exclaimed. "The Duke of Dermier Is Coming Over With Your Parents!"

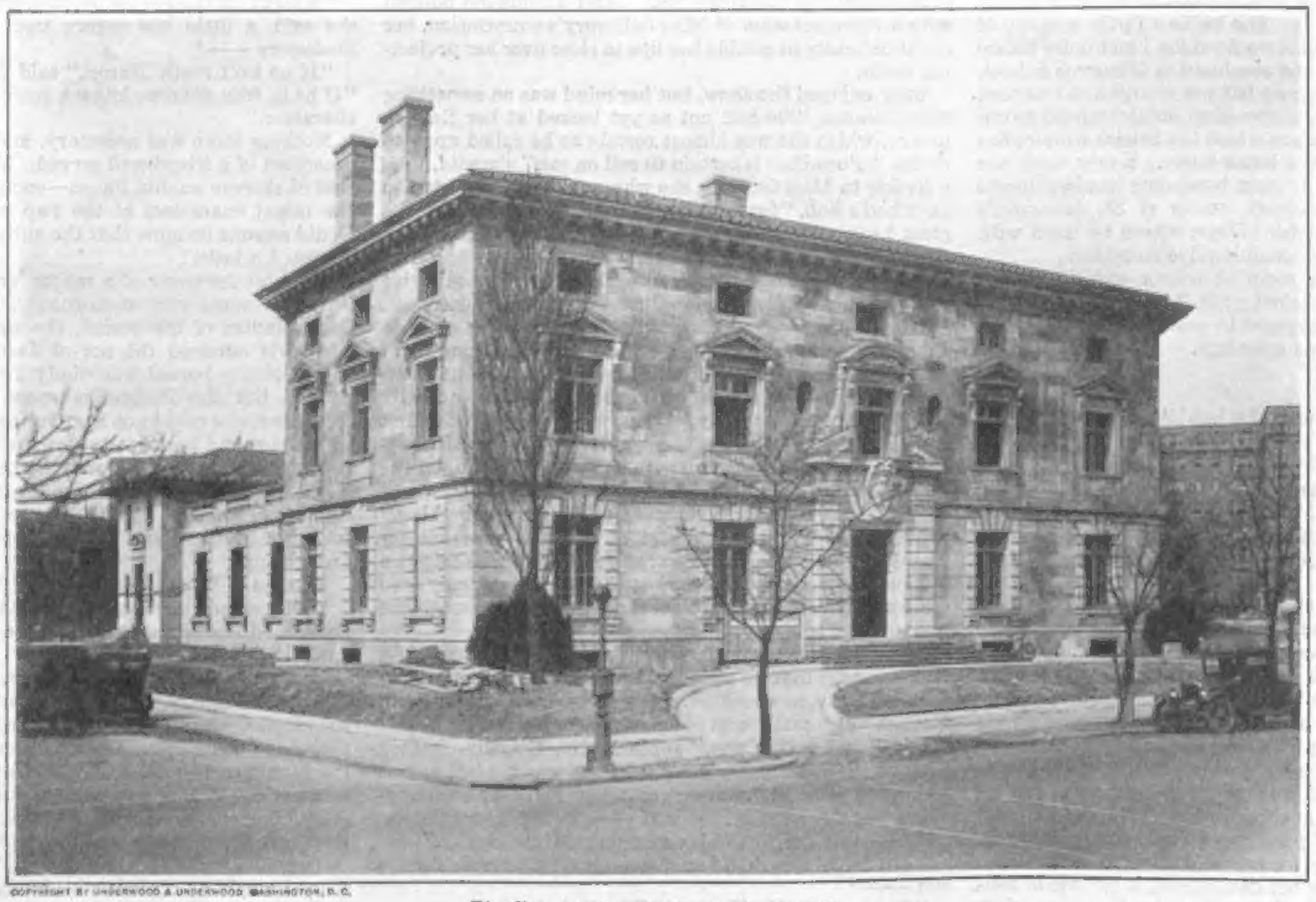
FROM CÆSAR TO MUSSOLINI

By Garet Garrett

ON THE Italic peninsula there was one night of a thousand years. That mysterious event is responsible for a certain eccentricity in the present state of economic time. If you suppose the economic hour in New York to be eleven A.M. and that in London it is three P.M., then in Rome it is only daybreak. There the sun is rising.

What scattered the long Italian night, during which the northern barbarian with nothing to remember carried the world away, will be found recorded in current history books and almanacs as a military event. One September day in 1870, when all the big countries were good enough to be minding their own business, a small Italic army marched into Rome and proclaimed it to be the capital of modern Italy. Of itself, intrinsically, this was no valorous feat. As a spectacle on the playground of the Cæsars, you cannot imagine it was even impressive. The physical resistance was insignificant.

Nevertheless, it was a splendid victory. There was never one like it in all the annals of glory. The drama of it was in the mind, not on the piazza. The enemy was invisible. What the little Italic army did was to meet and slay the past. And lest anyone should forget or mistake the meaning of that allegorical deed, an altar was raised to commemorate it. This you may see. It is an immense and complicated marble structure in which no idea is permitted to look backward. It stands with its back to the ancient valley of the Roman Forum, to the majestic ruins of the Colosseum where Christian martyrs preferred eternity to all the fatal fascinations of history. It did not grow there; it did not place itself. The people made it that way. As a monument, you may regard it with oblique wonder. As a pile of costly masonry, it is notable. As an incantation in stone, it is one of the curiosities of the world. It says that Rome is a modern city, free of its history; it adds that no loyal Italian shall see it or think of it otherwise. No loyal Italian does. Pilgrims, tourists, anyone else, may see it as they please—as it is or as it was, or, strangely, as it neither is nor was.



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The New Italian Embassy, Washington

The Meeting Place of Remote Ages

THE Stock Exchange, where people buy and sell the shares of new Italian textile mills and motor companies, occupies the ancient Temple of Neptune that was one of Agrippa's vanities. Electric light and power fixtures of the latest design are bolted to Roman walls older than Christianity, that have had no other use since the Goths and Vandals scaled them, save as objects of commercialized awe. Roman carts with their oversize wheels dispute the way with motortrucks in streets as narrow and crooked as when Paul appealed to Cæsar after his trial for disturbing the peace with his opinions touching multiple gods. In pagan Rome, using the vernacular to distinguish the older part of the city, it is five minutes' walk from the ruins of the Diocletian Baths to a fine movie theater running American comedy films. They are at opposite sides of the same piazza, and yet sixteen centuries apart.

The young Italian is not conscious of these contrasts. He has forgotten, if he ever knew, where the Diocletian Baths were. You get that information from the guidebook or from that part of the horse-drawn vehicle which the tourist believes to be its conscious intelligence. The mind of new Italy sees with its monument. The past is dead. There is only the future. Everything began with Unity. To that word, always made with a capital U, the Italian mind reacts just as the American mind does to the Declaration of Independence. We achieved our nationality by breaking the bonds of an oppressive political allegiance. The Italians achieved theirs by the collective act of breaking a spell.

If it seems not altogether coherent that is what you would expect. A thousand years is a long night. The scientific term is racial lethargy. That means no more than night. Lethargy, if you prefer it, is a visitation upon races—an unsolicited blessing, perhaps—which has yet to be explained scientifically or otherwise. It happens. Rising from it, people will be for some time in a state of vague perplexity. They may do all the wrong things at first; they are sure to make many mistakes. Individually, they cannot understand what has occurred or what is taking place. This is because man, whose years are determined, must pursue his destiny anxiously. There is no other destiny. There is no other time. But a race, provided it is durable, may fall out and sleep. Its future will overtake it. And when it does, then suddenly again that race is time-conscious. It knows it has something important to do and is in haste to be at it, without knowing exactly what it is. There is a dream to reconstruct. It cannot be reconstructed all at once. Ideas will be slow to clarify. So now in Italy, of the Italians. The torment of impatience is upon them. They have raised thereto a sign. Its name is Mussolini.

What was it they dreamed? They cannot tell themselves. No one else knows. It will gradually appear. Only, you may be sure that a people with such a past will not have dreamed of serving. Sleeping or waking, power is their fantasy.

What they find is that all the conditions of power have changed. The Cæsar business is in disesteem, perhaps dead; at least it is forbidden by all the authority there is. What other way to power and wealth lies open? Trade; foreign trade. That now is the field of combat, the only other way whereby a people whose numbers already press heavily upon the native food supply may hope to command sustenance from afar, amass wealth and rise to affluence. Wherefore Italy, with many handicaps and few apparent advantages, save that of her renewed youth, turns her mind to foreign trade. But there again the change appears.

Nowadays when we speak of foreign trade we visualize imports and exports. We think of the exchange of things for things. That trade pays best in which you exchange costly articles wrought by skill for coarse raw materials—as to say, fine cloth for raw wool, watch springs for pig iron, shoes for hides, perfumes for coal. All the high-craft nations of the world strive more and more to effect exchange upon this plan; even the United States, which is in the unique position of having a great abundance both of raw materials and manufacturing skill. It could export either raw materials or fabricated goods, and does export both; yet it seeks steadily to increase the sale of manufactured goods, because, as everyone knows, it is more profitable to export motor cars and typewriters than iron ore. Ore is only ore, plus the rude labor of extracting it from the earth, whereas a motor car is ore, coal, timber, fiber, rubber, sand, gases and acids, all transformed by skill and imagination. These two intangible items—skill and imagination—are worth much more than the raw material. That is why it pays to sell manufactured goods in foreign trade. This was first learned from experience and then formulated in the textbooks of economics.

But the old Romans, with no science of economics among them, went a great deal further. They refined exports to the ultimate ideal. Their only resource in trade was intangible merchandise.

You must know that twenty centuries ago Rome imported the whole of her sustenance. Every road leading into her was burdened with the goods she required to consume or enjoy, such as grain, fine textiles, base and precious metals, exotic edibles, spices, ointment, jade. The traffic was all one way—everything going in, nothing ponderable coming out.

Roman Peace as Rome's Commodity

HOW did she pay? You cannot have imports without exports, or not for long, because you will soon go bankrupt; but this went on for hundreds of years and Rome grew very rich.

She paid with a commodity that had no weight, no substance, no texture. She exported civility, law and authority—that is to say, government.

It was very fine merchandise; and although it was very expensive, yet it was so well advertised that practically the whole of the civilized world required it. Besides, there was no competitive brand. It was called the Roman Peace.

Whether because the quality deteriorated, which appears to have been the case, or because the cost of production became excessive, as it probably did, a time came when the exchange began to go wrong. The demand declined, slowly at first, and then very fast at the end. Rome's need for sustenance did not decline. It couldn't; her vital requirements were constant. And because she had nothing to export or to give in exchange but this one imponderable commodity which people no longer wished at the old price, in the same quantity, or at all, there was desperate trouble. Rome began to run to what is modernly defined as an unfavorable balance of trade. She bought more than she could pay for; the value of her imports was disastrously greater than the value of her exports. Therefore at length all that mighty affair of the Roman Peace collapsed. It had ceased to pay, and the Roman Empire fell.

It was impossible there in Italy or anywhere else to reconstruct Rome's method. What she fabricated was

government. She sold it with the sword. And when that economic system crashed there was night, because there was nowhere else any system at all.

The darkness was not total. There were many brilliant happenings in the night. Rome was transformed. The popes were mighty builders too. Ecclesiastical art flourished. Rare masters appeared. Cities independently waxed and waned. But these were astonishing events, detached. They had nothing to do with Italy and made seeing only more difficult.

Where were the people? The Romans—what became of them? They were but one of the ancient Italic tribes. You lose sight of them all.

Italy was broken up. The popes took sovereignty over the middle part and founded the Papal States. The rest of it was parceled out among petty kings and throne heads, with nothing to rule, nothing to do but to quarrel incessantly with one another. Thrones in Italy became favors to be handed about among the puissant sovereigns of Europe. Yet all this time the people were there. They went close to the soil and lived it out with Nature.

It may be, as they say, easier to live and harder to die in Italy than anywhere else in the world. They adore living. The fact of it thrills them and the circumstance is new with each rising of the sun. Even now, though it may be changing, your most vivid after images of Italy will be, not the tall postwar chimneys in the north, not the new factories, the little Pittsburghs they are so proud of, the electric railways, the harbors full of ships, signs and omens everywhere of their increasing industrial power—none of these things. They are wonderful enough; they are to be remembered. But what you will see again when you close your eyes will be those glimpses of her way with Nature, of her fields like a series of fine old tapestries in which the ground, its fruits, the animals and the people seem to be woven all of one and the same essential stuff, differentiated only by their accidental edges and gestures. Certainly nowhere else do those who tend the earth touch it so amorously. And in the autumn, when the vines are heavy, the land through all its length and breadth is filled with bursting song, responsive to the rhythm of life. They could not perish. The earth knew them and they multiplied.

Two Sets of Difficulties

SO IT was with the basic people of Italy, no matter how with kings, for a thousand years, until their energy could no longer be contained in that pattern of simple existence. Some ageless spirit stirred; and as it came awake it shaped that idea of United Italy which was to clothe itself with force, sweep out all the little thrones and proclaim a new Italian day.

You come again to the monument, and to the back of it this time, since you arrive from the past. You see more clearly now why it stands that way and wherein the instinct that placed it so was right.

The past is empty. Why listen to its echoes? All its pathways to the sun have discontinued. Why walk backward in them? There is no choice. Back is toward the night, to extinction. People will go the other way notwithstanding the fact that all trouble is of days. They may not think of this; but if they did, it would not matter. The act symbolized by that altar of Unity was the beginning of Italy's difficulties. Yet otherwise there had been no Italy.

Her difficulties fell under two heads. They were political and economic. Every nation's troubles may be similarly reduced; only those of Italy were very acute and all modern definitions were new to her. Keep that in mind.

The year was 1870, and she had no organized industry at all, no equipment for it, no knowledge of it, though it was already old in England, France, Germany, Belgium and the United States. What was worse, so far as she knew, she had neither coal nor iron to speak of, though modern industry must be founded thereon. If you have not got them you will have to buy them; in order to buy them you will need something to sell. She had lots of water running downhill, and that would sometime be a source of power better than coal; but at that time hydroelectric development was costly and still highly experimental. It was 1870, and she had no railroad system, because those little quarreling states just now swept away had been afraid of intercommunication.

What was she to do? She could not get rich selling lemons and figs and olive oil. To become an industrial nation she would have to buy first railroads, then machines with which to equip her mills, then the experience and technical knowledge which machines and industrial processes require; and after that she would have to buy also the coal to feed her locomotives and blast furnaces, the ore to make iron and steel, the wool and cotton to run in her looms, and so on.

How could she buy these things? It was absurd to suppose she could buy them with the surplus produce of her vines and fig trees, and she had almost nothing else to sell. Yes, one other commodity. She had plenty of people, and happily they were mobile. They would go anywhere they were wanted to work for wages. So it came about that the first thing new Italy exported on a very large scale was labor—not the products of labor, mark you; the labor itself—that is to say, people. This movement was of amazing proportions. It ran in one year to nearly 900,000 persons.

In thirty years Italy lost by emigration a number of people sufficient to have doubled the population of the earth in two centuries, provided they multiplied abroad at the same rate as at home. And this is counting only those who went and never returned. The rule was that three-quarters of those who went did some time return with the capital earned by labor in foreign lands. Those who did not come back were nevertheless a source of great revenue, for they were continually sending money to their kinsmen at home. Italy's receipts of money from her children in foreign countries ran as high as 1,000,000,000 gold lire a year. Coming in year after year, this kin money was a significant addition to the national wealth. It helped to buy railroads and machines and all those means to industrial life which it had been otherwise perhaps impossible to acquire. Yet notwithstanding all this deep pruning of the native tree by emigration, the population of Italy continued steadily and remarkably to increase.

Progress, however, was toilsome, uncertain, slow, beset with disappointment. The road was uphill, of course; the grade was steep. But that was not the only reason. The other fell in the second category of trouble. Politics obsessed them.

The highest cerebral activity of the ambitious Italian is political. Whether you treat it as a Latin characteristic, as a baneful heritage or as one of those gratuitous difficulties which fate provides as an extra incentive, the fact is there. They do not themselves regard it as an affliction. Far otherwise.

Look again at their altar, that monument in which they appear to have incorporated all the ideas they had. The right and left groups in gilded marble as you approach represent Action and Meditation. There is a statue of Victor Emmanuel II, gilded bronze, in the center. There is a marble group representing Power, Sacrifice, Concord and Right. Victory is a figure supported by two colossal lions. Unity and Liberty are there; also Rome and the seventeen regions of Italy. But the four figures that surmount the portals of honor as you enter are named Politics, Philosophy, Revolution, War. The politician, the thinker, the liberator—if that is what revolution means—and the hero, four in a row, on one high plane of honor.

Beginnings of Modern Industry

POLITICS in Italy is what you know politics to be anywhere else, plus Latin intensity and Latin egoism. Everything is personal. National policies are personal. Success is a private ornament, indivisible, and failure cannot forgive it. Agreement is a frail truce and the beginning of new intrigue. Newspapers are prized as weapons. We should not call them newspapers. They are laundries, really, taking in political linen to wash. The dethroned politician turns publicist, with a feud to keep. It is almost impossible for him to write an essay on Italy, even for an international encyclopedia, without making a violent personal attack upon his favorite enemy, who is one that was either before him in office or came afterward to it.

With a volatile-minded political caste at the top and a newly enfranchised proletariat below, reacting upon each other in a situation of extreme economic difficulty, you may imagine that the task of founding modern industry in Italy progressed slowly. Cool thinking was needed. They had neither experience nor tradition to guide them. All achievement was by trial and error. Forty years of this. Then came the war.

It must be possible to say what obviously is true—namely, that to Italy the war was a benefit in the guise of disaster. It obliged them to act desperately, without much political thinking, and their intuitions were sound. It gave them access to credit and materials and mechanical means beyond any measure they had known before. Their industrial power, represented by modern productive equipment—mills, furnaces, tools, electrical energy—is today at least twice what it was before the war. Some put it higher. Their minds were stimulated; they became more inventive. Necessity obliged them.

What they sacrificed for all this was human life. Emotionally, that was a great price. And yet rationally, if one may so speak of it, the account is very different. One thing Italy has an abundant surplus of is life. Certainly it is not logical, as now we speak of her case, to say it is hard for the reasons, first that she made an enormous sacrifice of life to help win the war, and second that her population is excessive. Each year there are 450,000 more Italians, and she does not know what to do with them. She says she is poor by reason of them.

There are, of course, the war

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A Political Event in Italy. Mussolini in the Lions' Cage

MUCH TOO CLEVER

By John P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"See Here," Said Vernon in Sudden Amazement, "Aren't You Angry?"

LATE one afternoon just prior to the hunting season—the Bradleys always measured time by the presence, approach or recession of hunting—Vernon Bradley obtruded himself suddenly, as always, upon his mother's thoughts. A loud, heavy thud on the floor above the drawing-room was Mrs. James Bradley's first intimation that Vernon was at home. It was a violent noise which made the chandeliers rattle, and which caused Mrs. Bradley to wrinkle her high forehead. The early autumn fire in a tall Renaissance fireplace flickered restively across her long unpowdered features, but her features were not restive. Mrs. Bradley had learned long ago that it was best to be calm when coping with Vernon.

A single thud would have meant that Vernon had collided with some heavy piece of furniture as he dressed for dinner, and since early youth Vernon had bumped indiscriminately against furniture and facts; but when another thud, louder than the first, followed almost immediately, only to be succeeded by another, Mrs. Bradley stiffened her back. One might almost have said that she got her back up, for her will aroused it into an exact and uncompromising perpendicular. In the drawing-room the autumn dusk had begun to gather, which lent such volume and ominous mystery to the sound that Mrs. Bradley finally reached for the pantry bell and brought her thumb upon it with a decisive push.

"Hendricks," she said to the second man, "can you tell me what one earth Mr. Vernon is doing?"

Hendricks answered with the prompt, smooth and perfect courtesy which distinguishes the house man from most employes.

"I do not know exactly, madam"—his feelings were annoyingly and invariably imperturbable—"though I hurried to see, madam, as I thought that he might be—temporarily unwell; but he is quite as usual."

"You don't know what he's doing? Nonsense!" Mrs. Bradley snapped her fingers in a vigorous masculine manner.

"Rather," said Hendricks hastily, "I should say I don't know why he's doing what he's doing, though of course it's not my place. Mr. Vernon has a chair in the middle of the room. He is jumping over the chair, madam; or, rather, I should say, he hurls himself over, head first to the floor, violently—very violently. There—there he goes again. You can hear him."

"Yes, Hendricks," said Mrs. Bradley icily, "I cannot only hear—I can feel him. Ask Mr. Vernon to come down at once before he breaks the ceiling; and Hendricks, as you go, switch on the lights."

The light fell on her harshly, for she liked things bright. She sat full in it, lean, straight and unshrinking in her high-backed chair. She had never resorted to powder or candles.

It was part of her tradition to do away with frills and to leave them to the less secure and less substantial. And possibly she knew that nothing would have helped, for Mrs. Bradley was plain, and she had always been. She always seemed to Vernon—all the women in his family always seemed militant and glorying in their plainness.

As Vernon reached the carpet by the hearth, and stood rubbing his heavy hands, it was plain he was his mother's son. The whipcord riding breeches and the Norfolk coat he wore accentuated his lank, stringy build; and though younger, his face was his mother's face—long, with a drooping chin and a nose slightly out of drawing.

"Well?" said Mrs. Bradley.

Try as he might, Vernon could never deliver information unless he was properly goaded.

"Well what, mother?" he asked patiently, though he knew very well what.

In the face of his dense placidity Mrs. Bradley shrugged her shoulders resignedly.

"Stop circling and start," she said. "What were you doing upstairs?"

"Oh, that?" Vernon brightened and looked relieved. "Upstairs? Oh, yes; I was just practicing falling."

Not by so much as an added wrinkle did his mother register surprise.

"Well," she said, "and why?"

"Why—what, mother?" asked Vernon.

"Merciful heaven!" cried Mrs. Bradley, stamping her foot. "Why will you be so trying? Of course you know why! Why were you falling?"

"Oh!" said Vernon. "Oh, I wasn't falling. I was practicing falling—not plain falling, of course"—he paused long enough to smile at her affectionately—"falling off a horse."

"You were up in your room practicing falling off a horse?" Mrs. Bradley leaned forward and tapped the arm of her chair. "Why? Get on with it! Don't say 'why—what'!"

Vernon hitched at his coat and coughed.

"It's a new idea," he explained; "a sort of a theory, if you'll only listen."

"I'm listening," said Mrs. Bradley, and continued to tap the arm of her chair.

"Well," said Vernon, "the idea is—couldn't you stop tapping the chair?—the idea is, when you get a fall—well, you're all right if you know how to fall; and you can learn how right at home; how to relax, that is. If you just relax you're all right. That's it—you just relax."

"Do you mean to say," inquired his mother with a rising inflection, "that you have been upstairs in your room learning how to fall off a horse after you've been taught all your life to stick on one?"

"But, mother," said Vernon uneasily, "everybody gets it some time. Look what happened to Major Blaine out at Elm Tree. If he had only relaxed last week ——"

"Rubbish!" snapped Mrs. Bradley. "There's only one reason for such goings on. You're losing your nerve!"

She must have guessed that Vernon would be affected by her remark, for she watched complacently as his face changed color.

"Oh, come now ——" began Vernon with a catch in his voice.

"Well," said Mrs. Bradley, "what would anyone say? If you practice falling off aren't you afraid of a fall? If other people get a fall they fall, don't they? To think of a son of mine breaking down the ceiling because he's afraid of the jumps! I've always known you were hopeless at business, but I didn't mind so long as I thought you could ride."

"Good Lord!" groaned Vernon. "Honestly, I never thought of it that way."

The things she had said were terrible things, which cut him to the quick. To almost anyone within ten miles of where the Bradleys lived they would have been equally terrible, for it was a horsy place, and the Bradleys were horsy people.

"Think?" echoed Mrs. Bradley coldly. "That's the trouble—you never think."

"See here!" retorted Vernon desperately. For a single lucid moment he saw the situation in a slightly ironical guise, and, like an outsider, perceived the humor of the scene, but almost at once his feelings regained their sway. "You ought to know I don't pull up. You ought to know I care how I behave. I know hunting's the only thing I'm good at. Now listen! Please don't tap that chair! This falling business wasn't my idea."

"Then whose idea was it?"

Mrs. Bradley's mouth relaxed and her fingers ceased their tapping. Vernon, however, hesitated perceptibly before he answered.

"Well, Tom Rogers," he began. "You know Tom; you know how clever he is. Tom's always up to new ideas."

"Ah, so that's it!" Mrs. Bradley nodded in grim confirmation. "He put you up to it, did he?"

"Now wait!" objected Vernon nervously. "He didn't put me up to anything. He's a friend of mine."

Mrs. Bradley nodded a grim assent and at the same time puckered her mouth in direct and distasteful negation.

"Of course," she agreed, "he never does. Who put you up to stealing apples? Who got you to break your collar bone

at bicycle polo? Who made you run your motor into the yard at college? I've told you, Vernon, and I'll tell you again, he'll make you take a fall that it won't do any good to practice for."

It was plain that it was an old and painful subject, for Vernon wore just the patient resignation that young men always acquire when disagreeing with their parents, and Mrs. Bradley's face had assumed the set yet gentle look which one sees only in the nonconcording mother.

"Let's not start arguing again," said Vernon. "You always act as though he was a crook."

"No, not that." Mrs. Bradley's breath made a curious sound in her long nose, which Vernon knew augured nothing pleasant. "But Vernon—Vernon"—she raised a muscular weathered hand and her voice altered to a gentler tone—"drop Tom Rogers, Vernon, like a good boy. It's getting to be time."

"Drop him?" echoed Vernon. He could not understand what mental process, what possible freak of reasoning, had set her on such a tangent. "Drop him?"

"Not unpleasantly, of course," said Mrs. Bradley; "but grad'ually—gradually. Friends drift apart, you know. I change a lot of mine every year or so."

"But why?" demanded Vernon with corrugated brow. "Why should I?"

"Because," replied Mrs. Bradley, "I'm an old woman. I've had experience. When any man gets another jumping over chairs it's time to stop. He's too clever for you, Vernon—much too clever, Vernon, and clever people are bound to use their strength.

"But, mother," began Vernon with slow elaborate patience, "you don't understand anything about it."

"Hush!" said Mrs. Bradley. "Now do be quiet! Tom Rogers can wrap you and post you any time, and he knows it, Vernon. Now don't interrupt; listen to what I say. We're stupid people, you and I, and most of our friends are stupid. We have enough money, and it dulls the wits—oh, yes, it does! All we think of here is about horses and dogs and exercise. We make a pretense at other things—at music and pictures, and so on—but we all know we don't mean anything by it, and we always end somewhere out by the paddock. We don't know about anything else and we don't care about anything else. Naturally, it makes us stupid; and, personally, I don't mind. Only, just be sure of this—if you're stupid, stay with the stupid kind; stay in your class and don't go out of it, or you're bound to have rough going. Just remember that you're stupid, Vernon, and that the clever ones will get you in the end. In the end, they'll make a fool of you and make you play the fool."

"Play the fool?" Vernon stammered. "Oh, come!"

"Yes, Vernon," said Mrs. Bradley, "you are a fool, you know, though I'm rather glad you are, for it makes everything much easier. Stay with the fools, Vernon, and not with Tom, or, I warn you, you'll be sorry."

"But we've always been friends," persisted Vernon; "ever since—ever since ——"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bradley, "I know. I remember your father lost a hundred thousand dollars just after he had made a similar remark. No, Vernon, stay with the stupid class and you'll never be sorry; with the quiet, comfortable people, and not with ones who have a lean and hungry look. Suppose—just suppose you and Tom wanted the same thing. Would Tom let you have it?" Mrs. Bradley paused and lowered her voice to a solemn key. "No," she said. "He wouldn't. He'd twist you around his finger Suppose Vernon—just suppose there was a girl, and just suppose you and Tom —— What would happen then?"

"Oh, stuff, mother!" cried Vernon. Mrs. Bradley looked hard at him. His voice and his face were always refreshingly transparent, and she felt a poignant loneliness, but it passed. "Why," said Vernon—"why, suppose there was—we'd admit it and the best man would win."

"No, Vernon," said Mrs. Bradley; "the clever man. Vernon, is there a girl?"

"No"—nevertheless Vernon looked embarrassed—"of course not—not exactly."

Mrs. Bradley sighed and looked older than she had before.

"Vernon," she said very softly, "under the circumstances, won't you—keep away from Tom?"

"Oh, nonsense, mother!" replied Vernon. "Really, you don't know Tom. You wouldn't have a word to say if you knew him better."

"But I know you're stupid, Vernon," said his mother; "very stupid, dear."

II

"VERY stupid, dear!" Vernon found the room off the men's lockers at the Holly Hill Club a pleasant place that night; but pleasant as it was, visions of his mother kept recurring to mar the loud and pointed badinage that was wafted through the smoke. It was the evening before the first drag of autumn, and there was a dance upstairs, and old men and young men, friends and strangers, kept moving in and out as the music stopped and started in the rooms above. Outside at the kennels the hounds moved restlessly, and blanketed horses were being walked in from distant stables, led by sharp-faced men who glanced hopefully at the sky. There were always pleasant times for everyone when the hunting began. The world dropped its serious commercial aspect and overnight all values changed.

Of all the times of the year, it was Vernon's time, when he could stand out as an authority. His very employers at the bank treated him with a new respect when autumn came. Yet he could not give his full mind to it, for his mind kept running unpleasantly on himself, and through all the vague orchestral sounds he kept reverting to his mother's words—"very stupid, dear."

Vernon rose and walked toward a mirror, ostensibly to straighten his tie, but in reality to examine his sloping forehead; and there Tom Rogers found him two minutes later, gazing fixedly, like a seer before a ball of crystal. Tom placed a long sunburned hand gently on Vernon's shoulder.

"Remember," he said gravely, "it's the shaving cream, not the razor, that does it."

Cynical—that's what the girls called Tom—awfully cynical, and dreadfully puzzling, which was also how

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"Don't Mind Me," Said Vernon. "Go Right Ahead. I'm Watching How It's Done"

REDWOOD DIVIDENDS

By Albert W. Atwood

OF ALL the industries which are engaged in using up, or at least in making available for use, this country's wondrously rich endowment of natural resources, none has so focused attention as lumbering.

It is not wise to pass hasty judgment upon the relative wastefulness involved. Perhaps there are brands of agriculture which impoverish the soil more than the lumberman does the forest; mining appears to leave less in its wake than second growth or even stumps. Much of the waste of forest products should be laid at the door of the consumer, not of the producer.

But indigence of soil strikes only the expert eye; mining covers a small and unobserved area. He who runs may read where the virgin forests stood. No other largess has seemed so freely and profusely given; nor is there another whose removal conveys to the uninitiated so instantaneous an impression of havoc and wanton prodigality—a feeling which may be erroneous, but is nevertheless instinctive.

The whole fundamental economic question of conservation seems to boil down to the forest. Illogical but true. Forests do not form the sole natural resource. Lumbering is but one of numerous extractive industries. To expect it to carry an undue share of the burden of providing dividends for future generations is at once senseless and unfair. But the dimensions of the forest are so great, it once covered and should cover so extensive an area, that when anyone talks of saving a portion of our original wealth the forest is first to come to mind.

PHOTO FROM THE FREEMAN ART STUDIO, EUREKA, CALIFORNIA

The Redwood Highway. Above—A Lumbering Operation

When Capital Was Unlimited

THE so-called wastefulness of the lumberman was part of a national frame of mind, now changing under pressure of downright necessity. As long as the manufacture, distribution and consumption of forest products were dominated by an unlimited frontier of cheap virgin stumpage, lumbering was a mining rather than a farming operation. There was no tree culture, little use for any except the longest lengths, and but slight thought to the future. With new areas to which to turn, these measures did not pay.

Naturally, no thought was given to the depletion of original capital when that capital appeared to be unlimited. No effort was made to grow trees when Nature grew them without cost. The final report of one of the most exhaustive studies of reforestation—or rather the lack of it—as yet made in this country, says: "Molding the traditions and habits of thought of men engaged in forest industries has been the availability, throughout the past history of America, of extensive supplies of virgin timber obtainable at a very low cost."

In the early settlements the white man made what was called a clearing, which was almost synonymous at that time with civilization itself. Not only were the trees cut to clear the land for farming but because the settlers regarded them as enemies. Did not the forests harbor hostile Indians and wild beasts, who at the best preyed upon the newcomer's cattle?

But trees are no longer the white man's enemies; they are among his best and most valued friends. If he foolishly cuts them all, or too many, without reforesting in their place, there is danger ahead of parched lands and a lack of water for farming, power and home consumption. It is a question whether depopulation, or at least poverty, has not followed deforestation in other lands.

In any case we know today that much of the land cleared will never be useful for any purpose except to grow more trees. One-third of the Pacific Coast is best suited to that purpose; there are areas in the Northwest where not more than one-tenth of the logged-off lands will grow any other crop as well as trees. In one of the Great Lakes states alone there are millions of acres of waste sand plains which await their only possible future planting—that of trees.

Lumber

AS TIME goes on it appears that many areas devoted to agriculture cannot stand up under competition. They should be abandoned and devoted to forest or range. The progress of agriculture for some time to come will probably mean concentrating upon fertile and favorably located lands. In many of the densely populated Eastern States, such as Michigan, New York and Massachusetts, from 40 to 60 per cent of the total land area is best suited to forest culture. Yet these states have very little merchantable timber left. Indeed, it has been said that there are New England states which could replant the entire area cut over for the annual freight bill they pay for imported timber.

It is true that an immense amount of natural reforestation follows the cutting of virgin timber, and the problem of the American forest is more perhaps to protect the young trees from fire than to plant new ones. But the fact remains that we are using up the original resource from at least four to eight times as fast as it is growing. Fires almost equal the natural reforestation, and artificial reforestation is but a fraction of one per cent of the cutting.

The whole history of lumbering, we now see, has been nomadic and transitory, one section of the country having been lumbered off after another. First it was New England, then New York and Pennsylvania, then the Great Lakes states and now the South. In 1850 New York stood first in lumbering and is now twenty-third; in 1899 Minnesota stood third and is now nineteenth.

It was in 1870 that the Great Lakes states wrested supremacy from the Northeast and held it for the last third of the nineteenth century. The first third of the twentieth century belongs to the Southern and Gulf states. Today they supply one-third of the timber, and the Pacific Coast states also supply a third.

Southern pine still dominates the markets of the East. But gradually, as the cut declines, the territory which it formerly supplied is being invaded by the Western woods; and probably within fifteen or twenty years the Southern pineries will cease to be a national trade factor. The Pacific Coast states contain the last great commercial body of soft-wood timber remaining in America, and, for our use, probably in the entire world. It is the last reserve, the end of the trail.

The Pacific Coast forests are just entering upon their period of active large-scale exploitation. Perhaps four-fifths of the soft-wood timber reserve is there, but it is being cut at a tremendous rate. Washington far and away exceeds all other states in lumber production. In the West

as a whole, timber is being cut much faster than it is growing, and mainly without any definite plan of reforestation.

Thus the history of lumber manufacture has been one of successive migrations into fresh fields of virgin timber, each shift leaving the main industry farther removed from the principal consumers, and usually with a consequent increase in retail prices because of greater transportation costs. In 1907 lumber production was 46,000,000,000 board feet, today it is 35,000,000,000, and it may go very much lower during the period of transition from a migratory to a permanent industry, from virgin to managed forests. Whether our national welfare and high standards of living can be maintained as the supply fails is a serious question.

Under such conditions public opinion is beginning to demand that the forest be used in such a way as to perpetuate rather than destroy it. The lumberman did not raise the trees; they were there when he came. More and more it is felt that he must not leave an unproductive waste behind. As one forest engineer has said:

"While most of us in America are firm believers in the rights of the owners of private property, we must recognize that in practice the system has some faults. Perhaps the most glaring fault as the system exists in the lumber industry is the failure in past years to provide for reforestation. This fault, of course, is not by any means solely that of the lumberman. A large share of the blame belongs to the general public, but the lumberman has the lands and is the prominent figure in the public eye."

A Season's Cut of Logs

At Left—The Klamath River

What West Can Learn From East

IT IS too late, of course, to save any considerable area of virgin or old-growth timber in the East, although sheer necessity may force the reforestation of large areas at great public expense as population increases. On the Pacific Coast, which still has whole series of primitive forests of vast extent, there is opportunity not only to reforest, because of climatic and other favoring conditions, but to preserve such portions of the earlier stand as sound policies demand. Generally speaking, the best chance to be forehanded with remaining resources is in the Far West, where population is still relatively small.

The Western States should be able to learn from the sad experience of the East. Here is the last great field for development, with no other place to go, and realization of such a potent fact should influence in a wholesome fashion the course of its development.

Then, too, in one of these states—California—there remain isolated, living there alone of all places on earth, far removed from their nearest botanical relatives, trees whose age, size and vigor set them apart from and in a sense superior to all other living creatures.

The great issue of what constitutes the highest, most valuable use of natural resources is in course of being clarified and joined, as it were, more particularly and explicitly, around this tree—the California redwood—than in any other place or with any other natural object

The movement to preserve from the lumberman's ax an appropriate, an adequate, portion of these ancients among trees is, in a sense, local only. But the progress of such a movement, which has gained especial momentum and success very recently, together with the representative nature of the many questions which it raises, makes up a distinct chapter in national development.

If the Kings Could Speak

THE industry of lumbering off the ancient pristine redwood giants is a large one. Something like twenty mills are engaged in sawing them up into many objects, such as knockdown caskets, cigar boxes and factory flooring. In a mill of the larger sort a section of one of these trees, which in fullness of life was taller than the Statue of Liberty and thicker through by twice than a man is high, is chewed up with incredible rapidity into the tiniest fragments of its former self. To feed one mill there must be a constant procession, an endless chain, year in and year out, of giants, felled and dragged out from the forest where they have stood for a thousand years.

Yet redwood production is but a small fraction of the entire lumber output, not one-fiftieth of the total. No one proposes that redwood lumbering shall stop; it is an impossible suggestion. Yet if not another foot of redwood were cut, the country as a whole would hardly miss it or even know that operations had ceased. With all its advantages, its strange but useful qualities, the country would obviously experience no actual suffering if deprived of all redwood lumber.

Is it not then a fair presumption that, in view of the unique age and size, as well as the indescribable beauty of the redwood trees, a larger dividend might accrue to the country in leaving a reasonable number standing than in cutting most of them down?

John Muir said that if one of these kings could come to town in all its godlike majesty, so as to be strikingly seen and allowed to plead its own cause, there would never again be any lack of defenders. Such trees constitute an asset like Yosemite or Niagara Falls. In this case it is more than a neat figure of speech to say that felled redwoods pay but one dividend, while those allowed to stand will pay dividends forever.

For it is not as if the redwood were found anywhere else. It cannot be saved except in the long narrow strip close to the Pacific, where it grows in such profusion. Although writers without number have had their say in attempting to describe the redwood, there are still many people, even in California, who confuse it with its kin, the Sequoia gigantea, which grows only in scattered patches, at high elevation, on the eastern slopes of the Middle Sierra Nevadas.

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A Redwood Forest

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

"Don't Try It," Warned Evelyn. "The Kitchen Is One Room You've Got to Keep Out Of"

By Frederick Orin Bartlett

ILLUSTRATED BY RARBURN VAN BUREN

IT WAS not altogether natural for a Burton to retire from business at fifty-five, nor, indeed, at any age unless death incontinently demanded a resignation, for the family came of a lean, hardy New England race who worked on as a matter of habit. The John Burton who established the grocery store beneath the Opera House on the left-hand side of the hill going down had even refused to add "& Son" to the weather-beaten sign above the door when he took Horace into the business—in fear lest this might be interpreted as evidence of declining years—but remained in supreme command until one week before his death at eighty-six. Since then Horace himself had not been absent from his post a working day.

When therefore he announced in the early fall and while still in the prime of life that he had sold out to his son Jud, recently married, many shook their heads ominously. They took the unexpected news still more seriously when he admitted that he and Sarah, his wife, intended to spend the winter in California. Almost everyone of consequence in Maine did that sooner or later of course; but more often they waited until later. For it was generally recognized that though the Golden State might be truthfully described as a foretaste of Paradise, this turned out too often to be an unpleasantly literal prognostication instead of merely a happy figure of speech. The bright-colored picture postal cards of apartment houses and bungalows neatly surrounded with semitropical foliage sent back by so many enthusiastic but elderly emigrants from Bridgemont had a way of stopping with dramatic abruptness.

Horace and his wife, however, had never been in better health than at this time, although neither looked the part. But this had always been true of them. It was true of everyone in town except the summer folk, who came to this pine and mountain country and in some mysterious way grew tanned and ruddy and strong in three months.

Horace even as a boy had been lean and scrawny. In developing into a man he had changed only by elongation. His face was sallow, his shoulders rounded, his hair scant; but in spite of this, he was, as the local phrase is, tougher than a side of sole leather. Up to the last day he had opened his store at seven and had waited on his customers until six without once losing his temper or forgetting to record a sale in his daybook. In the square white house on the top of the hill, built by his father, Sarah, who had always felt miserable and always would, had risen at five every day since her marriage and built the wood fire in the kitchen stove and prepared his breakfast. From that hour on until she finished her dishes at night, she was either washing or sweeping or cooking or sewing in her miserably happy way, as she, under ordinary circumstances, would do contentedly enough for another thirty years. It was one thing to complain of ill health and quite another to submit to it. Her physical condition affected neither her strength, her good nature, nor her faith in God.

The whole idea of a change of scene was suggested by Jud, who in turn was spurred on by his young wife. The latter was an out-of-town girl whom he had met the winter before while attending a business school in Portland—a pretty young thing with black bobbed hair who did not need to rouge her cheeks or color her lips as she did, for her complexion remained good. She had given up the offer of a fine position with Barclay & Jevons, the brokers, in order to marry Jud, and she felt that this sacrifice, involving as it did the necessity of moving into a country town, called for a good deal in the way of compensation.

But under no conditions could Jud hope to come within a row of apple trees of representing her ideal. Barclay, who unfortunately was already married, stood for that. Though Jud had gone considerably into debt to a Portland tailor, and had acquired the habit of wearing a boutonnière to business and had turned from his favorite brand of five-cent cigars to cigarettes, he was still unable to reproduce that smooth and distinguished appearance of Barclay which the latter had found to be such an asset in more ways than one. He was tall enough—more than six feet—but even with the use of modern methods of padding upon the shoulders, he presented an awkwardly angular appearance, while nothing at all in the line of refinement could be done with his generous hands and feet. He had, to be sure, certain sterling qualities which were easily recognizable and which both Barclay and Jevons lacked; but these made him none the handsomer. Ethics and aesthetics occupy two different fields in spite of the worthy attempt of philosophers to combine the good and the true with the beautiful.

Evelyn had married him then not because of his appearance but in spite of it. Just why she did this she was not at all sure herself, but there was an element of both character and of sound business judgment in her decision. Jud was likable and dependable, and something in her nature made her respond to this at the last moment, especially when she was convinced that he was really in love with her. Her experience with men was not so broad as she liked to pretend, but it was catholic enough to teach her a few things. Jud, she felt, would wear well; also he was manageable. She almost pitied him for the ease with which she was able to handle his emotions.

The fact that Jud was the only son of a prosperous village grocer was, of course, a purely business consideration. Yet until she came to Bridgemont as a bride she had never seen the town. Jud, for various reasons, had thought it advisable to make sure of his wife before bringing her home and introducing her to the family; and so they were married quietly, with only her immediate relatives present. He had not notified his own parents until he reached New York on his honeymoon trip.

Evelyn first began to complain when she discovered that to enter the new home Jud had provided for her it was necessary to climb a flight of covered stairs which had been attached to the outside of what had been once a single house in order to meet the exigencies of turning a single rent into a double rent. The lower half was occupied by the millinery store of Miss Southgate.

"Gosh, Jud," exclaimed Evelyn as he first proudly escorted her up these stairs, "what you gettin' me into?"

"I was lucky to find anything as good as this," he answered. "This town is growin'."

He had furnished the five rooms himself and had spared no expense. She did not like the result and told him so frankly, turning up her snub nose in the process until she saw how this took the heart out of him. Then she turned around and commanded him to kiss her, which he did very willingly. Her dissatisfaction increased rapidly after she had been introduced to that solid, comfortable old house on the top of the hill. This was more what she had in mind when she had talked over with Jud the prospect of becoming Mrs. Burton. It had the air of belonging to a citizen of some consequence, with the tall elms standing before it as erect as footmen, and with a driveway to the left leading to a capacious barn reminiscent of a span and jingling harness. The horses were gone now, but such a building could easily be turned into a garage. The front porch supported by wooden columns and the fence running around the top of this suggested an influence in both political and social affairs of the town. Grandfather Burton had, as a matter of fact, once served a term in the state legislature.

The interior was more or less disappointing to Evelyn, for the rooms were filled with furniture of another generation, heavy black walnut upholstered in horsehair, with many cumbrous pieces of mahogany. Still, all that could be easily remedied.

Both Burton and his wife accepted her on the whole with good grace. Sarah would even have been willing to have her settle down and live with them.

"I declare she seems real nice," she decided after the first meeting.

Burton was somewhat more cautious.

"Anyhow, she's Jud's wife—for better and for worse," he said.

"She looks smart."

"A little too smart," he declared, puckering his brows.

"Maybe that's just the new style," answered Sarah.

Jud had taken the precaution to do a little coaching before the first meeting.

"If I was you I'd cut out the smokes around them," he warned. "Ma and dad are old-fashioned about that."

"They'll get used to it if they live long enough," she returned.

But she was no fool. Besides, there was something in the cool gray eyes of Burton, Senior, that worried her. They bored in and made her squirm.

"I'll bet that dad of yours is a terror when he cuts loose," she confided to Jud.

"I dunno," answered Jud; "I never seen him cut loose."

"Believe me, I'd hate to prod him too much."

It was this feeling which prevented her from obeying her first impulse of urging Jud to accept his mother's offer of the front room. Much as she desired a change, to live in the same house with Horace did not seem to her altogether a safe project. This drove her to a still more radical plan.

It did not take her long to grasp the fact that while Burton, Senior, remained in the firm, Burton, Junior, must occupy the position of nothing but a head clerk, and she was too ambitious for both herself and Jud to rest content with that. Moreover, she had considerable faith in Jud's business ability. With the training he had received in modern business at the Eureka School of Commerce, in contrast with his father's easy methods, it was natural and proper for Jud to take over the management. Furthermore, he needed the spur of being obliged to show some personal initiative. He was not doing anything now but tie up bundles. Furthermore again, Evelyn had her own ideas of how an up-to-the-minute store ought to be run. Burton did not even own a cash register and sent his bills out only when he happened to feel like it. That may have done very well fifty years ago; but things had changed since then, and they must continue to change.

She was disappointed at first by the indifference of Jud to all her schemes.

"I think we ought to leave the old man alone," he declared. "We're gettin' along well enough as 'tis and he ain't goin' to live forever."

"We ain't goin' to live forever ourselves," she replied tartly. "He's made his little pile and now he ought to sit down."

"You watch him," answered Jud.

"He needs a vacation," she insisted.

"If he does, he don't know it."

"Of course he don't. A man with that kind of a jaw never does. You've got to tell him."

"Anyone can have the job that wants it," he returned.

"Now look here, Jud," she broke out, "you've got to take a brace. Your dad means well enough, but he's been shut up in this little burg all his life and don't know what's goin' on. I'll bet he thinks they're still usin' horse cars in Portland. It's all right for a man who ain't in business to sleep on, but you can't run a store without wakin' up."

"He's makin' money, ain't he?"

"I'll take your word for it, though he's only payin' you thirty a week."

"Which ain't so bad for this town."

"That ain't the way you talked when you asked me to throw up a good job with Barclay," she reminded him. "You was goin' into business then. That's what I told him—the biggest little retail grocery business in Bridgemont. That don't mean standin' behind a counter and doin' up bundles for someone else. You're slippin', Jud."

Jud looked around the comfortable dining room filled with new furniture—the best quartered oak he had been able to buy of the Bridgemont Furniture Company—and back again to his wife. She was pretty—every bit as pretty as those girls who until now had been his ideal, who figured on the new calendars sent out every year with the compliments of Bennett, the local druggist. One of these hung on the wall behind her, a smiling beauty with dimpled chin and flushed cheeks and a coquettish poise of the head. Had he to choose between the two, he would have chosen Evelyn. She had all that other had and something more. Further to add to his content at this moment, he had just finished, after a hard day's work, a dinner which, though consisting perhaps of too large a proportion of canned goods and material from the bake shop to suit his taste altogether, had at least been filling. With the prospect ahead of an evening at the movies he was ready for a smoke and complete relaxation from the burdens of the day.

"Forget it," he advised.

She shook her bobbed head and spoke more earnestly, her black brows pinched together in a frown which added piquancy to her young face.

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"You Ain't Goin' to be as Mean as That," She Pattered

THE SOCIAL ATLANTIC

The Famous Promenade des Anglais at Nice Crowded With Visitors to the Winter Carnival

Good Manners at Home and Abroad

By Maude Parker Child

AN AMERICAN of quiet manners, who has lived much abroad, was traveling on the boat train from London to Southampton the other day. He was occupied with a newspaper, and felt no especial desire for conversation with either of his fellow passengers, one of whom he recognized as American, and the other as unmistakably English, although no word was spoken until they had almost reached their destination.

Then the other American said, "It's pretty nice to be starting home again, isn't it?"

"Very nice," said the more traveled American. Glancing at the third member of the group, he added, "Although I am always glad when I get over here too."

The Englishman then spoke. There is a theory that Englishmen never speak to their traveling companions without being introduced, but this is not literally true. They are much less likely to do so than we are, but sometimes, as on this occasion, they break through their habit of silence.

Furious

"BUT are you really American?" said the Englishman. "I took you for an Englishman."

The American was delighted.

Then the other American turned quickly to the Englishman and said, "Isn't that curious, for I took you for an American."

And the Englishman was furious.

This incident typifies the attitude of many of our fellow countrymen and countrywomen who have been in Europe a good deal. I do not believe it is true of the nationals of any other large country. If you told a Frenchman, for instance, that he was like an Italian and unlike a Frenchman, he would never forgive you; if you told a Spaniard you had supposed he was not Spanish but Austrian, he would be indignant. But it is well understood by foreigners and particularly by the English, to whom the technic of snobbery is an open book, that if you want to flatter a certain kind of American you only need to say that you would never have thought he was American. Of course there is also the type exactly opposite, who when they travel abroad keep the American eagle screaming day and night until the poor creature is exhausted and raucous of voice and a great nuisance to everyone. These are the Americans whom most foreigners insist upon terming typical Americans. They are always prosperous; they always insist in loud voices upon the best, whether engaging hotel rooms or buying cigars or theater seats; but when they say the best they mean, of course, not necessarily the best but the most expensive. They compare everything in Europe with things at home, always to the disparagement of the things abroad; they speak no foreign language, and usually even mispronounce the often-mentioned name of their own country.

A Scene at Deauville, France

In Paris

"I DON'T see why they make such a fuss about these Paris stores," one of them says audibly to a fellow countryman. "Why, they don't even know anything about window dressing."

"Not the first thing," the other agrees; "and what the women see in these museums and churches to rave about is beyond me. The shows are pretty good though."

An appreciative wink confirms this idea and the party agrees then to buy the best seats for the best revue, by which they mean the most scandalous which the shrewd Parisian manager has concocted for the representatives of the most puritanical nations on earth.

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The Farm Mortgage—1925 Model

What the Federal Land Bank Has Done for Agriculture

By ELMER T. PETERSON

THE mortgage on the old homestead was one of the cogent stage properties of the old-fashioned melodrama. The merciless, malign Shylock, who was everlastingly hovering around the canvas and papier-mâché scenery and threatening to foreclose, constituted an ideal villain. Rubbing his knobby, irreconcilable hands and gloating over the plight of the heroine, he came striding, with a glowering sheriff in the background, to pounce upon the helpless old father, only to have the hero happen in, brandishing a fistful of bank notes and demanding the papers that meant so much to the hard-working family.

That was in the kerosene-circuit days, before the Federal Land Bank, motion pictures, the farm-lighting system, the automobile and similar conveniences and blessings.

The 1925 Model Farm Mortgage is the kind that never comes due. By a pleasant form of financial legerdemain, the farmer merely pays a moderate interest rate of 6.5 per cent for a little more than thirty years and then his mortgage is miraculously canceled. Almost never is it foreclosed—only upon the most unusual provocation. And the audience agrees that it is about time that farming was taken out of the category of extra-hazardous financial undertakings.

The Horse and Cattle Barn Built in 1923, Since Loan No. 1 Went on Record

The Barn and Some of the Sheep on the A. L. Stockwell Farm, Larned, Kansas

Values

"FROM the beginnings of history," observes William H. Kingsley, vice president of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company, "agriculture has been the foundation of the world's business. It furnishes the three first essentials. . . . Agriculture cannot go into bankruptcy. The world must have food and clothing and must of necessity pay the farmer a living wage."

The value of all farm property in the United States, according to the last census, was $78,000,000,000. Farming is by far the mightiest industry in America. The railroads, with a total valuation of $19,000,000,000, are a very obvious second.

But until 1917 the process of financing the farmer—of making his plant the basis of securities—was hopelessly crude in comparison with that of other industries and commercial projects. The country was limping along with some of the wheels all steel, equipped with ball bearings, lubricators and fine tires, but with one of the main drive wheels bumping, flat-treaded, made of pre-Victorian wood, squeaking and grinding, with a chronic hot box. Anyone who thinks the American farmer has been overcoddled ought to take a long and prayerful look at the crazy-machine credit apparatus that was his before the World War.

Almost unnoticed by the citizen on the paved street, there has crept into the national economy, within a few years just past, an agency which has revolutionized the entire farm-mortgage proposition, and that means a profound change in the fundamental basis of wealth in the United States.

More than that, this transformation happened to be on the job in time to save this basic American industry from a tremendous smash in 1922 and 1923, when agricultural depression was bad enough as it was. Agriculture was confronted with one of its worst crises—probably its worst, considering the magnitude and complexity of the present industry—when it was faced with a feeble foreign demand for output, coupled with a régime of high prices on implements and everything else the farmer uses. It is probable that the nation would have undergone one of its worst panics if it had not been for the Federal Land Bank, which was to farming what the Federal Reserve Bank is to business.

In these days it is fashionable to talk of what can be done for the farmer, and properly so. It matters poignantly to every citizen, whether he dives daily into the Subway burrow of New York or pounds rivets in a Seattle shipyard or makes a living fishing for red snapper in the Gulf, what happens to the farmers of Kansas or Utah.

This is Said to be the Most Complete Electrically Equipped Farmhouse in Kansas

Nature's Oldest Security

THE Federal Land Bank is of vital interest to nonfarmers for direct reasons also. It furnishes a means whereby land, the fundamental property of the nation, is made the basis of bonds which furnish an investment medium to people in every walk of life. This medium is based upon a security whose nature should become familiar to everyone who cares anything about finance. There is nobody's commercial ax to grind in discussing the merits of this institution, for the expansion of the project redounds most directly to the farmers in general.

Nor should it be assumed that commendation of the Federal Land Bank is a back slap at private farm-mortgage

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OPEN SEASON

By SALISBURY FIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH PALLEN COLEMAN

THE thing about hunting and fishing is that there's a closed season. You can shoot a deer in October, but if you pot one in April you're likely to get jugged. Quail and partridge the same. And when it comes to babbling brooks and that sort of thing, even the poor fish have a chance. But there's one unfortunate animal that's hunted all the time, in fair weather and foul; in the autumn, in the summer, in the winter and in the spring. My hat, yes—particularly in the spring. If you don't believe it, ask Phippsy.

As you may have guessed, Phippsy isn't his real name; it's merely a corruption. But they tell me everything becomes corrupt in New York City sooner or later—except politics, of course. To put it baldly then, while still a babe in arms, Phippsy emerged from the baptismal font with the name of Remington. So there you have him—Remington Phipps.

Though his given name may remind you of loaded shells or typewriters, as a matter of fact, Phippsy's old man made his money in glue, and enough shekels stuck to his fingers to enable him to leave his only son quite a comfortable wad. Oh, quite! Indeed, what Phippsy gives up to dear old Uncle Sam each year, beginning the fifteenth day of March, would keep me in pin money. So now perhaps you begin to catch a glimmer and won't have to ring up the Fish and Game Commission to know what I'm driving at.

Very likely, at first glance, you wouldn't be greatly impressed with Phippsy. "Not much in the bean," you'd say. But you'd be wrong For in spite of the fact that they're a bit scattered, the lad has brains. So has a calf, for that matter. But calves' brains function best on toast—if you know what I mean.

And that's the point. For Phippsy is generally on toast or in hot water, which is practically the same thing, provided the toast is hot; though it seldom is, except for breakfast, and then only after long and earnest conversations with the cook. On this particular occasion, however, the toast and water were not only piping hot but poor old Phippsy was on and in them both. That's why he sent me that frantic S O S that Friday morning.

It was frightfully inconvenient, as I'd been out unusually late the night before. It was fearfully early, too—not quite noon. So when Weed, my striker—he's really my valet, but I call him that because he's always striking for higher wages—as I was saying, when Weed woke me out of a sound sleep all I could think of was calamity.

"Who's dead?" I demanded.

"Nobody," said Weed.

"Then what the deuce do you mean by waking me up at this outlandish hour?"

"It's Mr. Phipps, sir. He says it's a matter of life and death."

"Whose life—his or mine?"

"His, sir."

"Oh!" I said. "Then that's all right. Call me at five, Weed."

But Weed wouldn't let me go to sleep

"I beg your pardon, sir, but Mr. Phipps is positively in a state. He's on the wire." By this time I was half awake. Besides, I'm really fond of Phippsy. So, cursing the man who invented friendship, I slid out of bed and staggered to the phone.

"Hullo, Phippsy," I said. "What's the big idea? If you wanted a sleeper, why didn't you ring up the Pullman Company?"

"Don't be an ass, Bill," said Phippsy. "Didn't Weed tell you it was important?"

"Sure he did. But my idea of what's important is five hours more sleep. What's yours?"

"I've got to see you, Bill. I'm in a frightful mess; and the way things are developing, it's going to be worse."

"You talk like the darkroom at the photographer's," I said. "What's developing—and where and when?"

"Hades," said Phippsy. "And here, and now. Come on over, will you?"

"Come on over yourself," I said. "And bring your little old Tophet with you."

"I can't," said Phippsy. "I've got to stay on the job. Had your breakfast yet?"

"No, I haven't," I said.

"Then I'll have Parker toss you up something."

"I've Heard a Lot About You, Bill—and None of It's to Your Credit"

"All right, old boy," I said. "I'll be with you with the speed of an antelope."

As I sloshed around in the matutinal bath I wondered whether it was a blonde or a brunette; for past experience told me there could be but one explanation—Phippsy was back on the fly paper again. Some day, some bobbed-haired bandit will get poor old Phippsy and lead him to the altar.

Bismillah! But not yet! We'd find some way to unscramble the old egg—absolutely!

When at last, arrayed in blue serge and fine linen, with a boutonnière of bachelor buttons decorating the lapel of the coat and all the other little buttons nicely adjusted and in place, I emerged from my P. B. B.—parlor, bedroom and bath—I felt that there might be something in this getting up early after all. What with spring in the air—did I mention it was spring?—a hurdy-gurdy playing round the corner and the little old tum tuning in merrily at the thought of breakfast, I was almost tempted to agree with that poet chap that God was in His heaven and all was right with the world.

But one glimpse of Phippsy's face as he ushered me into his miserable little dining room, in his piffling little flat which only sets him back twenty thousand a year, gave me, as the saying is, furiously to think. And I decided then and there that since there's so much caffeine in coffee, it would be better, on the whole, to start the day conservatively with a gin fizz. And I will say this for Phippsy: The lad is a perfect host—he joined me.

"Now," I said—"now that I have something under my belt, you may shoot. But first tell me, little friend of all the world, is she blonde or brunette?"

"Blonde," said Phippsy.

"Married or single?"

"Married."

"Oh!" I said. "And she's thinking of chucking friend husband, and in case she does, you're first in line as his logical successor—have I got it straight?"

"As the crow flies," said Phippsy. "Only it's worse than that. She's already chucked her husband, and she's coming in from the country this minute just as fast as the Long Island Railroad can bring her."

"My sacred aunt!" I cried. "Is it as bad as all that? She must be pretty sure of you, Phippsy."

"That's the trouble," said Phippsy. "She is."

"That's all very well," I said, "but where do I come in?"

"Why, dash it all, you've got to get me out of it!"

"I see," I said. "All you expect me to do is what General Grant did when he led the Federal troops to victory."

"That's all," said Phippsy. "You know me, Bill. I was born a bachelor, and I'm going to die one if it's humanly possible."

"It's more than possible—it's highly probable if her husband catches up with you. What did you say her name was?"

"I didn't say. But, if you must know, it's Sibyl Hawthorne."

"Sibyl Hawthorne!" I gasped. "You're off your chump, Phippsy. Why, Sibyl adores Jim Hawthorne! She wouldn't leave him five minutes for a cabbage like you."

"Exactly what I thought," said Phippsy. "Otherwise I shouldn't have buzzed round her the way I did."

"Oh, then you have been buzzing round Sibyl?"

"Certainly," said Phippsy. "Why not? Uncommonly attractive woman, Sibyl—uncommonly! But, you see, I thought she was safe."

"No woman is safe, Phippsy. They all get ideas into their heads one time or another."

"Yes," said Phippsy, "and we're the bright little boys who put them there. The trouble with me, Bill, is I'm a poet."

"I hadn't noticed it," I said

"Well, it's true. I think of all sorts of nice things to say, and I daren't say 'em to one of the debutantes, because if I did she might start buying a trousseau. As it is, I can't go anywhere but what some dowager gets me in the corner and tells me how much her darling Dorothy likes me or how often her dear little Imogene has spoken of me. They won't let me alone, Bill; honestly, they won't. It just makes 'em sick to see a couple of hundred thousand a year—net, mind you!—walking around loose."

"I can quite understand that," I said. "It makes me fairly sick myself."

"Anyway, that's why I fell for Sibyl. You see, I liked going to her house. Besides, she had a niece stopping with her who tried to nail me every time I came in the front door. So naturally I put up a sign: Keep Off the Grass. I Belong to Sibyl. But I never thought Sibyl would take it seriously. That's the trouble with women; they have no sense of humor."

"I'm not so sure about that," I said. "You say Sibyl has a niece stopping with her?"

"Yes; Peggy Snow. Pretty little thing."

"And you mean to tell me Sibyl rang you up, said she was through with Jim and was coming straight to you?"

"Check," said Phippsy.

"Then what are you doing here? Why aren't you on your way?"

"On my way where?"

"Anywhere. Pack a bag and beat it. I'll explain to Sibyl."

"No," said Phippsy, "I wouldn't let Sibyl down like that. You see, I'm really fond of her."

"Then you ought to be glad she's coming."

"Well, I'm not. It's quite true I'm fond of Sibyl, but I don't like scandals, and I don't want to marry anybody."

"You'll have to marry her if she leaves Jim for you."

"I know it," said Phippsy. "But I won't run out on her—that's flat."

As he said this I couldn't help but admire him—I couldn't, honestly. Everything he cared for was in peril, but there he stood like the boy on the burning deck, and he wouldn't budge an inch. There's good stuff in the lad—absolutely!

Just then Parker appeared. He's twin brother to my man Weed, intellectually. They both think in terms of discretion; they have to or they'd lose their jobs.

"A lady calling, sir. She didn't give her name, but she said she was expected."

"All right, Parker. Tell her I'll join her at once."

"Do you want me to join her too?" I asked.

"Not yet," said Phippsy. "She may want to begin the meeting with a little bout of hysterics or something. Just give me five minutes alone with her and then stroll in. I'll tell her you know all about it, so she won't be surprised to see you."

And with that he was off. I consulted the old wrist as he departed so as to be sure I made my entrance on time. Five minutes! Quite a long stretch when you're waiting for the curtain to go up. I wondered how matters were progressing in the library, for that's where Phippsy had said they'd be.

There, surrounded by books he'd never read, Phippsy was playing the rôle of hero—or was he the villain?—in the same merry little drama that has stirred the hearts of man and matron since the world began.

But somehow I couldn't quite see Sibyl in the rôle of heroine. If I knew gin from juniper berries, she wasn't that sort at all. Still, one never can tell.

The five minutes up, I took a last pull at my cigarette, then breezed into the library like a spring zephyr.

"Hullo, Sibyl," I said. "Awfully nice to see you again. Where you been keeping yourself, and all that sort of thing?"

"Hullo, Bill," said Sibyl. "Remington tells me you know all about everything."

"So you're calling him Remington now?"

"If you're going to marry a man, you can't call him Phippsy," said Sibyl. "It isn't done."

"As for that," I said, "it's a fine point and to be adjusted later. Only please call him Phippsy to me; otherwise I won't know who you're talking about. I must say you're looking perfectly priceless this morning. Fighting with Jim seems to agree with you."

"I'd prefer that you leave Jim out of the conversation, Bill, if you don't mind."

"Certainly," I said, "now that you've left the brute."

"He isn't a brute. And I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself. Why, Jim has always looked on you as one of his best friends!"

"So I am," I said. "But that doesn't alter the case. Nobody but a brute could possibly be brutal enough to make you leave home. Blast it all, if I'd only known, I'd have been hanging over your front gate myself!"

"We haven't any front gate," said Sibyl.

"Figure of speech, my dear. But, of course, I'm awfully fond of Phippsy, too; so, in a manner of speaking, I'll keep you in the family after all."

And, indeed, at that moment Sibyl was something any man would have been proud to have in his family. Her eyes were the color of hyacinths—blue ones, naturally—and her hair was like jonquils after Easter. I think an angel must have designed her frock, it was so sweetly simple; and her mouth was like a red rose dipped in wine, if you know what I mean, and her cheeks were like apple blossoms. But there was a strained look in her eyes—a look that never in this world spelled happiness. Frankly, I was puzzled. But one has to keep the ball in play. Rather! So dropping the lightsome friend-of-the-family air, I became heavy and avuncular.

"Well, children," I said, "here's your old Uncle Bill who's for you both. What can he do to advance the course of true love? What tune do you want him to play on the merry old triangle?"

"It's a case of divorce, Bill," said Phippsy. "She's got to get rid of Jim first."

"True. And then you'll marry and settle up—what?"

"Of course I shall settle something on Sibyl. What would you say to thirty thousand a year, Bill?"

"I'd say God bless you, old boy. But I don't think that's enough for Sibyl; she ought to have forty."

"All right," said Phippsy. "Suit you, Sibyl?"

"Certainly it suits her," I said. "Why wouldn't it? I happen to know Jim allows her only eighteen."

"But remember Jim hasn't anything like so much money as Phippsy has," Sibyl protested. "He gives me more than he can really afford, as it is."

"There's a mark to shoot at," I said. "Why not give Sibyl more than you can afford?"

"I probably shall before I'm through," said Phippsy. "But let's talk about something pleasant. Sibyl's no gold digger."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Sibyl. "You see, I've never had a proper chance to find out."

"The first principle of gold digging is this," I said: "Dig from your gentlemen friends, but leave your sweetie alone; you may need his little pile when the first of the month comes round. You're quite sure, Sibyl, that you're through with your lawfully wedded husband?"

"Oh, quite."

"And you've left him for better or for worse, for richer or—er—richer?"

"Yes, Bill."

"Then that's that," I said. "Now the question is, Where do we go from here? Nowadays, good Americans, when they divorce, go to Paris. It's the only place left where you can pursue your romance and secure your liberty at the same time. Are you game to go to Paris, Phippsy?"

"Er—yes, I suppose so."

"And you, Sibyl?"

"No, Bill, I—I haven't the time. I mean I haven't a passport."

"Oh, that won't take long," I said. "In the meantime, I suppose you've brought clothes and things."

"Yes, I brought some bags. And my trunks will be up tomorrow."

"And you'll camp out at the Ritz or somewhere till you get your passport?"

"Why, no!" said Sibyl. "I thought I'd stop here."

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed Phippsy. "You can't stop here!"

"Of course she can," I said. "If my sweetie ran away from her husband and didn't come straight to me, I'd never speak to her again."

"Besides," said Sibyl, "I've got to stay here. Otherwise Jim won't know where I am."

"There, you see?" I said. "She told Jim she was coming straight to you, and if she double-crosses him and goes to the Ritz he won't know where to find her."

"Now About You, Infant?" "Why, Thanks, I'd Love to," Said Peggy

"But confound it all," exclaimed Phippsy, "I thought you said you were through with Jim!"

"So I am," declared Sibyl. "But the question is, Is Jim through with me?"

"Exactly," I said. "You see, Phippsy, a chap can't let his wife run off without making some sort of stab at trying to get her back. You know how it is yourself, old man. When a lady says no to you once, it's not important; but when she says it five or six times, you begin to believe her."

"Besides," said Sibyl, "what's the harm in my stopping here so long as I'm properly chaperoned?"

"Oh," I said, "then you brought a chaperon with you?"

"Certainly," said Sibyl. "I'm not quite mad. You might run down and tell her to come up, Phippsy. She's waiting in the taxi."

"But how shall I know her when I see her?"

"Oh, you'll know her!" said Sibyl. "And don't let her forget to bring in her sable scarf—it's really mine."

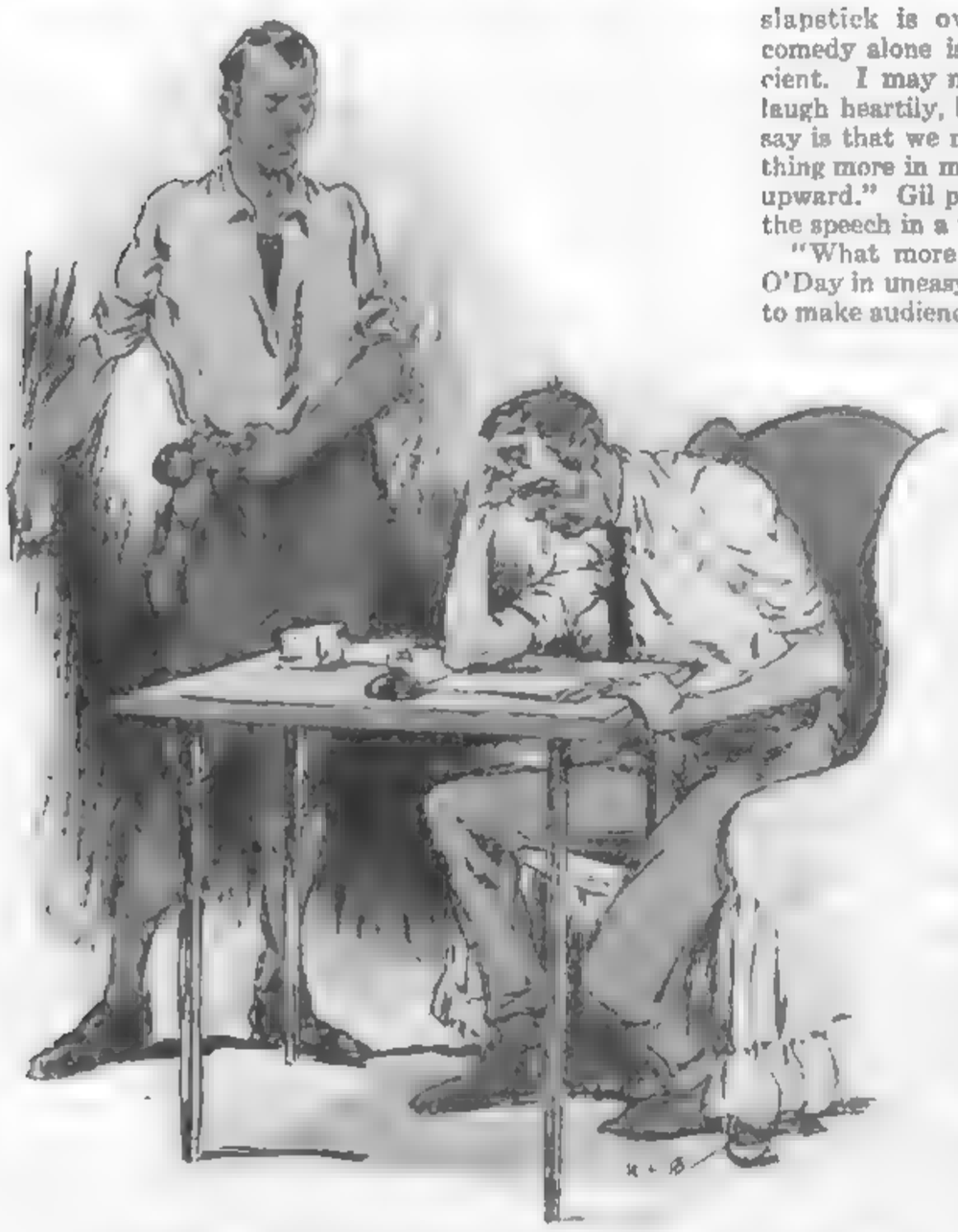
As Phippsy edged out of the library, on his way to the chaperon and the ticking taxi, I turned to Sibyl.

(Continued on Page 126)

LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



It Was the Official Custom to Lock Him in a Hotel Room With a Guard

Little drops of water,
Tears and then a smile,
Makes your picture hokum
And stands them in the aisle.

—From a burnt-leather mat in the office of the late Phineas T. Groff, the first motion-picture director to have baby clothes cut out of his films by the Alaskan Board of Censors.

IN MOTION-PICTURE circles any meeting of three or more adult persons, accompanied by light conversation, is called a conference; and whenever anyone within a studio desires not to see anyone trying to enter the studio, he sends word by a small boy that he is in conference. There is a certain sacredness about the word. It has, in Hollywood, the same effect upon callers at the gate as the phrase "taking a bath" has when the lady of the house determines not to interview a man selling sink cleaners.

Such a contact of thoughtful souls was in progress in the executive offices of the O'Day and Grogan Pictures Corporation on a peaceful summer's morn. All doors were closed and mystery pervaded the atmosphere, crept through the keyholes and spread itself over the institution, from scenario department clear across the street to the dungeons where Sally Malone snipped silently at her negative.

There were present Walter Wesley Gilfillan, the two-reel comedy star; Shorty Hamp, his faithful and mentally short-circuited running mate; Horace Rascoe, the world's sourest scenario writer, who still believes the war was started by Wall Street; Eugene Van Hoven, the company gag man, who had been reinstated after being unshipped some months prior; Messrs. O'Day and Grogan, of the corporation bearing their names; and Charley Breyton, the time-worn and pessimistic studio manager and the only man in the business who isn't afraid of German directors.

One will realize at a glance that it was a weighty conference and that serious matters were under consideration.

"The time has come," Gil proclaimed, having called the gathering himself, "to make needed changes in the Gil-and-Shorty Comedies. I've been thinking it over, and it's a grand mistake to turn out slapstick pictures from now on, and by that I mean our usual comedies, full of nothing but laughs."

"I've seen some of your usual comedies that weren't so full of laughs," growled Mr. Breyton. "The last one you made could certainly stand another laugh or two and kill no customers."

"Never mind that," the comedian continued, unperturbed. "What I mean to say is that the day of straight slapstick is over. Pure comedy alone is not sufficient. I may make them laugh heartily, but what I say is that we need something more in my pictures if we are going ever onward and upward." Gil paused dramatically. He had read most of the speech in a trade magazine and liked it.

"What more do we need?" inquired President John O'Day in uneasy wonderment. "I thought we were trying to make audiences laugh."

"We are."

"Then what else do we need?"

"Pathos," said Gil triumphantly; "plenty of pathos; sad stuff and lots of it."

"As I said," grinned Breyton, lighting a cigar.

"Never mind being funny, Mr. Breyton," Gil snorted. "You listen to me—all of you."

"We are listening, Gil," Grogan put in, "and we are interested. Go ahead with what's on your mind."

"Pathos," declared the star, "is absolutely necessary in movie comedies, and here we've been blundering along for years without even a touch of it. Pathos lightens up comedy and makes slapstick stuff funnier by contrast, and for the same reason that a white handkerchief seems whiter against a black velvet drop."

This was another bit from the trade paper.

"Sure," said Van Hoven, at whom Gil seemed to be glaring.

"Then we got to have real pathos in our future stuff, and that's why I called you together. Horace Rascoe is a fine scenario writer, but he's a straight-comedy man and nothing else. I'm going to lay him off for the next picture—not fire him, but just lay him off—and get the one man in Hollywood to do this script, the one man who can write true pathos into the story." He paused and walked about impressively.

"Who?" asked two officials simultaneously.

"Ollie Judge."

"Who?"

"Ollie Judge," Gil repeated, "the best dog-gone pathos expert in the movies today."

There was momentary quiet. The room remained bathed in silence and O'Day's bronze clock ticked faintly, almost reproachfully.

"No," said the voice of O'Day at length; "not Ollie Judge. If you had said anyone else, I might consent; but not Ollie Judge."

"Why?" Gil demanded. "What's the matter with him? He's the one man in California who can always wring tears from an audience."

"You know why. Judge is—is unreliable, to say the least."

"I'd just as lief hire a case of the Mexican measles," murmured Mr. Grogan.

The discussion continued with growing vigor. Nobody desired Ollie Judge except Gilfillan, and he insisted steadily and vehemently. As the star and director of his comedy unit, what he said was not lightly to be put aside; and after thirty minutes of wrangling, Gil had his way; though as Breyton stated, they would all live to regret it.

"It's up to you, Gil," said the president.

Ollie Judge was one of Hollywood's tragedies and a topic of discussion when movie people met. Liquor had laid Ollie low. The flowing bowl had been his ruination, and though he was a lovable and kind-hearted fellow he had reached the end of his string. Too long he had played with the patience of movie producers. He was eccentric and his whims had cost the magnates money in sums. Dealing with Ollie Judge was like negotiating with a Mohave jack rabbit.

In the seven years of his career in Hollywood, Ollie had risen to the ranks of the topnotchers in the trade, and fame was his before the demon laid him upon the shelf. He had worked for every company in the directory and knew all the officials. His financial adventures made a long and diverting tale, beginning with the trusting corporation that sent him to Kentucky to hunt up a suitable location for a feud drama. Ollie disappeared and the company subsequently received a telegram from Louisville. It read:

"Have covered this whole state and there is no Kentucky scenery here. Much better in California. Wire funds."

There was none to deny that Mr. Judge was a first-rate gag man and a scenario writer who knew his trade. The scripts he produced were sprinkled with flashes of wisdom and pearls of mirth, and were clear, sparkling and comprehensible to the director who got them. His subtitles were quoted and admired for their pithy excellence and he knew the stuff of which true drama is composed. Yet the studios had closed their doors against him and he drifted slowly down the tide, picking up stray jobs along the unlovely

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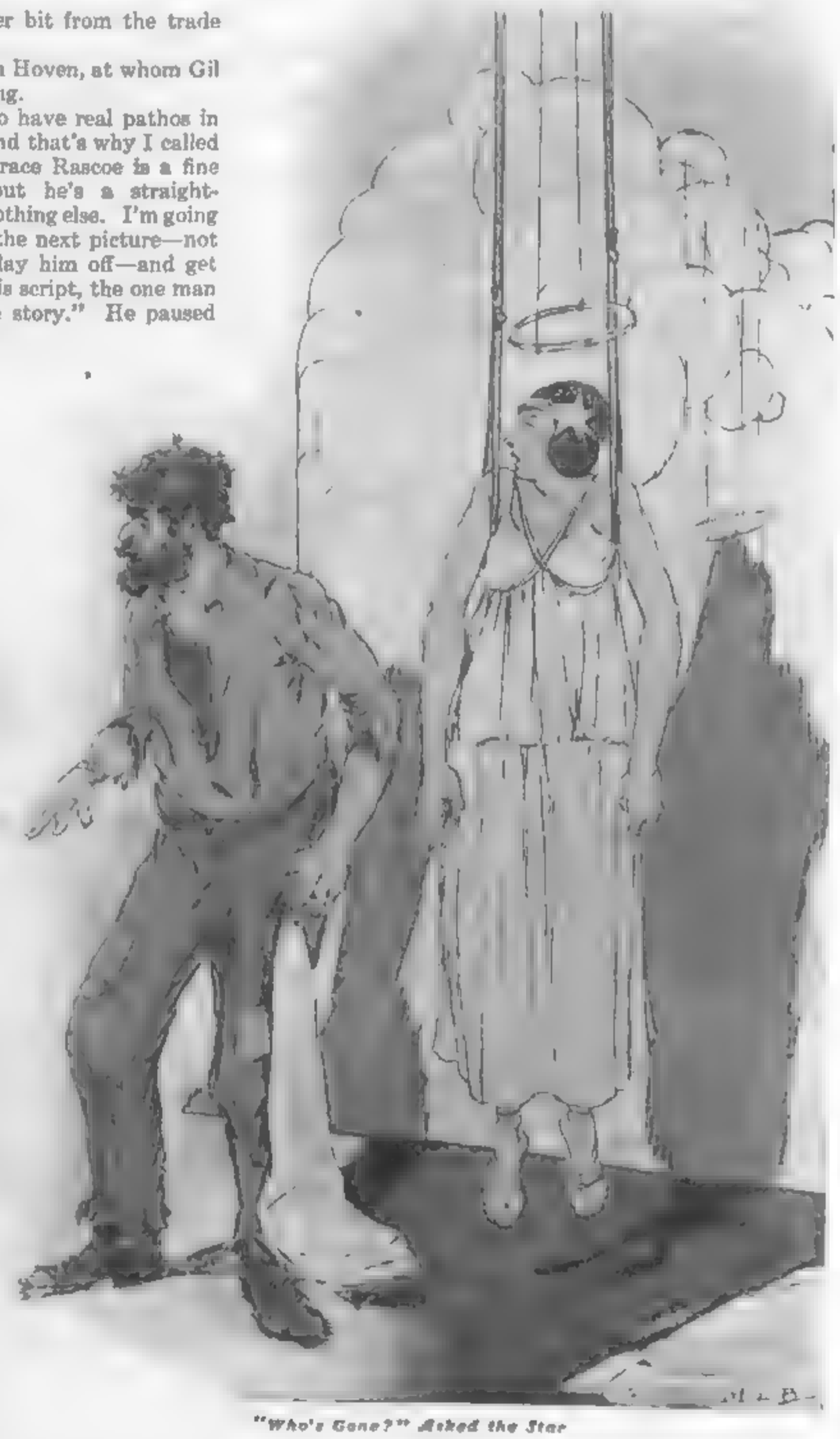

"Who's Gone?" Asked the Star

ANCIENT ENEMIES

Why the Inventor and the Manufacturer Should Sign a Truce

By CHESTER T. CROWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWARD RYAN

IN VIEW of the fact that virtually all manufacturers are engaged in producing invented articles—and for the most part by patented processes—a man on the outside looking in might reach the conclusion that manufacturers are very fond of inventors. They are not. And since inventors reap their financial rewards, if any, through the manufacture and sale of practical articles, you might conclude that they look upon manufacturers with approval amounting to positive affection. They do not.

These two subdivisions of the human race are ancient enemies. They always have been. Just mention one to the other and up goes a nose. Also you are likely to hear a contemptuous snort. I have no doubt that the first chief engineer for pyramid construction used to remark to his assistants, after each visit of the king, "There goes the champion ignoramus of Egypt." While the king probably used to say to the captain of the guard, "That fellow makes very good pyramids, captain, but keep an eye on him. There is something about that fellow that makes me uneasy. I can't say I'm overfond of him."

For dramatic purposes, I should like to forecast that this time-hallowed enmity will continue forever. But I fear it will not. Already there are wide gaps in both lines. On many a hillside the ancient enemies still thumb their noses at each other, but broad valleys lie between where thousands of furnaces have been erected as altars of truce. In the electrical, metallurgical and chemical fields the two forces have virtually formed an alliance without reservations. Others are moving in that direction. Some, however, will hold back indefinitely. What reasons do they give for disliking each other? Well, they give a great many, so it will save time to deal here with only the more important ones for which an outsider can find some basis in reason and truth.

Scientific men have always complained that an established industry will not revolutionize itself except under the severest competitive pressure—and sometimes not even then. They cite hundreds of instances. For present purposes a very few will suffice. Let us consider, in this connection, the history of automobile competition with steam and electric railways. The rail lines were finding local short-haul business troublesome even before the automobile truck and omnibus in a practical sense arrived, but they did not take advantage of automotbile vehicles until independent competition proved their usefulness.

The Conflict of Genius

ANOTHER example: The telegraph companies thought very little of the proposed Atlantic cable and pinned their faith to a land line. Neither the telegraph nor cable companies thought much of the telephone, though it would, from the scientific point of view, have been logical for them to invent it in their own laboratories. Neither telegraph, cable nor telephone companies were accountable for wireless communication in its various forms, though that was the next logical development and engaged the attention of independent inventors for many years. In the realm of navigation some of the most notable advances of recent years relate to new and better kinds of compasses. Ship-building companies have had virtually no part in these inventions.

To scientists or inventors, and they are usually both, it seems perfectly logical to offer a new invention to those manufacturers most certain to be hurt by its introduction. To be specific, let us suppose that a chemist had invented something destined to take the place of soap. He would at once offer it to companies making soap. Now if the soap makers ran true to form, not one in a thousand would be interested. On the contrary, most of them would go on making soap until the demand for it utterly disappeared.

Another complaint that scientific men hurl at business in general is the charge that business men think most inventions are accidents. As a matter of fact, this charge might well be addressed to the major portion of the human race, for an amazing store of legend exists, relating how this, that or the other just happened to be invented. As a further matter of fact, very few inventions just happened. After a scientist has plodded along through 400 or 500 unsuccessful experiments, his subconscious mind, working on the problem perhaps twenty hours a day, may make a happy suggestion. If so, he doesn't call that an accident.

And now for the manufacturers' traditional opinion of inventors. In the first place, a very large majority of the inventions offered have no practical value whatever. Therefore, if a manufacturer turns down one good invention in the course of refusing 200 bad ones he considers his batting average still rather high. Scientific circles would record his batting average as precisely zero if he missed the one good invention offered. They allow him nothing for turning down the bad ones.

Manufacturers have for centuries encountered a great deal of difficulty in inducing inventive genius to interest itself in their known problems instead of trying to put them out of business. To make this point clearer, let us return to our imaginary chemist and soap manufacturer. One has a substitute for soap, while the other, let us assume, has information about a new kind of very fine oil that is both plentiful and cheap. We will assume that a certain obstinate impurity must be removed from that oil before it is ready for soap making. With that problem solved, our imaginary soap maker feels certain he could produce the finest and cheapest soap in the world. With these suppositions, it is not difficult to understand that the manufacturer would wonder why the chemist didn't apply himself to something worth while instead of annoying a busy man with an unheard-of product.

The Scientific Mind Will Give Just So Much to the Practical and No More

Railroading

IN A PREVIOUS paragraph I mentioned the tardy recognition of automotive vehicles by rail lines. Now let us look at that situation from the standpoint of the railroads. Several of the more progressive companies—notably the Pennsylvania system—design their own locomotives. The present-day steam locomotive is not much more closely related to its predecessor of Civil War days than a modern race horse is related to its original three-toed ancestor. So there has been tremendous progress in this field, and nearly all of it based on inventions originating with the technical staffs of the railroads and equipment manufacturers. As one result of these improvements in motive power, freight trains are now so long that the Pennsylvania Railroad has installed wireless equipment so that the men in the caboose can communicate more promptly with the engineer. That company has also worked out and tested a system by which it could keep in touch with trains and dispatch them by radio if every wire were to go down.

A number of the larger railroad companies are now at work, through their technical staffs, in perfecting automatic machinery for making up freight trains. This work has advanced to a point where eventual success is certain. It will be of vast importance in solving the difficult problem of terminal space for switching. With just these few facts, taken more or less at random, it will be apparent that the railroads do not consider themselves in the least unprogressive. Still, if someone were to come along with a new means for transporting freight and passengers, most of the railroad companies would probably refuse it. They

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One Cannot Avoid Wondering Where All the Flowers are Grown

THE ELEPHANT

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

THE manager of the New York branch of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company—makers of the famous Earthworm tractors—called me into his office one day last March and introduced me to a long tall English-looking bird by the name of Mr. Stuart, of Calcutta, India. While I was shaking hands the boss said to me, "I want you to find an elephant somewhere and arrange for a test with one of our five-ton Earthworm tractors."

"An elephant?" I asked, and I will admit I was surprised. I had been working for the tractor company as a mechanic for a good while, and I had run into some funny jobs, but elephants in the tractor business was something entirely new to me.

"Mr. Stuart here," explained the boss, "is manager of a large timber property in India. They have been using elephants to move the logs and are now considering getting tractors. Mr. Stuart doubts whether one of our five-ton Earthworms can pull as much as an elephant. I have told him that we will hitch up an elephant and one of our tractors back to back, and that the tractor will pull the elephant all over the lot."

"If you could do that," said Mr. Stuart, "it would be very convincing; extraordinarily so."

"All right," said the boss, "we'll do it."

"Of course," went on Mr. Stuart, "I have almost decided to purchase several of your tractors; but if you could give me such visible proof as you propose, I would surely hesitate no longer."

"But where'll I get this elephant?" I asked.

"I don't care where you get it," said the boss, a bit impatient; "but get one somehow, and arrange for this demonstration any day this week."

"All right," I said, and went out.

"A fine job," I thought to myself. "This tractor business gets crazier and crazier all the time." I noticed one of the stenographers in the outer office that didn't seem to have much to do, so I asked her, "Do you know where I could find an elephant around here?"

She looked at me like she thought I was Boob McNutt himself, and finally said, "Why don't you try the aquarium?"

"No, no, sister," I said, "this is serious. I got to find an elephant."

"Try the Bronx Park Zoo."

"Not a bad idea," I said.

So, after I had looked it up in a directory and found how to get there, I bought a few twenty-five-cent cigars and took the Seventh Avenue Subway out to the park. In about fifteen minutes I had found the elephant house. On one side of the central passageway they had several big rhinoceroses, and a thing called a hippopotamus that was taking a nap in a large bathtub; and on the other side were several elephants standing around and flapping their ears and eating hay. There was a guy standing there with a uniform on, so I asked him, "Are you the keeper?"

"Yes," he said.

I offered him one of my two-bit cigars and said, "I represent the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, makers of the famous Earthworm tractors, and I wish to rent an elephant for an afternoon."

"You want to what?" he said, taking the cigar.

"I want to rent an elephant for an afternoon; any afternoon this week will do."

"Say," he said, "are you cuckoo? What are you planning to do with an elephant for an afternoon?"

"I want to hitch him up behind a tractor," I said, "and pull him around."

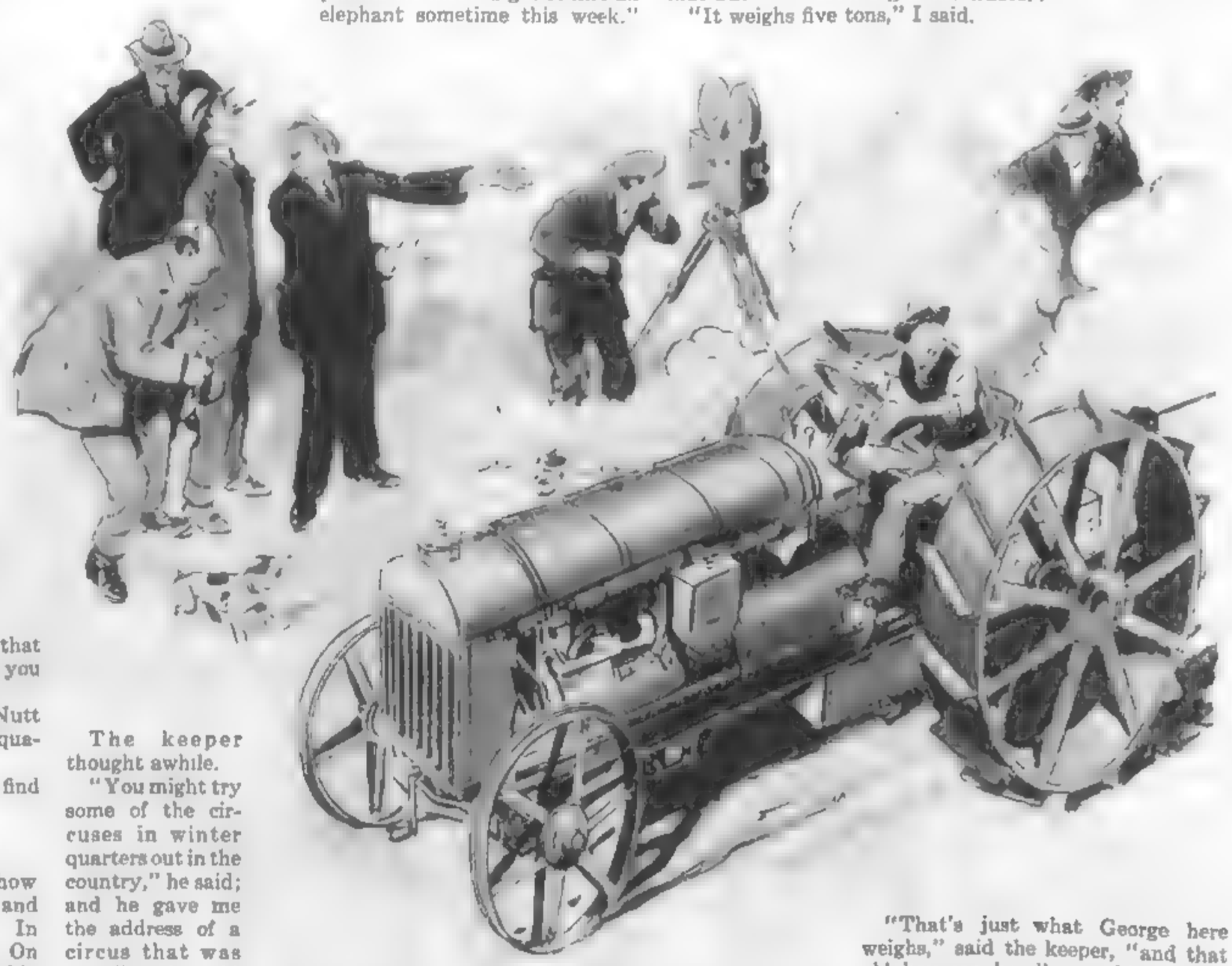
"Holy Cross-Eyed Bullfrogs," I Said, "We Got to Do It Again!"

"Well," he said, "you ain't going to do no such thing with none of these elephants. These elephants are the property of the New York Zoölogical Society; they ain't taxicabs that you can hire out any time you happen to want one."

"So there's no chance of renting an elephant here?"

"Not a chance in the world."

"Do you know anybody," I asked, "that does keep elephants for hire? I got to hire an elephant sometime this week."



The keeper thought awhile.

"You might try some of the circuses in winter quarters out in the country," he said; and he gave me the address of a circus that was spending the cold weather at a place called Bridgeport. I thanked him and went back to New York and got on a train at the Grand Central, and about three in the afternoon I reached the winter quarters of the circus at Bridgeport.

There was a high fence around the place with barb wire on top. I found a gate, but the man in charge wouldn't let me go in.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"I want to see the elephants."

"No visitors allowed," he said.

So I had to give him another of my good cigars, and I said, "I am not a visitor. I wish to see the keeper of the elephants on very important business."

"All right," he said, and let me in, and pointed out the elephant house down at the end of a row of other houses.

I walked over and in through the big front door. It was a large building with a row of stalls or cages down each side. Most of them seemed to be empty, but in the center aisle was a man with a forkful of hay.

"Are you the keeper?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered. "What do you want?" He was a tall, mournful-looking chap, maybe about fifty years old.

"I represent the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company," I began, handing out another cigar. "I wish to hire an elephant for an afternoon; any afternoon this week will do."

"Hire an elephant? What for?"

"I want to hitch him up to a tractor and drag him around."

"You ain't going to mistreat no elephant of ours like that."

"But listen," I said. "You don't understand. I represent the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company. A guy from India will buy a lot of our tractors provided one of them can pull as much as an elephant. We gotta hitch up a tractor and an elephant and let him see that the tractor can outpull the elephant."

"We have only one elephant here now," said the keeper. "All the rest have gone down South, where the circus gives its first performance this week. We kept old George here behind because he wasn't feeling just right—he's down there in the last stall—but we're shipping him out Friday night. This is Wednesday. So you won't have time to bring your tractor up here; and besides, you might hurt the elephant; and anyway I won't let you, and not only that but —— How big is the tractor?"

"It weighs five tons," I said.

"That's just what George here weighs," said the keeper, "and that old boy can handle anything at his weight. He would just drag your old tractor all around and tear it to pieces for you. Come here." He took me down the aisle. "Look at him!" And he pointed to a big elephant in the last stall. "That's George. Twenty-five years old. Ten foot one inch tall. Weighs ten thousand pounds. Tusks thirty inches long. Do you think you could pull him around with your little jitney?"

I give George the once-over. He was a big baby all right, and he stood there just as quiet and steady as a church. His hind legs were planted solid and his front legs were at parade rest, left foot slightly forward, left knee slightly bent, with the weight resting on the right foot. Every once in a while he would pick up a little bunch of hay with his trunk, stick it in his mouth and chew it up in a thoughtful sort of way.

From time to time he would swing his tail just a little or flap his ears a bit; but otherwise he didn't move at all, just chewed away on his hay and looked down at us out of his funny little brown eyes.

"He doesn't look like a very easy load to drag around," I said, "but I believe a tractor can do it. Our five-ton develops twenty-five horse power on the drawbar. What horse power is George rated at?"

"He ain't rated at any horse power," said the keeper, "but he can handle anything his weight."

"Well," I said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay you fifty dollars for the use of him for half an hour on Friday afternoon, and I'll agree not to hurt him, and I'll make you a fifty-dollar bet on the side that I can drag him fifty yards with my five-ton tractor."

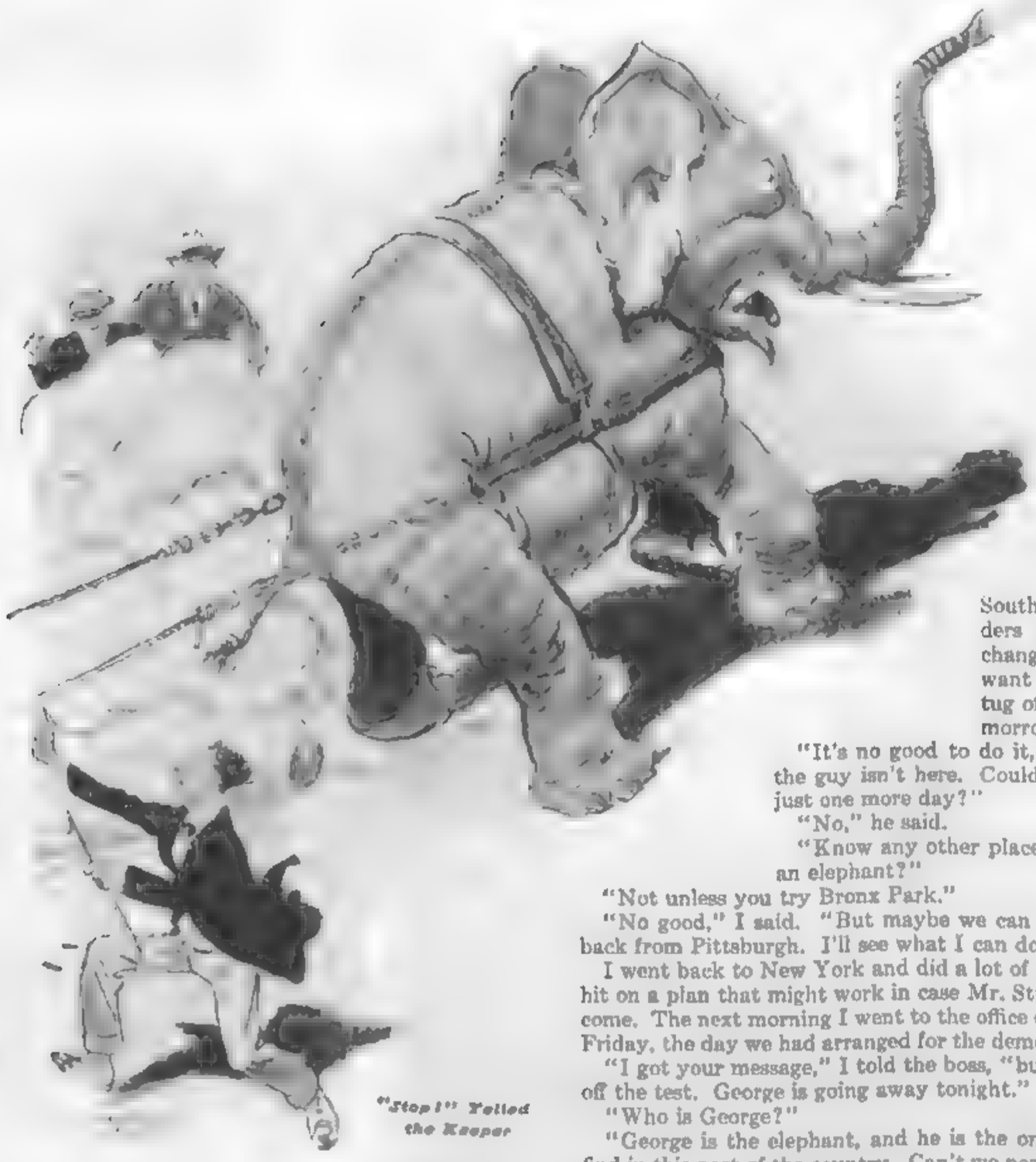
"You was figuring on having the tractor and the elephant pull against each other?"

"That's the idea," I said.

"Why not have them push against each other? Pulling ain't really fair, because George can push with his head much more than he can pull."

"I would just as soon push," I said, "except that there is nothing on the tractor he could push against only the radiator, and if he pushed on that he would burn his face."

"Oh, well," said the keeper, "we have an old breast-strap harness we could use, and I would like to try it just to show



"Stop!" Yelled the Keeper

you that George could beat you, push or pull either one. But I'm afraid he might get hurt."

"Listen," I said. "You'll be there all the time. You'll steer George and I'll steer the tractor, and any time you say stop, I'll stop. Nothing could be fairer than that—and safe."

"All right," said the keeper, "I'm on. I ought not to do this; but as a sporting proposition, it's too good to lose."

"Fine!" I said. "I'll bring the tractor over tomorrow and on Friday we'll have the test." And I left in a hurry before the keeper had time to change his mind.

As I went out the door, I could see old George staring after me sort of suspicious, and he was such a wise-looking old brute that I couldn't help wondering whether he knew what kind of a mean trick we were hatching up on him. I didn't have much doubt about which side would win the tug of war. An elephant is big and his muscles are strong, but they aren't as strong as the steel and iron in a tractor. Besides which, no elephant could get a grip on the ground the way a tractor could with all its steel grousers.

I called up the boss on the long-distance and told him the time was three o'clock Friday afternoon, and the place was Bridgeport, and to be sure to be there with Mr. Stuart. Then I went back to town for the night, and early the next morning, which was Thursday, I went out to Mount Vernon and cranked up the five-ton Earthworm tractor which we had in storage out there. It took me all day to drive the machine to Bridgeport, it being almost fifty miles on the Post Road. When I got to the circus winter quarters, it was six o'clock.

There had been a telephone call for me from the boss in New York, and they had written down the message:

"Mr. Stuart has been called to Pittsburgh. Will return Saturday morning. Arrange demonstration for Saturday afternoon."

I looked around for the keeper and found him over by the tractor.

"This little thing?" he said. "Why, George can drag it around the block as many times as you want."

"All right," I said, "that's an easy way for you to make an extra fifty dollars; and by the way," I said, "we'll have to do it on Saturday instead of tomorrow. The guy has gone to Pittsburgh and won't be back."

"We can't wait," said the keeper. "Tomorrow night George gets on his car and starts South. That's orders and I can't change it. If you want to have this tug of war, it's tomorrow or never."

"It's no good to do it," I said, "if the guy isn't here. Couldn't you wait just one more day?"

"No," he said.

"Know any other place I could get an elephant?"

"Not unless you try Bronx Park."

"No good," I said. "But maybe we can get the man back from Pittsburgh. I'll see what I can do."

I went back to New York and did a lot of thinking and hit on a plan that might work in case Mr. Stuart couldn't come. The next morning I went to the office early. It was Friday, the day we had arranged for the demonstration.

"I got your message," I told the boss, "but I can't put off the test. George is going away tonight."

"Who is George?"

"George is the elephant, and he is the only one I can find in this part of the country. Can't we possibly get Mr. Stuart back from Pittsburgh?"

"It's too late to get him back now," said the boss.

"Well," I said, "I thought this all over last night, and I got an idea—a sort of inspiration. Suppose we hold the demonstration this afternoon and take moving pictures of it. A good movie ought to satisfy this Stuart guy most as well as actually seeing it."

The boss didn't think much of the idea, and we argued around awhile. But he didn't have no better idea, and finally he agreed.

"Go ahead," he said. "Hire a cameraman somewhere and do the best you can and have them finish the film as quick as possible."

I went out and inquired around and finally ran across a company called the Meyerbusch Film Corporation that made commercial motion pictures. I called on the manager of this company and asked him if he could take the pictures for us.

"You bet," said he. "That's our business. Let me see," he went on. "All the men are out today, but we can send out a cameraman tomorrow or any day next week."

"We can't wait till tomorrow," I said. "Haven't you got anybody you could send today?"

"Maybe Sam would do," said the moving-picture manager. "Sam is our stock-room boy, and he has had a little experience in camera work. He's not one of our regular men, but if you want to try him, I think he would suit you all right."

Sam was called in. He was a sleepy-looking youngster about eighteen years old, with a pointed nose and sloping forehead and sloping chin. He had pale-blue eyes and pale-yellow hair and pale unhealthy-looking skin. At first he seemed half asleep, but when we told him what we wanted he brightened up a bit.

"I ain't very good," he said, "but I'll do the best I can. I'll try awful hard."

He didn't look overweighted with brains, but he seemed willing enough, so I took a chance on him. He got a camera and a tripod and we went over to the station and took the train for Bridgeport. I explained to Sam all about the picture to be taken; and in time he seemed to get it through his head what was wanted.

"And these films must be developed tonight," I said, "so we can show them in our office tomorrow morning. Can you do that?"

"Sure we can," he said.

At Bridgeport we went right out to the circus quarters and found the old keeper feeding George a few dozen loaves of bread. George was standing there as calm and placid and solemn looking as ever. The only difference was that he was planted solid on all four feet instead of having his front legs at parade rest as before. He was picking up the loaves of bread one after another with his trunk, shoving them up between his tusks into his mouth, and chewing them up in the same quiet, thoughtful manner as when he had been eating hay.

I explained to the keeper that I was going to have movies taken.

"I don't really know," said the keeper, "whether we ought to go on with this. What if George should get hurt?"

"I won't hurt him," I said. "And you can't back out now, after we've got the tractor and the moving-picture camera and everything all ready."

"Well," said the old keeper, "all right."

He dragged out an old collar made of a couple of big leather straps, with two long, heavy trace chains to hook onto whatever was going to be pulled. He made George get down on his front knees so he could put it on. Then I went out and cranked up the motor and ran the tractor out to the middle of the field beside the elephant house. I stopped the motor and looked over toward the house, and here came good old George swinging along with a heavy shuffling gait. Beside him was the keeper, carrying a little stick with a point and a hook on it. As soon as George seen the tractor, he stopped short and give a little snorting noise with his trunk.

(Continued on Page 318)

I Forgot My Turned Ankle. The Next I Remember I Was Inside the Big Elephant House, Hiding Behind the Bars in One of the Stalls

The Terror of Bascom Hills

By AUSTIN PARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"THAT pretty, clear-eyed child of Satan," drawled Mrs. Cheney, "has become the terror of Bascom Hills. I don't blame Davy Carr for wanting to marry her, but ——" She smiled, perhaps in delighted contemplation of the possible results upon Davy, and added softly, "Heaven help him!"

"Right!" answered her husband. He sighted thoughtfully down the shaft of his driver. "Not that I give a hang about Carr, but Anne's too nice a youngster to be wasted. The Terror of Bascom Hills." He chuckled.

His eyes roved down the green slope toward the ninth hole, where Anne Farquhar had relinquished her putter to the caddie with an air of complete surrender. She waved away the driver that the boy held out to her, and was coming in at the slow resolute pace of one who has at last realized that golf is merely a weakness to be abandoned.

"Well, isn't she—a terror?" asked Mrs. Cheney, smiling. "That obstacle race, for example."

Eric Cheney grinned. "Yes," he admitted. "But, Sue, it wasn't Anne's arm that was broken. It wasn't Anne's collar bone. It wasn't Anne's horse that jerked a tendon." He thumped the driver upon the ground to give emphasis to his words. "And it was Anne who won the race! And I'm not the only one around the Hills who'll say it was some mighty good riding!"

"Also," his wife supplemented him, "it was Anne who thought of it and organized it. It's a wonder some of the busybodies haven't started a Committee for the Suppression of Anne."

"Take a better committee than Dave Carr," grumbled Eric Cheney. "That's a cinch!" The other members of his foursome emerged from the clubhouse and he rose. "Why don't you give the youngster a hand, Sue? Probably she needs it—and you're a mighty wise sort. Her aunt doesn't know what it's all about." He turned toward the approaching girl. "Hello, kid. Off your game?"

"Terribly!" An expression of utter disgust lingered about her lips. "Simply nothing to do but burst into tears and leave the course!" She stripped off the floppy panama hat and exposed a darkly petulant frown. "Eddie, throw those clubs in the lake."

"I Want to Get Married for Keeps—to Feel That It's Going to Last Always"

"Yes'm," answered her befreckled caddie, and galloped off toward the locker room. The foursome moved in the direction of the tee.

"Let's go up on the porch," suggested Mrs. Cheney. "Eric's fussy about his audience. He doesn't mind anyone but me watching him."

Settled in the broad high-backed wicker chair, the girl appeared piquantly immature. Her small brown hands were clasped loosely in her lap, and she sat motionless, body relaxed, gazing out almost morosely over the links. Presently she sighed.

"I'm awfully low in the head," she explained, dark blue eyes roving toward the older woman. "Do you get that way before a birthday? I'll be twenty tomorrow. In ten years I'll be thirty."

"But Anne, dear, it isn't so poisonous as all that! Really! I've managed even to live through the thirtieth!"

"Oh, I know," assented the girl. "But you're happy. Do you think I'll ever be happy?"

"I think so." Mrs. Cheney smiled. "But if you're not happy you'll have a lot of excitement, at any rate—and so will everyone else. It'll be what they call an outstanding sporting event." Their eyes met in a flash of understanding laughter. "I think you'll be wonderfully happy if you get the right man," she went on. "You have so much to give, Anne—health, prettiness, vitality." She added, as one who lingers over an apt word, "Yes, vitality. You'll have children, and you'll always be just as young as they are. My dear, you'll be teaching your grandchildren to play tennis and ride!"

But Anne was not to be beguiled from her dolorous thoughts. "Gee," she exclaimed with sudden vehemence, "it was a terrible blunder for me to be a girl!" Her hand swept back through the shingled blond hair, hair with just the faintest glint of red in it. "Listen, Mrs. Cheney; I wrote to dad and asked him if I could go down and stay with him at the mine in South America. I told him that I could ride and shoot, that I wasn't afraid of snakes and bugs, an' that I'd eat any sort of chow that happened along when I did. I wrote twelve pages, and then this morning I got this. Look at it!" A hand dug into the pocket of her coat and brought forth a cable message. "'Climate bad for girls. Sorry. North soon. Happy birthday. Best love. Father.' Darn it all, Mrs. Cheney, I don't want to be some man's precious little flower! Either dad's or any other man's. They take themselves too seriously. Piffle! Who wants to be shielded all the time? It isn't fair!"

"But the dear things love to be sturdy oaks," protested Mrs. Cheney. "And it's nice to feel that the man you love is stronger than you are."

"I s'pose so," agreed Anne Farquhar listlessly, "if you happen to be head over heels." She lapsed into another gloomy silence. "It isn't just this," she said at last, fluttering the cable message and stuffing it back into her pocket, "that's making me so impossible today. But—well—you see, I promised Dave that I'd let him know definitely, yes or no, when I was twenty, and tomorrow he's going to want an answer."

Mrs. Cheney's eyes searched the girl's face.

"I like Dave, but ——" She paused, unconsciously stressing the "but." "Mrs. Cheney, the people who come here to Bascom Hills every summer would simply laugh in my teeth if they heard me say this, but I'm frightfully conventional! I'm so conventional it hurts! When I get married I'd like to love the man so darn much that I'd propose to him. I want to get married for keeps—to feel that it's going to last always. I suppose that sounds awfully younger-generationy—about proposing."

"No; my grandfather always swore that grandmother proposed to him. Probably she did. There's always been a younger generation."

"You're a peach!" exclaimed the girl impulsively. "I like to talk with you!" She turned upon Mrs. Cheney with an air of confidence. "My aunt'n'uncle have always hoped that I'd marry Dave. They've been rooting for it. They're going to be disgusto if I don't."

Mrs. Cheney was thoughtfully silent. "If I were you, Anne," she said finally, "I think I'd make a resolution not to marry any man unless I were willing to do the proposing myself. That's a good test. Of course you can usually make the man do it. That's what I did with Eric. Even now, whenever I want anything I make him suggest it."

But Anne's attention was far away—upon a small fleck, sometimes black, sometimes glistening, which wheeled idly in the sky across the links.

"It's an aeroplane," said Anne. Elbows on her knees, she cupped her chin in her hands and gazed at it wistfully. "Have you ever flown?" she asked. "Gee, it's fun! I spent a whole month's allowance flying. Five dollars a flight. I had to go without an evening dress I wanted. I was going to learn to fly, but dad got wind of it." There was silence. "I'll bet I'd make a good pilot!" she added, her low voice throbbing with conviction.

"I'll bet you would," agreed Mrs. Cheney, "but please don't."

The terror of Bascom Hills was lost in contemplation of the plane. "I wonder who owns it?" she asked.

"Eric said some man by the name of Squire had taken the old Johnson farm for experimental work."

"Squire?" asked Anne. "I wonder if it could be Bill Squire. He was an aviator. I used to go to school with his sister. Fourteen-year-old girls used to bring her candy for the privilege of swooning in front of his picture." She sat bolt upright suddenly. "Wouldn't it be funny if it really was Bill Squire!"

"Oh, dear!" breathed Mrs. Cheney. She happened to know that the pilot's name was William.

Where potatoes had once grown, there sprouted now a giant mushroom—a balloon—bellying skyward, as big as a house. Beside it, regulating the flow of gas from long black cylinders of hydrogen into the balloon, stood Bill Squire. At the sound of hoofs thumping on the soft dirt road he glanced up.

"Hello," remarked his mechanic, O'Ryan; "we got a visitor. I told you we ought to put up a No Admittance sign."

A big rangy black, with the small figure of a girl up, white blouse whipping in the breeze, swung in from the lane, espied the half distended balloon, snorted and tried to spin about in his tracks, forefeet pawing the air as if he were boxing. He pivoted, did cat hops backward, shaking his head, reared up again as the girl resolutely swung him about, and then danced a frantic side-step.

"Ride 'im, cowboy!" called O'Ryan. He watched the performance and, by way of a verdict, announced, "The kid's good!"

Anne Farquhar, balancing in her stirrups, leaned forward, stroking the horse's neck, talking to him. For one step she persuaded him to take forward he took three to either side and one backward.

"Stand by the gas," said Bill Squire. He sauntered over to the girl. "Shall I hold his head for a minute?" he asked, smiling up at her.

He had, Anne observed, an awfully nice smile; it made little wrinkles about his bright bluish-gray eyes, tugged at his mouth. The sort of smile that made one want to smile in return. She did.

"You might—for a minute," she answered, settling back in the saddle. "Roxy's such a fool! He probably thinks I'm going to try to make him jump it." She nodded toward the balloon. "You might rub his nose a bit, if you would. He likes it."

Bill Squire, holding the reins behind Roxy's chin, massaged the velvety quivering nose.

"I hope you don't mind my coming in," said the girl quite formally.

"Not at all," replied Bill Squire. "You're our first visitor. We took the place just a couple of weeks ago." Then he added, by way of explanation, "We're doing some experimental work in aeronautics—engines and gliders mostly. Trying to combine some new ideas."

"But a balloon!" exclaimed Anne Farquhar, all formality gone to the winds. "A balloon! How in the world do you happen to have a balloon?" She turned her gaze from the immense bag, weaving slowly in the breeze, upon the young man, in frank downright inquiry.

Roxy, as if he realized that he were falling behind in his work, pricked his ears and danced a few steps.

"Well," Bill Squire responded thoughtfully, "it was this way. I got some money I didn't expect, and I was afraid I might spend it foolishly—so I bought a balloon. It was a bargain."

Anne fairly beamed upon him. "Most sensible thing to do!" she agreed. "I think it showed splendid judgment."

Their eyes met and she laughed.

"So few people would think of buying a balloon," she added, thinking of Dave Carr. He certainly would not buy one under any circumstances—unless they became fashionable.

"It's just a small one," explained Bill Squire apologetically; "nineteen thousand cubic feet."

"At any rate," she observed judicially, "that sounds like a great many. Are you going up pretty soon?"

"Just as soon as she's full."

"Where are you going?"

He gave a general wave of his hand. "Northeasterly"

"You don't know where exactly?" She leaned forward, wide-eyed.

"Oh, no; just for a ride."

"That's great!" Her fist thumped down upon the saddle with such force that Roxy did a few clog steps. "It must be good sport," she added, her voice full of wistful longing.

"I like it," he replied. "It's nice when you have something to think out—just to perch up on top of the world, and drift. Free ballooning has it all over flying so far as sport goes. Just the same as sailing a boat and being pushed by a motor."

She nodded. "Or riding horses and motoring."

"Same thing," he agreed. "Engines are interesting to experiment with, as I'm going to be doing here. They're fractious and temperamental. But after all the experimenting is done and they're fit for people to use, they're just machines. Dependable, but not interesting."

"Just like the people who use them," suggested Anne.

They agreed, laughing.

Two men commenced to pass bulging canvas bags to the basket of the balloon, which was tugging restlessly at its ropes.

"That's ballast—sand," he explained.

"You take all that sand up with you?" she demanded, a little shocked.

"Yes—or I'd shoot up like a rocket."

"But you could take a passenger up instead of the sand, couldn't you?"

"I could—but I wouldn't like to dump a passenger overboard if I wanted to lighten the balloon. Tough on the passenger"

"Oh!" Anne appeared a trifle crestfallen.

"Of course," went on Bill Squire, "when we carry passengers we take less ballast. It's a case of equilibrium, you see. When we leave the ground we have the balloon just light enough to go up. We have more gas in the bag than we need, so we carry sand to counteract it. Then gas escapes, or contracts, and we dump ballast. If the gas expands ——"

"Then you could!" she interrupted explosively. She swung to the ground, took a step toward Bill. "You could take a passenger!" It came close to being an accusation.

"Yes," he admitted.

"Will you take me?" His head shook slowly. "I'd be willing to pay for my ride—out of next month's allowance," she pleaded desperately. "I've never been up in a balloon. I went down in a diver's suit one time. I've been up in aeroplanes."

"I don't do passenger work," he said. "Sometimes ballooning is fairly dangerous."

"I'm not afraid!"

"I'm sure you're not, but ——"

"Please listen," she begged. "You said it was nice to go up in a balloon when you wanted to think things out." Her brown hand beat dramatically upon her breast. "Well, today's my twentieth birthday and I—I have something that's very important to think out. Honestly! Won't you? Please?"

Bill Squire's gaze wandered from her beseeching eyes to the balloon and back again

"Are you sure your people wouldn't have a fit?" he asked, beginning to weaken.

"I've only got a father, and he's in South America."

"Well ——"

"You're the top!" exclaimed Anne, pressing her gain. "Are you sure you really want to go?"

"Want to! Why, it's the chance of a lifetime!"

Her tone implied that King Richard had been merely fooling about the horse.

"Shall I Hold His Head for a Minute?"

She stood beside Bill Squire in the basket, a quiet little smile of satisfaction playing about her mouth. Bill and O'Ryan, who was on the ground, were talking in the incomprehensible jargon of ballooning. Sacks of ballast were passed back and forth.

"Stand clear," ordered Bill finally His eyes shifted about in a final inspection and came to the girl. "We're going to weigh off now," he said. "You're still sure you want to go?"

Angry impatience surged through Anne Farquhar. Why did men always think that girls were such vacillating little idiots?

"Of course I want to go!"

He laughed. "All right; we're off."

Then, inexplicably, the green earth slid silently from beneath them, became a variously tinted patchwork, angular, spotted with dark oblongs of houses, cut and cross-cut by the gray ribbons of roads upon which tiny cars made microscopic progress. The greens on the golf links became small emerald squares, and the lake near the clubhouse an oval mirror reflecting the blue of the sky.

Bill was about to dump out more ballast but Anne Farquhar's cool rushing laughter made him turn. She seemed for the moment utterly unconscious of him, unconscious of everything except a newly found enchantment. Her hat was off, blond hair stirring lazily, her head slightly back. Her arms hung limply at her sides, as though they were of little use to her, now that she had found wings Her attitude, that complete abandonment of herself to her mood, told Bill Squire better than anything she could have expressed in words that she loved flight, loved it as he did, and all his senses quickened in response. She seemed so young, gloriously young, venturesome and gay.

He remembered suddenly that he had been about to cast over more ballast. As the sand trickled down, spreading fanlike in the air and disappearing, he said, "We're going to get a down gust in a minute—as we cross over the lake."

The basket gave a slight lurch. He caught her arm, steadied her, and in answer to her unspoken look of inquiry, explained, "We'll drop a few hundred feet before the wind shoves us out of it, then we'll get an up gust."

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THE ROMANTIC '90'S

By Richard Le Gallienne

Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you,
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

THE reader must not fear that I am going to write my autobiography. No, I leave that to men still in love with their own egos, that wondrous love affair which is apt to outlive all others. Something of myself, indeed, I shall be obliged here and there to bring in to make a background for these random memories of a period in which, in spite of the alleged irreverence of the present generation, I have found, in talking to younger people, a surprisingly enthusiastic interest; but that something shall be as little as possible. As I once wrote in a book for William Watson:

These to thee, Will, from critic to creator—
My only greatness is to praise the greater.

A sentiment, I hope, of commendable modesty. And, by the way, I should have said *Sir* William Watson, for most of my early friends seem to have become knights. Who was it, by the way, who said that "London is now a City of Dreadful Knights"?

The Autocrat's Letter

WHEN I was a boy, poets were comparatively rare beings and poetry societies were comparatively unknown blessings. There was a Browning Society, and later a Rhymers' Club, of which I shall have to speak; but those were about all. Poets were still mysterious beings, and to meet one was a thrilling experience. No one glibly called himself or herself a poet. There was still an Old World sentiment, as Mrs. Browning said:

That name is royal
And to wear it like a queen I dare not.

Such, indeed, was my state of innocence in my school days in Liverpool that when a friendly schoolmaster took me into a bookshop to buy a Vergil, and, pointing to a volume on the counter, said, "This is Mr. Swinburne's new volume," I provoked his laughter by asking, "Are there poets still alive?" For, to tell a truth which may well seem incredible today, I had a notion that poets were mythical beings who lived in an earlier age of the world, an illusion which, I need hardly say, I was not long to preserve. That, as I say, was in Liverpool, a city which might well excuse the mistake.

Yet, apart from those happy personal memories which the most prosaic city must have for one born there, Liverpool, before I left it, had given me my first thrilling glimpse of embodied fame. In its Adelphi Hotel I once had tea with Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes! It was in 1886, and England, which adored his writings, was fêting him with something like royal honors. In those days I was an enthusiastic bibliophile, and among my treasures was an Elzevir edition of the Colloquies of Erasmus, which, to my delight one day in reading the Professor at the Breakfast Table, I discovered was identical with the Elzevir mentioned in that book. The discovery resulted in a piece of boyish doggerel about Elzevirs which was printed in a bookish magazine, and which I sent, with a letter, to Doctor Holmes. Only a bookish lad of nineteen can experience the joy with which some weeks afterward I received a letter of four pages from my Boston hero written in his own hand. I reproduce it here for the benefit of bibliophiles and those who are sensible enough still to read one of the most vivacious and stimulating of *causeurs*. Doctor Holmes was then seventy-seven, and the fact that he should take the trouble to write four pages to an unknown boy across the sea speaks no little for the kindness of his heart.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

Algernon C. Swinburne

"BOSTON, March 5, 1886.

"*My Dear Sir:* I confess that your letter frightened me. I am gradually coming to the conclusion that I cannot keep my correspondence without sacrificing so much of my time and strength as to incapacitate me from any effective literary labour. A large part of every day has to be sacrificed in replying to correspondents and in acknowledging the books and pamphlets of all sorts and sizes which every day brings me. However, I did read your letter, and, of course, I found it interesting. First, I was pleased to know that you liked my writings. We are all human, more or less, and most of us like to be acceptable to our fellow mortals. Then it is a comfort to be told that one's writings have solaced, instructed, entertained or even amused one's unknown friends. I get a great many letters that tell me such things and I cannot say that I have ever got tired of them. So on this ground I thank you. I enjoyed your verses, too, and I lived over with you the delight of your first sight of an *imprimatur*. The little compliment to myself did not make them less palatable. I not only like your poem, but I am pleased to recognise a brother bibliophile. I have a few rare books in my library of five or six thousand—some *incunabula*—the best, not my oldest, a Nicholas Jenson of 1481—a Valerius Maximus of 1474, etc. etc., a few Aldi—a number of Elzevirs, etc., but I only care for a few specimens and am not a collector. I picked up in Lyons, fifty years ago, a copy of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates edited by Rabelais with his original Prefaces from which I extracted a motto for the Rabelais Club of London.

"Well, I wish you all success in your career as a book fancier and a man of letters. I thank you, particularly for the two charming little volumes of Wordsworth's Poems, which I much fancy.

"But you must not depend on me as a correspondent, for I am entirely unequal to the labour my unknown friends lay upon me. I thank them none the less for their kind expressions.

"Believe me, my dear sir,

"Sincerely yours,

"OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES."

It was some three months after this that Doctor Holmes visited England, and he wrote me a note from London and invited me to call on him at Liverpool on his way back to America. Never shall I forget his quaint, tiny figure, with his humor-saturated face, seamed all over like a withered apple, and the exquisite courtliness of his welcome to me as I sat with him, scarcely able to believe it was really he, "over the teacups" that legendary afternoon.

Very soon after that I was to perpetrate an exceedingly youthful volume of verse of my own, whose only excuse for existence was that it introduced me to a friendly London publisher, Mr. John Lane, and so took me to London, where I speedily "commenced author," or rather journalist, my earliest job being the writing of a Books and Bookmen column for the famous radical paper, "The Star," a column that up to that time had been written by Mr. Clement Shorter, who had ascended to higher spheres, as editor of the "Illustrated London News," spheres in which he is still happily active—as he well may be, not yet having attained to any considerable antiquity.

George Moore's Query

I AM proud to think that among my colleagues were the distinguished dramatic critic, Mr. A. B. Walkley, and Mr. Bernard Shaw, who wrote musical criticism, over the initials "C. di B."—Corno di Bassetto—neither gentleman having yet, even now, attained to the age of knighthood. On my coming to London I brought with me the manuscript of a book on George Meredith, which was soon published by Mr. Lane, who also invited me to be his reader, many since-famous manuscripts thus passing through my hands. I was thus fairly launched into that literary world which in Liverpool had seemed a far-off dream. A young man who is at once a reviewer for a great newspaper and a publisher's reader will not long remain without friends, though he may occasionally, in cynical moments, wonder how much he is loved for himself and how much for his reviews.

George Meredith, From an Etching by Hollyer

Which reminds me of a saying of Mr. George Moore's on the only occasion when I had the pleasure of talking with him. He was living then in the quaint old Temple, and I had brought some youthful enthusiasm to his feet. He listened with kindly attention, his curiously blond face, very long and solemn and white, like a dripping candle, and when I had finished, he turned and said, "Charming of you, dear Le Gallienne. It's very charming—but why not in a newspaper?" Many a time since have I had occasion to recall that remark, with its shrewd human insight into that admiration so vocal to one's face, and so oddly silent—in the newspapers.

Mr. Moore was then becoming known as one of the stormy petrels of the violent revolutionary age which was then coming upon us, and causing no little disquiet and anger in senior Victorian bosoms. Mr. William Archer, in

the field of dramatic criticism, was another; and, of course, Mr. Bernard Shaw, with his Fabian socialism, his vegetarianism, his pepper-and-salt woolen clothing, was still another. His plays were yet some way off. These men, with Mr. H. W. Massingham, the fighting editor of the radical Daily Chronicle, and one or two others, constituted what was called the new journalism, marked by an aggressive, menacing individualism, a natural and often savage style of writing, which brought a peculiar freshness of atmosphere as of oncoming storm into the placid, conventional newspaper world.

It was immensely invigorating to hear men speaking out in a natural human voice, as it was startling to see actually in print audacities of opinion that gave us some such shock as Mr. Menken has recently brought to America. One felt, too, that the new journalism was grimly out for business, and there was an ominous rumbling in the air as of falling towers. But there was a new common note, coarse and ill-bred, in this writing, too—sans-culottish, so to say—which alone made one feel that the world was passing out of the hands of gentlemen—doubtless for its own good! One felt also that these men, sincere and clever as they were, were of a smaller race than the men of the great era that preceded them. There was a vulgar exploitation of minor personalities. The era of the engineered boom was beginning, and one had a feeling that men were getting famous too quick. The bud was already being taken for the flower. Hasty unripe biographies began to be written, and autobiography even was beginning to precede achievement. Knighthoods, too, were already beginning to go cheap. For good or ill, the old order was unmistakably changing. All the more, it was a romantic age to be born in, for most of the great figures of that old order were still alive, in embattled eminence.

FROM AN ENGRAVING BY A. B. WALL FOR THE HISTORICAL MAGAZINE

George H. Moore

In politics, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Beaconsfield still loomed large, with the sinister figure of Mr. Chamberlain for the protagonist of the new business man's government. In literature and art, most of the great Victorians were on their thrones—Ruskin at Coniston, Carlyle in Chelsea, Herbert Spencer in Brighton, Tennyson rustling with laurels in Haslemere or the Isle of Wight; as Andrew Lang wrote, "The Master's yonder in the isle"—all the Pre-Raphaelites dwelt still in their mysterious sacrosanct seclusion; Rossetti, like some high priest behind the veil, in his old romantic house in Chelsea; Morris, with one foot in the new age, making beautiful books at Kelmscott House, and tapestries and wall papers in Oxford Street, writing The Dream of John Ball and preaching socialism to unsympathetic mobs in Trafalgar Square; Swinburne and Theodore Watts—soon to change his name to Watts-Dunton—were keeping their odd bachelor household together in Putney; Meredith was in haughty rustication at Box Hill in Surrey; Browning, democratically ubiquitous at tea parties and an indefatigable diner-out, was writing more and more cryptically, with occasional divine lyrical simplicities; and Matthew Arnold was still preaching sweetness and light to a world of Philistines.

Memories of Irving

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S beautiful fading figure was still at the Brompton Oratory and the astute worldly Cardinal Manning was still at Westminster. Painters such as G. F. Watts, Burne-Jones and Millais were still painting; and the Lyceum Theater, with Henry Irving and the ever lovely Miss Ellen Terry, was the high temple of the drama; while Gilbert and Sullivan, with their imperishable operas, were delighting the town. The Gaiety Theater, home of coryphées and gilded youth, was also in its apogee; while Wagner was the storm center of serious music.

It was a wonderful London, particularly to a young hero worshiper from Darkest Liverpool. Illustrious presences, now rapidly become mythological, walked the streets, visible immortals, and still I recall the thrill of seeing Henry Irving boarding a hansom in the Strand, for it was my first sight of a great man. Irving was the idol of London cabmen, and I remember the face of the cabby that drove him that day almost as clearly as his own—how it lit up at the sight of him, with what alacrity he climbed down from his box, with what pride and eager recognition of his celebrated fare he touched his hat and flung open the apron—"Mr. Hirving, sir"; for he was not yet "Sir 'Enery." No prince of the blood could have received greater homage, and there were probably no cabmen between the Lyceum and Charing Cross with whom Irving was not on friendly terms.

There is a story that one evening, as Irving arrived at his stage door, the cab horse fell down dead. Laconically, Irving drew a twenty-pound note from his pocket, handed it to the cabby with a "Buy another!" and vanished into the theater.

To have seen Irving on the street seemed wonderful, but the sympathetic reader will doubtless understand my youthful feelings when, a few months afterward, I sat at supper at Sir Arthur Pinero's and saw my hero within a few yards of me, and other great persons scattered about in careless profusion. "How those gods look!" But the climax of that unforgettable evening was when, having taken leave of my host and hostess, and seeking my hat and coat in the cloakroom, a footman came running after me with "Wait a moment, sir. Mr. Irving would like to speak to you." And there in the hall, for several incredible moments, he was walking to and fro by my side, with his hand in a brotherly way on my shoulder, and graciously pretending familiarity with my then not very voluminous writings. That strange, distinguished face, that even stranger voice, the voice of Hamlet and Shylock—could it be real? And then a few days later a letter in his handwriting, so cryptically undecipherable that I can reproduce it for the reader, who may care to see it, for the handwriting's sake, without much fear of his discovering its complimentary nature.

Richard Le Gallienne in the Nineties

It was to another famous actor of the time—Wilson Barrett, of Claudian and Silver King fame—that I owed, in Hazlitt's phrase, "My first acquaintance with poets." Mr. Barrett had engaged me as his literary secretary, a post which entailed duties little more arduous than hanging about the wings—another wonder world—and casting sheep's eyes on pretty young actresses waiting to go on. Mr. Barrett, having learned that I should like to meet Swinburne, offered to take me with him to the sacred Pines, Putney, for lunch.

Some few years before, as I have said, I had wondered if poets still existed in our modern prosaic world. Now I was to see one of the greatest living poets, actually living and breathing before me. "Ah, did you once see Shelley plain?" Well, I was going to see Swinburne, and so strange and dreamlike it seemed to me that when at last I found myself seated at the luncheon table, with the great lyric master before me, I pinched my leg under the table to persuade myself of the reality.

"There sits the poet of Atalanta in Calydon," I said over and over to myself, as I watched him tenderly wiping with his napkin the neck of the pint of Bass which was Mr. Watts-Dunton's allowance to the friend over whose hazardously lyrical nature he watched with a brotherly care.

Luncheon With Damon and Pythias

I WAS all hush and awe that day, and any sense of humor I possessed was subdued by reverence. Though I did contrive on later visits to have one or two conversations with Swinburne, there was no question of my talking to him that day. To gaze on his splendid brow, still scantily aureoled with his flamboyant red hair, and lit up with eager blue eyes of a surprising youthfulness, was more than enough. Besides, conversation with Swinburne was, generally speaking, impossible, for he was so impenetrably deaf that only the slightly raised utterance of Mr. Watts-Dunton to which he was accustomed, or the most miraculous organ of Mr. Barrett's splendid voice, was able to pierce his aural solitude.

When he entered the room he greeted me with that distinguished courtesy of manner which all who met him have observed, a courtly bow after the fashion of the great Old World. That was all, but how much it seemed! And even had he been able to hear me, I was too busy hero-worshiping to have found a word to say. He himself talked much and well, in a rather high voice, with a curious, explosive, breathless, singsong intonation, with something of impatient scorn, the subject being contemporary politics, and a curiously—as it seemed to me—humorless humor, as of one to whom humor is inappropriate.

There was, indeed—I say it with unabated reverence—something absurd, as it were, misbegotten, about Swinburne, which no truthful picture can omit; something that made people turn and laugh at him in the streets, as I once saw some carters do as he went by on Wimbledon Common, with his eccentric, dancing—one might even say epileptic—gait, his palms spread open behind him in a tense nervous way. He was certainly an odd, scarcely human figure; and he and Watts-Dunton made the quaintest pair. There is no harm, I hope, in setting down the humorous memory I have of a later visit at the Pines, for surely one may smile at a great man's oddities without sacrilege; and in Watts-Dunton's case, my admiration for him soon grew, as for all who knew him, into genuine affection. No more generous friend ever lived, and his kindness to young writers was a rare and precious thing.

On the day I am thinking of, the peculiarities of this elderly Damon and Pythias seem to have struck me with peculiar force, though, believe me, I remained as conscious as ever that I was, so to say, in the Presence. I was to lunch with the two great men alone and I was

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George Bernard Shaw, the Famous Author, on His Estate at Ayot, St. Lawrence, England

ONCE IN THE SADDLE

By Eugene Manlove Rhodes

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

VII

PLINY MULLINS rose late. After the rain the Purgatory sun had been hot and drowsy; he had taken a long noon, asleep under a soap weed, and scalded; and so came late and loitering to Salamanca, with a head somewhat aswim from long hours of blazing sunlight, and had been glad for his bed in the Kit Carson House.

Still yawning, he looked at his watch. Eleven o'clock. Twelve hours of solid sleep. His bones ached, too, and his joints were stiff.

"Pliny, old boy," said Pliny, "this is certainly going to be a lesson to me, as the lad said when they hung him. But what do I learn by it? Nothing! Come on, boy, let's get shaved."

Still yawning, he went to dinner. Carson House coffee was well brewed, a good pick-up; greatly refreshed, he joined his fellow guests on the wide cool porch for quiet talk and the luxury of shade, to breathe the deep sparkling air. A tip brought to him arrears of newspapers—Denver, Albuquerque, El Paso. He perused them with waning interest. At two o'clock he grew restless. The poker game started at about three, usually. But sometimes it was earlier. He really ought to go out to Webb. Tommy was due to strike water soon. He shuffled and searched the papers. At about half past two he strolled into Jake Henry's saloon.

The barkeeper was a new man, beefy and broad.

"Yes?" he said as Pliny breasted the bar.

"Give me a good cigar—a Lew Wallace." The barroom was empty. "Jake upstairs?" asked Pliny.

"Jake? Sold out and gone. Tod Blake owns this joint now—him and me—mostly him. I'm Bill Austin—Salamanca Slim. Tod's upstairs startin' a little game. You know the way?"

"Well, yes." Pliny went thoughtfully up the stairs, not very well pleased. Jake Henry was, to use Malloch's word, a known man. His game was square. Have to look up this new lad and see how about it. Now, Pliny, you be careful!

His displeasure increased when he went into the poker room. He saw there two faces that he knew and did not like—Grice, of Webb, Lithpin Tham, of Webb; three faces that he did not know and did not like; only Bud Faulkner of the old friendly and familiar gang.

"Buy in, fellow," said Bud. "This is easy. These boys from Webb and Saragossy are pie for Salamanca. Boys, this is Mullins—Mullins, these are the boys."

"I'm Blake," said the new owner, rising to introduce himself. "Pleasure to meet you." He extended his hand. "You've got a bundle of money in the safe that you left with Jake Henry. He turned it over to me to hold for you. Get it any time. Sit in?"

"Why, no," said Pliny. "Just thought I'd drop in and see the boys and look on a spell. Yesterday noon I went to sleep in the shade. Shade moved over and I didn't, so I was half cooked before I woke up." He turned to Grice. "Aren't you and Tham over sort of early?"

"Today's pay day, if that's what you mean," said Grice. "But we got tired of waitin', and we're not needed much just now. Mighty little coal got out on pay day, or the week after, for that matter. Hank'll take care of our money for us. Tomorrow, or mebbe the day after, we'll go back and let Hank and Archie take a whirl. They're spinnin' good for us. Glad we came."

Pliny watched the game in silence. He noticed that Bud, Grice and Lithpin Tham won consistently. Such had not been their practice. After an hour he went out and wandered back to the Carson House in some discontent. Here, after a season, he encountered Lafe Yancey.

"How come Jake to pull stakes and slip off so sudden?" asked Pliny.

"Well, these fellows offered to swap him a better layout in Saragossa and gave him a nice piece of money to boot, so he took them up. Just like getting money from home."

"Know anything about these guys?"

For Nearly Two Hours He Had Lain Hidden Under a Cut Bank in the Bed of the Térmes; Long Hours of Fear, Fuming, Impatient for the Dark and Escape

"Slim used to live here. He wasn't liked. Don't know anything about Blake. I don't go to Saragossa much. Got no use for the place. Ask your friend Malloch. He lives there."

"Some way Malloch never did seem to like me," mused Pliny in slow wonderment. "Say, I don't see anything of Pete or Buck Maguire or Aleck. They in town?"

"Oh, yes. But they haven't been around to the poker parlor yet. They're a little leery of Slim."

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Pliny. "I'm going to give poker the go-by."

"Me too," said Lafe. "I'm done playing poker."

"Do you suppose Malloch would try to bait a trap for me?" demanded Pliny. "Looks like small business for a man like him. He couldn't hurt me much, thimble-riggin' like that."

"Malloch would do anything. He may have some kind of a deadfall rigged up to clean you down to the bone, for all I know."

"Well, I'm through," said Pliny decidedly and somewhat peevishly. "After supper I get me a good book with nice big print. And tomorrow I'm going out to my well."

At eight that night Pliny bought his first stack. Lafe did not sit in till nearly nine. Seven is a full table; Blake gave up his seat to Lafe, as is the habit of the house. Bud Faulkner, Grice, Lithpin Tham, Yancey, Blanding, of Saragossa, Mullins, Fowler, of Saragossa, back to Bud again; so they sat.

The game went as games will; ups and downs and the industrious little slot for the kitty, the memory trainer. Blake, retired, sat tip-chaired and at ease, with an eye to see that the kitty had ever its just due; Salamanca Slim or his assistant brought drinks or cigars on order—cigars, mostly; the pastime of poker does not thrive upon alcohol.

Pliny won and lost, lost and won, lost and bought and won again, and then repeated that process; with the net result that he sat behind tall stacks of expensive chips, for all of which he had paid. Bud lost and lost again, slowly and steadily; Grice won slowly, and continued to win slowly, with once in a while a speedier gait; Lithpin Tham won without effort, consistently, swiftly, painlessly, with a perpetual raking motion; shading little hands with little hands, beating big hands with bigger hands, dodging destruction, laying down to winners, calling bluffs with nice precision, making bluffs of his own that went uncalled.

"Tham's night," said Fowler admiringly, as Tham, after drawing three cards, spread out a full house for Fowler's inspection. "Take it away, Tham. You draw like a mustard plaster."

Lafe won slowly, rather steadily, winning no big pots and losing none. With no spectacular play and with hands never better than middling, he was well to the good. But Fowler and Blanding, the members from Saragossa, lost steadily, lavishly, recklessly; lost by bad luck and by poor play; called the big hands and laid down to poor ones; so that only their inept and butter-brained play kept the unlucky Faulkner in the game at all, or permitted Pliny to stay something near even. And while the Saragossas lost steadily to Grice and Yancey, and heaped donations upon Lithpin Tham, their heaviest losses were to each other—a fact privately remarked for future reference by the northeast one fourth, or upper right-hand corner of Pliny's brain. Nine o'clock. Ten o'clock. Eleven.

It was somewhere between the hours last named when Lithpin Tham, for once holding the small cards against the big ones, dropped out discreetly at the beginning of a tilting match between Blanding and Fowler and left them to fight it out. The two gentlemen raised each other until all of Blanding's chips decorated the table center, even then falling short of Fowler's last bet, that gentleman having pushed in his entire stack. Mr. Blanding produced a fat wallet and took therefrom a goodly sheaf of bills.

"Two hundred short, I was," remarked Mr. Blanding. "And I raise you a thousand more."

Pliny's eyes grew round at this; the cow country plays table stakes. He looked a question at Bud Faulkner. Bud laughed and nodded.

"They play it that way here," he said.

Fowler frowned, fingering the bills to check the amount; he felt for his coat hanging on the back of his chair, and found there a long pocketbook even more heavily laden than Blanding's.

"I ought to raise you back, but I won't," he announced. "I'll just call that bet, and I've got you beat too."

"Only you're not sure of it?"

"Only I'm not sure of it," agreed Fowler. "Well, I called you. But if you're ashamed to show your hand, look at mine. Just a little full house—a five full."

"That's good!" said Blanding. "A big flush is all I've got." He glanced around the table for sympathy. "Now wouldn't that stagger you?" he demanded. "Here, Blake, give me some more checks—two or three stacks." He picked off a layer of bills.

"Call the handsome waiter," said the winner. "Drinks on me."

"Information is what I'm after," announced Pliny. "I never saw a poker game before where a man could play money out of his pocket unless he had declared himself first that he played so much money behind his stack on every hand. I don't understand this way of doing business."

"House rules," grunted the house, cigar in teeth, sizing up tall stacks for Blanding.

"Well, I'm used to table stakes and I don't like your house rules one little bit," declared Pliny.

"Wait now, let me tell you how it works," said Blake, pausing in his labors. "It's exactly like table stakes, the way we play, if you want to play table stakes; and it gives you action, if action is what you're after. You're always entitled to a show-down for what you have in front of you, just like table stakes.

"If any gentleman goes down in his pocket to make a big bet, then you can go down in your pocket to call him if you want to. Or you can raise him if you want to. But you don't have to dig up to call his side bet unless you feel like it. Just shove in what you have before you and you get a show for that."

"If you'd been in that pot just now," supplemented Grice smoothly, "you havin' the best hand, but not feelin' confident enough to dig down in your jeans—well, you would have won all your money called for, and the other boys might have been betting each other till now. It wouldn't hurt you any. Don't you see?"

"I believe I do," said Pliny. His brow wrinkled; his puzzled glance roved the table; his eye, quite expressionless, lingered on Bud's in passing; and Bud, for a casual half second, relayed the same expressionless tidings over to Lafe Yancey. "H'm! I see!" he assented dubiously. "But why and which and what?"

"It was this way," explained the house: "We used to play table stakes up in Saragossa. And there was a lot of highflyers there—mining men, cattle buyers and so on—they'd bet all their chips and we wouldn't let them pull their pocketbooks. Then they'd get up from the poker table, leaving their hands face down; they'd go over to another table and bet each other to a standstill on the side. Then they'd come back and turn over their hands to settle the side bets. That was a nuisance. It delayed the game and made arguments. So we made the rules this way, and it works all right."

"H'm!" said Pliny, unconvinced. "Looks like it would give a man a chance to flash a big roll and walk off with a lot of pots he wasn't entitled to."

"Yes," said Blanding jovially, "and then again he might flash a big roll and walk home talking to himself."

"Oh, well, let her flicker!" conceded Pliny. "But if you've got a needle and thread behind the bar, have them bring it up. I want to sew up my pocket."

"Give us a new deck," said Blanding.

Midnight came and went; lunch loomed in the offing.

"I wonder what's keeping Slim," said Blake. "He should have been here with those drinks long ago. I'll go call him."

He rose and walked to the door. Blanding was dealer. As Yancey made the cut, Blake, near the door, dropped his cigar. He bent to pick it up, rising in time to butt his head into Slim as he came through the doorway. The tray tipped with a crash of glass; the partners exchanged confidences as to the mishap. Pliny picked up his hand. He had four tens cold—four tens and an ace.

Pliny paused for the merest fraction of a moment. In a seven-handed game, when the first man holds winning cards, it is the accepted practice to pass for a raise. But the upper right-hand corner of Pliny's nimble brain made comment upon the coincidence of this unusual hand with the clash in the doorway. Pliny opened the pot for a modest stake and awaited events, with every faculty keyed and alert.

"I'll protect you," purred Fowler. "Let's keep the pikers out. I'll raise you about fifty—no, wait! Tham looks like he might be wanting in, so I'll make it a hundred. We don't want any bobtail flushes drawing out on us."

Bud passed; Grice hesitated, and passed, tapping the table sharply with his bunched cards.

"Oh, well, let it thlide—I path," said Lithpin Tham, and tittered. "But I thure would like to thee one card with thethe. Queenth and fiveth, I've got; but I can't thtand the raith."

He laid his hand down face up: queens and fives, with an ace. Grice faced his own hand: two kings, two jacks and a five-spot.

"Why, I can beat you!" he said.

"Here, here!" said Blake roughly. "You've got no right to show your cards. You boys ought to know better than that." He scowled, and his voice was a deep growl utterly foreign to his usual suave and mellow tones; it was plain that he was still ruffled by his recent mishap at the doorway. He shook a monitory finger at the culprits. "If you don't want to play your hand, it's your business to throw it in the discard."

"Why, whereth the harm?" inquired Tham, unabashed.

"Well, I'll show you," replied the exasperated house. "Just to make it plain, suppose that you fellows had faced up four small spades apiece. Then if Yancey here had four big spades, would he be likely to draw? Exposed cards might make a heap of difference any time."

"I thee!" said Tham, subdued.

"So do I," remarked Pliny, and he did. An ace in his hand and one in Tham's; no one could hold four aces over his four tens; nor four kings, queens or jacks. No one could hold a straight flush with ace, king, queen or jack at the top; his four tens forbade that. And three fives had been exposed; a straight flush, headed by any card below a ten, was impossible in hearts, spades or diamonds; the five-spots in each of these suits had been exposed and were in the discard; he had an invincible hand—almost.

"Pass," said Yancey

Mr. Blanding considered his hand with evident perplexity.

"I've got better than any four big spades," he announced. "But I hardly know how to play them. I don't want to drive Mr. Mullins out; but then, again, I want to get even with Fowler for beating my flush. Guess I'll tilt her a lot," he decided, and did.

Pliny meditated

"Why, that'll take most all my chips," he said mildly He rubbed his chin caressingly. "H'm! And I could raise that again, too, if I was a mind to. I might dig down in my pants pocket, and then I've got quite a wad in the safe

(Continued on Page 60)

"They Found a Horse's Track, Shod All Around, Coming From the East, the Other Side of Webb, to This Place Where the Car Was Wrecked"

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

"Don't be Such a Fool," Channay Scoffed

Martin Fogg Persists—By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

EDWARD SAYERS' manner was from the first menacing. He was a bulky, pudgy man, wearing clothes of American cut and material; a man out of condition, it would seem from his breathlessness after his walk from the mainland, but with great, muscular arms and a magnificent chest. His color was unwholesome, but his stature almost the stature of a prize fighter. From the first he showed few signs of desiring to ingratiate himself with the man whom he had come to visit.

"Say, this is a long way you've brought me to collect my bit!" he grumbled as Channay motioned him to a seat and Parsons, the discreet manservant, left the room. "Letters too! I've written you a dozen times!"

"My opportunities for correspondence," Channay explained, "have been scanty. Also, as you know, I always affected a secretary. My own handwriting is atrocious."

"Just a line would have done," Sayers grumbled. "A check would have been better. I need the money, but it's the hell of a way to have to come and fetch it."

"At least," Channay reminded him, "you cannot say that I invited you."

"Look here, Mr. Glib Tongue," Sayers said roughly, "I never did care about you much when you had one of those sarcastic fits on. Plain English is what we need just now. I want my share of the syndicate's profits. Nigh on thirty thousand pounds, I make it. What's doing?"

"Nothing," was the curt reply.

Sayers' eyes seemed to have become smaller. It was noticeable now that there was a tinge of green in them. They had retreated into a setting of pudgy flesh.

"You mean," he persisted, "that you're not parting?"

"Precisely. I am not parting."

The newcomer sat quite still. It was probable that he had been prepared for a response of this sort. Nevertheless, there was something portentous in his silence. His right hand, with its thick fingers, left his knee and was on its way to his hip pocket. Channay, however, was much quicker. From the open drawer in front of him he drew out an ugly little automatic. Sayers cowered back in his place.

"I can defend myself if necessary, you see," Channay observed. "I am not in favor of this sort of dispute, however. We're in a country with old-fashioned ideas as to the use of firearms. I would rather settle our difference in another way."

"You can settle it by paying me what you owe me," the other declared. "I've got to have that money, and the sooner you make your mind up to it the better."

Gilbert Channay sighed. He thrust his hand into his breast coat pocket, drew out a small morocco-bound book, and from it a slip of paper. He held it out toward Sayers.

"Your signature?" he asked.

The man flushed; a streak of color, unhealthy, almost purple, crept into his cheeks.

"Where did you get that?" he demanded.

"Never mind," was the cold reply. "I have it. You are one of those who plotted to break my life and to help yourselves to the money which had been made through my brains and enterprise. A very honorable proceeding! One part of it was all right. The second is where you fall down. Not a man who signed this paper shall touch a penny of the money. That is my decision. Now you can go back to the States, or wherever you came from, as quickly as you like. The sight of you is unpleasant to me."

Sayers rose to his feet. He kept his hands well away from his hip pocket though.

"Channay," he exclaimed, "this is a dirty trick!"

Gilbert Channay flourished for a moment the half sheet of paper which he was just returning to his pocket.

"Not so dirty as this," he retorted.

"There are others besides me," Sayers went on. "They'll make you disgorge, as I shall."

"Two of them have tried," Gilbert Channay replied. "They didn't get very far with it. Neither will you. And, Sayers, remember this—I mention it for my sake more than yours: The men who signed this accursed document are my enemies, but of the whole lot you are the one I dislike and despise the most. You are the man I helped when he was broke to the world. I paid your creditors when you might have been sent to prison. Later I got to know you as you were—as you probably are. I warn you. Don't try to bully me."

Sayers was leaning over the desk now.

"I'm going to have my money," he declared, "if I break every bone in your body!"

"Once more let me warn you," Channay rejoined. "There is no man whom I personally dislike and detest as I do you. Take my advice. You go out that door and back to where you came from. I shall do you no harm except in self-defense; but if I have to defend myself, look out."

Sayers was not a pretty sight. An ill-living and ill-conditioned man of great muscular strength, he was suddenly torn with passion. He managed to rid himself, however, of a few coherent words.

"You —— little Britisher!" he shouted. "You talk of hating me! Why, I've loathed the sight of you all my life—dictating what we shall do, ordering us about as though we were your servants instead of your partners! Curse you, Channay, with your sneering manner, your British starch and insolence! Sign that check!"

He suddenly gripped Channay by the collar. Channay swung round, avoiding a blow which the other aimed at him savagely, and seized his assailant by the throat.

Twenty minutes later Gilbert Channay, having changed his collar and tie and brushed his hair, lit a cigarette and paused to consider the situation. The sound of the muttering of thunder had drawn him toward the window, where he lingered, fascinated by the somewhat uncanny silence which now seemed to be brooding over the marshes—a gray, sinister silence, behind which lurked the tragedy of the coming storm. Seaward the line of white around the sand banks appeared to have grown broader and higher. The sky was strewn with fragments of black clouds with jagged edges. The sun, showing for a single moment, seemed to shine with an almost ghastly light. The birds had suddenly ceased to call, and the gulls were flying about in disorder, most of them making their way landward. The incoming tide, stealing up the creek, appeared to be flowing faster than usual, as though driven on by some unseen force.

Channay, with his hands in his pockets, stood considering the situation carefully from every point of view. It was unfortunate, in a way, that Parsons was absent in the village. He would be back within an hour, however, before which time any other visitor was unlikely. Nevertheless, he was determined to run no risks. It seemed to him as he stood there, looking out across the somber landscape, that from the first he had felt this grim foreboding of evil if ever he and Edward Sayers met. He felt very little remorse for what had occurred, scarcely any horror. He had fought, not offensively, not even with the idea of doing his assailant serious bodily harm, but merely in self-defense.

Now that the worst had happened, one thought, and one thought only, was foremost in his mind, and that was, having involuntarily rid the world of one of its worst scoundrels, to secure himself against any untoward consequences. It was impossible to do much before the return of Parsons. Sayers was a heavy man and the problem of the disposal of the body would be a difficult one enough, even with help. Parsons might return perhaps in half an hour. In the meantime Channay, acting upon an impulse the genesis of which was entirely obscure, moved a sofa in front of the exceedingly unpleasant-looking object which had lain stretched across the floor, rearranged other pieces of furniture so as to form a screen, and finally returned, a little breathless, to his desk, with the intention of writing a letter. He had drawn some note paper toward him, the pen was already in his hand, when suddenly his fingers became rigid, his whole frame stiffened. Without a doubt the room had become momentarily darkened, as though by the presence of some shadow outside. Gilbert Channay raised his head. Looking in through the French window was the figure of a man.

Channay, though his nerves were of steel, was after all human, and for a moment he could not trust himself to rise. He felt his heart pounding against his ribs. Then he realized the necessity for prompt action. He rose to his feet, thrust open the French window and looked inquiringly at the intruder. At first he failed to recognize him. He was walking without a hat, as was the custom amongst the tourists and holiday makers in that part of the world, and his tousled mass of ginger-colored hair, blown this way and that by the breeze which was just springing up, gave him, to start with, a thoroughly unkempt appearance. He wore a suit of tourist's clothes, which bore the unmistakable brand of the ready-made tailor. He was carrying his collar and his tie in his hand, and his boots were unlaced, as though he had been paddling. He smiled ingratiatingly through the open window.

"Nice spot you've got here, Mr. Channay," he said "They told me down in the village where to find you."

"What on earth are you doing here?" Channay asked.

"Holiday making, sir—nothing more," Martin Fogg replied. "I wasn't on my way to see you particularly. You refused my help, so I had to let it go at that. . . . That your boat?" he added, pointing to the ketch, which was lying high and dry upon the shore, but around the keel of which little waves were now beginning to trickle.

Gilbert Channay nodded.

"I don't want to seem inhospitable," he said, "but I can't offer to take you down to the village in her. It will be hours before she floats. You had better take the dike path through that gate there, and you had better not delay either. If the storm comes the waves break over our causeway."

Mr. Martin Fogg remained unperturbed. He showed, too, a disturbing knowledge of the locality.

"It will be an hour and a half before there's any tide up on the other side," he observed. "I'm a bit tired, Mr. Channay—nasty walking out Widdiscombe way. Might I ask the favor of a seat for a few minutes?"

Channay motioned him to enter, placed him in a chair with his back to the sofa, and pushed a box of cigarettes to the end of the table. "Have a drink?" he asked.

"A drop of whisky if you have it, sir."

Channay went to a cupboard and mixed a whisky and soda. All the time he had an uneasy feeling that Martin Fogg's eyes were traveling around the room.

"You haven't changed your mind, I suppose, sir?" the latter ventured, as he accepted the tumbler.

"I haven't changed it, nor am I likely to," was the firm reply. "You did me a good turn, Martin Fogg—a thing few men in this world would have troubled to have done—and I am not likely to forget it; but I prefer to run my own affairs."

Martin Fogg blinked once or twice without speaking As he appeared at that moment, holding his tumbler in one hand and his cigarette in the other, he seemed rather like a human ferret; cunning, but without breadth of intelligence; persistent, but lacking in sensibility. Then he suddenly smiled and he seemed a very different person.

"You're wrong, Mr. Channay," he said. "They're a dangerous lot you're up against. Those two Americans, for instance—thoroughly unscrupulous men, both of them. Let me see, wasn't one of them Mr. Sayers—Edward P. Sayers?"

Channay felt a sudden chill, but his face remained immovable

"That was the name of the biggest scoundrel of the lot," he replied.

"Desperate fellows, some of these Americans," Martin Fogg went on. "Apt to take the law into their own hands A rough lot—a very rough lot. This is a lonely place for a man like you to live, Mr. Channay."

"I can take care of myself," was the brief response.

"Now if you had accepted my offer," Martin Fogg persisted, "you would have someone always looking around someone to let you know, for instance, if Sayers set foot in this county, or the man who was once his partner—Drood. I should be able to keep you advised as to the movements of any of them—especially of the dangerous ones. If you don't go out to look for them, Mr. Channay, they'll come to look for you."

"I am very much obliged," Gilbert Channay said, "for the one service you have rendered me, Mr. Fogg. Apart from that I can only repeat what I have already told you. I desire no help."

Martin Fogg set down his empty tumbler regretfully.

"You may be right, sir," he acknowledged. "You have made a pretty good start. The Mark Levy affair, for instance—very ingenious! Very ingenious! I saw Lord and Lady Isham, too, the other day. He is drinking, I am afraid—very ill, indeed, he looked. And her ladyship—a great change! Something seems to have got on their nerves, Mr. Channay."

Channay looked at his visitor with a little shiver

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Channay Rose Slowly to His Feet. "Who is it, Parsons?" He Inquired

THE HOUSE IN THE LAURELS

By Mary Brecht Pulver

ILLUSTRATED BY
DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

All Along the Line of Arm and Rocking Chairs Heads Popped Forward Now and a Running Fire of Comment Was Directed at Barbara's Young Back

IN SPITE of his recent cold parting from Barbara, and that difference of opinion about the school which always left them with locked horns—most unfortunate this afternoon, because it had prevented him from telling her about the apple-butter pot—J. P. stopped just inside the hotel doorway to enjoy and digest the thrill of viewing his daughter through the eyes of others. It was a sensation of pleasure fully as strong as any produced by those fragments of early Americana he persistently collected, and only natural, since Barbara, he felt, was the choicest piece in his collection; the expression, he hoped, of purely American ideals and actually his proud creation.

As she preceded him, poising herself a moment on the top veranda step, he saw one gray transformation lean toward another and heard it say, "That's J. P. Winton's daughter. You've seen him since you came, haven't you? J. P., everybody calls him. The soap magnate."

J. P. put out his chest a little. He had no objection in the world to being called a magnate, but he knew now the identification would leave Barbara cold. That had been one of the shocks of their late discussion—the protest she had registered.

All along the line of arm and rocking chairs heads popped forward now and a running fire of comment was directed at Barbara's young back.

"Well, look at her," her father reflected a little discontentedly, settling his illicit tobacco more securely in his pocket; "she's worth it."

The discontent arose not from any lacking attribute in Barbara's physical aspect, but rather from the manner in which she chose to set it off.

There had been a young moving-picture actress in the hotel a week earlier, and she —— Not that he would have had his daughter emulate this young person exactly; there is a certain line to draw, of course, in matters of costume as elsewhere. The young actress had gone in for very high colors—vermilions, parrot greens, hot purples. Barbara wore white as a rule. So—occasionally—had the movie girl. But anybody knows there is a difference in the kind of white you can choose. As with black, it may be either frivolous or pure. The young actress wore wicked white, so to speak. She—she hit you between the eyes, and she had been a very great sensation. Oh, probably not more than Barbara actually was, but at least she was thoroughly living up to her part; something, as he realized now, to which Barbara was indifferent—who could so easily have given the young celluloid party a run for her money. Barbara was better looking too.

The management had made rather a point about the coming of the "beautiful Evelyn Ray of Hollywood" and had got the flappers and the young fellows all excited, but the beauty was actually a thing of the camera lens. Evelyn had evidently what is called a screen personality and that valuable gift of the gods, a finely photographic face. What had been visible of this last, to J. P.'s eye, under its patina of whitewash, lampblack, lilac eye shadow and gypsy-flame face paint, was very average and quite inferior to Barbara's. And he would be the last to claim that Barbara was a beauty. Strange but amazing truth—that a screen goddess may be relatively plain and not all millionaires' daughters carry off the apple of Paris uncontested. Not that everyone here would agree. This man Fenwick, who wrote, for instance.

Fenwick, sitting at the far end of the chairs, was leaning well forward, staring hard at Barbara. But he probably didn't see her at all. Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and most other qualities as well. People are chiefly what we conceive them to be out of our powers for dispassionate analysis and the configuration of our experience. That was why Fenwick would not see Barbara as her father did.

Fenwick, a tiredish-looking married man in the late forties, who worked eight hours a day writing serials about rich, dissipated, very wealthy girls—a class with which he had no contact—had done a great deal, J. P. believed, to teach the rest of the younger set in America how to watch and pray, and he would have a whole set of ready-made tags to apply to Barbara.

Rich spoiled girl; motherless; millioned papa; beautiful—anybody with a million is beautiful enough; drinks hard; swears hard; smokes hard; necks hard; drives a fast car; wears a half-piece bathing suit; the sort of girl who will call on a man in his rooms wearing the same, "coming mysteriously out of the sea and the night"—see "coming mysteriously out of the sea and the night"—see Chapter CCLVIII—Chapter II; although innocently, see Chapter CCLVIII—a girl with an insolent manner and a frank mind; an honest-to-goodness modern pacer and daylight saver; with—probably in the same Chapter CCLVIII, the last—some wistful cry about being "tired of it all, tired of it all."

That was the sort of millionaires' daughters that Fenwick—and Fenwick's public—seemed to know best. His pages in the lurid-covered magazines he wrote for bristled with them. J. P. often read them with a great deal of curiosity and pleasure. They refreshed and diverted him, being so absolutely outside the range of his own experience. Fenwick himself had diverted him, when he had first run against him at the tobacco counter.

He—J. P.—had been getting some of the illicit tobacco. He had just given young Barnes, the clerk, his own special eyebrow signal and Barnes had slipped the vile plebeian square of plug cut that was one of J. P.'s two vices—and the more private and infrequent, sacred only to rare hours of solitude—beneath the openly tendered can of English Maid pipe mixture. And Fenwick had approached just then and bought a long pale-brown expensive panetela. His pants—like the panetela—were pale brown and expensive too. Evidently writing serials about rich dissipated girls was a paying business, and it would take a full-sized charge of dynamite to dislodge from Fenwick's mind the prearranged set of concepts he found so profitable. Yet anyone, thought her father, looking at her, ought to give Barbara the benefit of a lot of doubt here.

A court of three men had instantly formed around her. One with millions has no difficulty about courts. Young Etheridge, looking like a diamond-back rattler, in socks and suit of the same shaded lozenge pattern; Mr. Wilmerding, a not-so-young young man of forty-five, in full divided-skirt trousers; Peter Jones, with linen kicks and brown-and-yellow shoes, like half-peeled bananas. Over the three Barbara towered like a tall white flower.

We have said that she was not—oh, hideous and singular image—a raving beauty. The screen might not have fought for her. But anybody with half an eye would have found much that was pleasant to look upon, and would have read her for what she was, quite apart from her special background. A clean-minded, wholesome, sweet and normal girl, with plenty of womanliness about her and a great deal of character in her face, a girl of force and poise.

"And a darn bullheaded girl, in a quiet way," added J. P., remembering their last tryout of wills.

What was exactly visible now was a tall young person, in a straight, utterly plain sports frock of white wool, with

plain white buck brogues and thick silk stockings. Her hair, straight and brown, was brushed and pinned back into a glossy shining sort of bowl—Barbara always ran to plainness. Her body in the straight dress was straight and shapely and unconscious. Her face, full of laughter now, was very sweet, with a good washable fresh skin, frank gray eyes with rather heavy dark brows, strong and slightly irregular white teeth and a fairly wide mouth, and a nose which Barbara honestly considered a misfortune and called her pipestem, and which her father had graciously bestowed upon her That's what the public could see—a radiant, healthy piece of normality, like a nice sound apple. What it couldn't see, of course, were those rarer flashes in her, those moments of emotional deepening, when she became utterly lovely; when she had one of her ideas, or the impulse to a sudden tenderness for him. Then her eyes darkened, her lips deepened in color and something flashed out of her that suggested a flying bird to J. P.—a swift-winged upward flight of feeling or spirit that utterly changed her, like an irradiating fire.

"And some day," J. P. reflected, "some man will see her look like that at him, and pip-pip! he'll pick her up and run off with her. Anybody would want to."

Barbara's general qualities would have surprised Mr. Fenwick. She was a lady! Her breath never smelled of Bacardi. She cared nothing for liquor, tobacco or profanity. She was extremely respectful to her father and admired him greatly, and even when she differed with him and earned his epithet of bullheaded, she differed with good breeding. Her bathing suits were completely modest and she always wore stockings on public beaches. She drove a car and did sports generally very well indeed, but with a complete and sporting respect for law. She had been kissed only two or three times in her life, and this by nice boys she had grown up with fraternally, and permitted She read books. She had ideas. She was motherless, true, but J. P. had done what he could here. He had kept in touch with her life, her mind—made friends with her. It had an effect. J. P. being what he was, his daughter was what she was.

"Oh, Miss Winton!" One of the gray transformations moved forward with a swish of beads, and J. P. himself stepped firmly out on the veranda. The soap magnate's daughter had had her turn. Now let the magnate have his. J. P. paused and let the chairs bring on their barrage.

He knew exactly what they looked at—a sturdy man of fifty-seven, well set up, vigorous, still young, looking a decade less than his age. A man who kept young by hearty zest for work, every minute of his life lived ardently, his energies poured out on his celebrated soaps, his famous philanthropies, his marvelous collected American primitive stuff, his prize-jewel daughter. All this embodied in the strongly planted shape before them, dressed in the costliest and most appropriate of imported gray golf togs—as far as his neck. He was bareheaded. Let them digest him - without a sullying blemish. In just a moment he would give these chairs a fresh sensation. He did.

Inserting his hand into a pocket, J. P. drew forth a ratty time-yellowed once-gray soft felt hat of unguessable original form, kissed by all weathers, scarred and pierced with air holes: it was the other—the public—of his two vices and his inseparable companion in all hours of relaxation these dozen years. It had cost him three dollars and forty cents. He placed it slowly on his head.

He could hear the veranda gasp. Let them gasp. Of what avail is it for a man to fight his way up from the workbench and the dinner pail, to build and construct himself into the foremost financial rank, become a magnate, if he cannot as a reward wear any kind of hat he pleases?

Averting his face carefully from Barbara—with whom he felt he could not be on speaking terms for at least an hour - and with quick-striding, well-planted thrusts of his firm-calved legs, J. P. strode away from the effete scene in the direction of the golf links. Here, in sweet forgetfulness of recalcitrant daughters and the companionship of Mason and his nicely shaded handicap, he meant to while away a delightful afternoon. Here also, heaven helping him, with nothing to interfere, he meant to talk about the apple-butter pot.

II

AS HE walked along, it occurred to J. P. that but for the unfortunate matter of the school—or the unfortunate clash of wills he and Barbara made of it—this, like all the other summers at Pine Lake, would have been perfect. He came here every summer for six weeks and Barbara with him, and the place suited him. Democratic, handsomely comfortable, it offered him everything that he felt a man of naturally simple tastes and sound fundamental values needed in the way of normal recreation

The golf course was excellent. Annually it drew a number of congenial cronies who returned to it, in a sort of informal vacation club, who worked off handicap in a spirit of fraternal camaraderie, exchanging anecdotes and epithets; who in the evenings, discarding plaid tweeds for black and white or cream flannels, bent sun-flushed faces and brotherly zeal on pool or rummy or poker, always with fairly modest stakes; men like himself, affluent and of affairs, who laid aside both for a few weeks of rather simple play. And the place had plenty of charms for a girl.

Here at one side lifted the dark red brick and sandstone bulk of the hotel itself, imperial and solid looking, with a marble foyer and Moorish arches, and loggias and porches, and the shiniest of dance floors, where an excellent jazz orchestra wrought its barbaric screeching every night. Tennis and roque courts were visible, formal patterned grounds of great beauty; and to his left, seen through the grove of thick pines, stretched the lake itself. It came in, ruffled blue and silver, in a sort of deep bight here. As he walked now, J. P. could see beyond the sapphire ripple a distant red buoy, and the scudding white triangle of a catboat.

The sailing was splendid—all the water sports, bathing, swimming, boating of all sorts. A smooth sandy beach curved down to the water. Everybody bathed and boated Barbara sailed a catboat expertly and he often joined her in the mornings, or fished from a flat scow. Or at times he took the big car and scoured round through the countryside. This place was extensively exploited for its wild scenery and untouched natural isolation, and to look at the hotel in the surroundings—the lake, the tall green hills opposite that bathed their ankles in its crystal shimmer, the enfolding woods, and the sheared-out golf links that now appeared before his eye, a clearly artificial prospect torn out from a cruder environment—one would imagine this region inconceivably remote and deserted of man Yet J. P. knew it to be otherwise

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You Would Never Have Thought to Look at That Rapt and Radiant Face That It Belonged to a Young Woman With a Ruined Life

PEREGRINE

By HERBERT RAVENEL SASS

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

FIVE hundred feet above the rocky summit of Devilhead Peak a black speck sailed slowly across the bright blue face of the sky. Dan Alexander, striding along a winding trail close to the foot of the mountain, saw that soaring speck and smiled grimly.

"You're out early, Cloud King," he muttered, "an' right now you're lookin' things over before you decide where you'll hunt. Better keep out o' my way, you bloody murderer, or your hunting'll come to a sudden end. Hello! What's up now?"

The young mountaineer, his rifle resting in the crook of his left elbow, halted and gazed upward. The black speck which was Cloud King no longer circled above the peak. Instead, it was shooting down with that appalling swiftness which distinguishes the peregrine falcon among all the sharp-taloned hunters of the air. Wide-eyed and almost breathless, Dan watched that splendid plunge. Then with an exclamation he leaped upon a rock beside the trail whence he could look out over a small grass-grown wheat field in the bottom of the valley.

Straight toward the wheat field Cloud King, the peregrine, was falling. His long wings were half-closed, so that his body had the shape of a spearhead—a spearhead rushing through space at such terrific speed that the keen eyes of the mountaineer could scarcely distinguish its form. Instantly Dan knew that in or above the wheat field Cloud King had spotted a victim, and in a moment he saw it—a ruffed grouse flying across the open only a few yards above the ground. The big bird had left an oak knoll some distance ahead of the woodsman and had taken a short cut across the field in order to reach the chestnut slope on the other side.

"You fool!" Dan whispered, talking to himself, as was his habit when there was no one else to talk to. "Don't you know ——"

He got no further, for at that moment a living thunderbolt coming from above and behind struck the grouse squarely upon the back and hurled it lifeless into the grass.

Dan, balancing his tall lean body on the rock beside the trail, watched the falcon shoot onward past the spot where his victim had fallen, swerve on stiffened wings and return with leisurely strokes to recover his prey. Low above the grass, he hovered for a moment on slowly beating pinions; and Dan was on the point of jumping down from the rock for a quick dash into the wheat field, when something happened which brought an exclamation of astonishment from his lips.

From a thick tuft of weeds almost directly under the hovering hawk a slim reddish shape leaped into the air. Long pointed jaws snapped together within an inch of the falcon's body, and with a scream of anger Cloud King, the peregrine, shot forward and upward. Dan, craning his neck, could see plainly a big red fox trotting slowly through the sparse grass of the wheat field, the dead grouse hanging from his jaws.

For a moment amazement held the young woodsman motionless. Then a broad grin spread slowly across his thin sun-tanned face. He watched the fox, which was well out of range, pass on across the field to the cover of the woods, while the falcon swooped and hovered overhead. Then he jumped lightly down from the rock and strode on along the trail.

So it happened that Dan Alexander, setting out one October morning on a hunt which had nothing to do with Cloud King, the peregrine of Devilhead, or with Red Rogue, the old dog fox that was Cloud King's neighbor, encountered these two old enemies of his at the very outset of his quest. Dan knew Cloud King and Red Rogue well—the Bachelors of Devilhead, he sometimes called them, because they lived mateless and alone. It was he who had named them; for there was a romantic strain in the young mountaineer, developed by a year at college in the lowlands, which caused him to give titles of his own to those wild creatures of the mountain woods which were constantly crossing his path.

It was no feeling akin to affection, however, which had led him to study with special care the habits of the peregrine falcon and the old red fox which had their homes on the craggy summit of Devilhead Peak, looming high above his cabin. Long ago Dan had learned to look upon these

The Gobbler Was Falling, Shooting Down at a Steep Slant, His Neck Outstretched, His Wings Rigidly Extended

two as his foes and rivals, destroyers of the game which he loved to hunt and which he regarded as his most precious possession. Again and again he had seen the evidences of their depredations, and for months he had waged an intermittent war against them. So far, however, they had thwarted all his stratagems and defied his woodcraft; and now, as he passed on along the trail, humming a tune under his breath, resentment gradually supplanted the amusement which the episode in the wheat field had inspired.

He had found delight in witnessing the discomfiture of Cloud King. That bold pirate of the airy spaces had been fooled for once; the game which he had killed had been taken away from him under his very nose. But while one of the brigands of Devilhead had thus been cheated, the other had profited. Red Rogue, the rascally fox that lived by his wits, even as Cloud King lived by his matchless speed and indomitable courage, was at that very moment feasting upon a fat grouse—or pheasant, as Dan called it—which good luck and his own quick brain had procured for him. Dan grumbled impatiently at the thought and frowned darkly as he reviewed the little tragedy in the wheat field—a tragedy which was a sharp reminder that the two buccaneers of Devilhead were still waging destructive war on the game that he cherished as his own.

"I'll get them two vagabones," he muttered, "if it takes all winter. That's all they is to it. The confounded murderous varmints! Slaughterin' a pheasant right before my eyes!"

For a moment he was tempted to renew then and there his crusade against the marauders of Devilhead, climbing the peak and lying in ambush near the summit in the hope of getting a shot at the fox or the falcon when they returned to their homes in the great cliff just under the brow of the mountain. He had tried that method before, however, and found it fruitless, and he quickly abandoned the idea. Presently he dismissed the problem from his mind for the moment and focused his thoughts once more upon the object which had led him to take the trail that morning. On a wooded shoulder sloping down from Devilhead Peak a big wild gobbler had taken up his abode. It was in search of this gobbler that Dan had started out with his rifle shortly after sunrise, and another half hour would bring him to the spot where he hoped to find the turkey seeking his forenoon meal.

Some three hours later, on a saddle of a high ridge across the valley from Devilhead, a black-and-white pileated woodpecker, or logcock, hammering on a dead chestnut limb, suddenly ceased his labors. A movement far beneath him near the foot of his tree had caught his eye. Part of a large rock five or six yards from the base of the chestnut had come to life, had stirred slightly, had whisked itself away from the main mass of the rock and now lay motionless again in the rock's shadow.

The logcock observed that this thing which had moved had the exact shape of a fox's body—that it was, in fact, a fox. His curiosity aroused, the big woodpecker, almost as large as a small duck, hung motionless on his chestnut limb, watching eagerly, his long striped neck twisted sideways, his tall scarlet crest erect. He had failed to distinguish Red Rogue, the fox, taking a sun bath on the rock. Even if he had been aware that a fox was enjoying a nap fifty feet beneath him, he would not have been especially interested. But now that Red Rogue had moved, and moved so swiftly and energetically, the logcock felt that this fox was worth watching.

Presently he was aware of certain faint sounds frequently repeated and he knew at once that these sounds were the cause of the fox's sudden movement. Something was stirring in the dense kalmias clothing the steep side of the ridge just below the rock. What it was the logcock did not know; but he did know that the fox was listening to those sounds and that he found them interesting. The sounds were stealthy yet distinct, and they were drawing nearer. The intruder, whatever it was, was making its way up the side of the ridge straight for the rock behind which Red Rogue was crouching.

The logcock waited and watched, his whole attention centered upon the fox lying there in his ambush and upon those mysterious, slowly approaching sounds. Yet now and again as he waited his bright beady eyes darted swift glances out over the valley which he overlooked from his chestnut tree; and suddenly he saw something which drove all other matters from his mind.

Straight across the valley, coming from the direction of Devilhead Peak, a long-winged gray hawk was flying swiftly, heading directly toward the logcock's chestnut. The big woodpecker recognized the hawk at once as the peregrine falcon that had his aerie on Devilhead crag. For an instant the logcock glanced wildly about him. Then, as nimbly as a squirrel, he darted around the limb. His body plastered against the wood, he watched with terrified eyes as the falcon shot past and swerved sharply upward to a perch on a dead oak some fifty paces to the right.

If Cloud King, the peregrine, perching on the topmost stick of the oak, saw Red Rogue, his neighbor of Devilhead crag, crouching beside the rock beneath him, the falcon gave no sign. He did not see the logcock in the chestnut near by, for the big woodpecker was careful to keep himself hidden behind the stout limb to which he was clinging. Cloud King must have heard the faint sounds coming at intervals from the shrubbery on the slope of the ridge below the rock, but apparently he paid no attention to them, and seemed to doze on his perch. As a matter of fact, he had come to the dead oak for a nap. He had been

hunting on the wing nearly all morning, and the oak, thrusting its naked top above the other trees on the ridge, had attracted him as a suitable place for a brief siesta.

Yet sleepy as he seemed and really was, his restless eyes were not content to give themselves as yet to complete inactivity. Now and again at frequent intervals they awoke and shot keen glances here and there; and suddenly, after some ten minutes had passed, they chanced to detect a tiny spot of scarlet on a high limb of a dead chestnut near at hand. For some minutes then, though the hawk himself did not move, those eyes remained wide awake, fiercely and intently alert; and presently they saw this scarlet spot stir slightly, grow larger and then resolve itself into the red crest and black-mustached face of a logcock peering cautiously around the chestnut limb.

What happened then happened in less time than is required to tell it; and it was an odd whim of the woods fates to bring to a crisis at precisely the same moment the little drama of the tree tops and that other drama which, all the while, had been developing on the ground below.

Suddenly the place where Cloud King had been perching was empty. With the speed of a bullet the peregrine was shooting through the air toward the chestnut limb behind which the logcock was hiding. In that same instant Red Rogue, the fox, saw at last the victim for which he had been waiting, the mysterious maker of those stealthy sounds which for so many minutes had been drawing nearer in the kalmias.

To Red Rogue there had never been the slightest mystery about those sounds. He had known from the beginning exactly what they were; and he was not in the least surprised when a tall wild gobbler stepped out from the shrubbery just beyond the rock.

Red Rogue crouched close to the ground, his slim body tense, his eyes gleaming. The big bronze bird had but to take one more step forward and he would come within reach of the hidden fox's leap.

That step was never taken. A shrill scream almost directly above the turkey, a wild piercing cry of utter terror, shattered the noonday silence of the woods. The gobbler wheeled in his tracks, crouched for a fraction of a second, then launched himself upward and outward from the steep mountainside. Behind him a long tawny shape bounded over the rock and hurled itself through the air; but the distance was too great and the jaws of the fox snapped together a yard or more behind the tip of the gobbler's tail.

The gobbler never saw Red Rogue, never knew how close he had been to death. Nor did he understand at first the meaning of the mad scream of panic which had startled him into sudden flight in the very nick of time. Yet, as he swept out over the valley on wide swiftly beating wings, that scream seemed for an instant to pursue him, and he recognized it then as the cry of a frightened logcock. Once more it rang out, this time close above him in the air, and almost at the same moment a feathered projectile shot past him, plunging straight down toward the green roof of the kalmia thicket clothing the slope of the ridge. In an instant it had vanished in the kalmias; but immediately the flying turkey was aware of a swish of wings above him, and glancing upward as he flew, he saw a gray-backed long-winged hawk poised in the air, his fierce eyes peering downward.

The gobbler stood in no fear of hawks. Among the winged hunters of the mountains only the great golden eagles were sufficiently large and powerful to threaten his safety. This hawk that had appeared so suddenly in the air above him was not of the eagle kind. It was much smaller than those arrogant monarchs of the sky spaces—in spite of its wide spread of wing, a mere pygmy compared with the gobbler himself; and, savage though its aspect was, he felt no dread of it.

He swept serenely onward over the deep gorgelike valley, high above the tree tops on the slope below. In spite of his bulk and weight, his powerful wings bore him easily and swiftly, and, his momentary fright forgotten, he exulted in their strength. It was good to ride the air. As a rule, his flights were short; but now, instead of swinging in toward the ridge which he had just left and seeking a roost in some tree top there, he headed straight outward across the valley. A mile or so away rose the forested slope of Devilhead ridge, his favorite feeding ground. He turned his bill toward a shoulder of that ridge where he had fed the previous day and where he knew that he would find abundant provender.

For a few moments the gobbler, as he swept on across the valley, forgot the long-winged falcon which he had glimpsed above him. The gobbler's flight was a long and very gradual descent. The hawk, on the other hand, had mounted somewhat higher and had dropped a little behind, so that the turkey no longer saw him. Nevertheless, it was evident that he was following the turkey, for when the latter changed his course slightly, the falcon turned also and maintained his position a hundred feet above the larger bird and an equal distance behind him. Yet even if the gobbler had realized that he was being pursued, he would have felt no alarm. He could not know that a series of events that morning had fanned into utterly reckless fury the savage and fearless spirit of Cloud King, the peregrine falcon of Devilhead Peak.

All that day ill luck had dogged Cloud King. Beginning with the incident in the wheat field, where Red Rogue, the fox, had robbed him of the grouse which he had struck down, he had suffered one disappointment after another in his hunting. Three times during the forenoon he had stooped at prey only to miss it by an inch through no fault of his own. Finally, by an even narrower margin, he had missed the logcock whose scarlet-crested face he had seen peering around the chestnut limb. This was the most exasperating mishap of all, not only because of the other failures which had preceded it, but also because the falcon had felt very sure of his game. Though they were fairly fast flyers, logcocks were not adepts in aerial strategy; and this one, detected in an exposed place, should have fallen an easy victim to the superbly swift and marvelously agile peregrine.

Perhaps this logcock was wilier than most. Perhaps it was mainly luck, combined with overconfidence on the falcon's part, which caused Cloud King to miss once more. At any rate, the big woodpecker, after uttering that first shriek of terror which had startled the gobbler into flight, had done the one thing that could save him

Instead of fleeing at top speed, in which case he would have been overtaken in a few seconds, he had dived almost straight downward and, narrowly missing the flying gobbler in his descent, had plunged headforemost into the dense cover of the kalmia thicket clothing the slope of the ridge. Cloud King, whizzing through the air like a rifle bullet, had clutched at him with curved needle-pointed talons just as he began his plunge; but the logcock's unexpected dive had saved him, and the falcon, nonplused for an instant, had seen his hoped-for victim drop like a plummet into the impenetrable kalmias some fifty feet below.

It was then that Cloud King, poising in the air above the spot where the logcock had vanished, saw the great gobbler shooting past beneath him; and it was then that his pent-up fury, intensified no doubt by hunger and by the excitement of his lightninglike assault on the logcock, impelled him to attempt the most spectacular exploit of his strenuous career.

Ordinarily the peregrine would never have attacked so large a bird as a twenty-five-pound wild gobbler. It was not that he lacked courage for such an enterprise, but simply that the instinct of his race, fixed through countless generations, would not have suggested the wild turkey as prey. The peregrine, or duck hawk, among the swiftest and most courageous of all the hawk kind, lives chiefly on wild ducks and other water fowl, where these are to be found; but in the high mountain country, where such game was rare, Cloud King, the peregrine of Devilhead Peak, levied tribute on such upland wild folk as grouse, quail, rabbits, doves and various forest birds. It had never occurred to him to seek a victim among the wild turkeys which still frequented certain parts of the mountain woods. In fact, because turkeys were rather rare and in general kept pretty carefully under cover, he had seen very little of them during his life in the mountains and knew next to nothing about their ways.

Now, however, his fierce and venturesome spirit, roused by the irritating mishaps of that morning and in particular by the failure of his attempt upon the logcock, Cloud King determined to match his speed and daring against the weight of an antagonist larger than any other that he had ever attacked.

This great bronze-winged gobbler, appearing suddenly beneath him at the very moment when the logcock vanished in the kalmias, was a tempting target. For an instant the peregrine, hanging motionless in the air on swiftly beating pinions, was on the point of launching his assault then and there.

But even in his fury he was wise with the inherited wisdom of his race. He hung at that instant not more than a score of feet above the gobbler, and he realized instinctively that this was an insufficient height—that in attacking so huge an opponent he must plunge upon it from a much greater altitude. Hence for the moment he restrained his ardor. Instead of darting down at once upon his intended victim, he began to mount higher above it and at the same time slackened his pace slightly to let the turkey draw somewhat ahead.

There was plenty of time. The gobbler was flying straight out across the valley, evidently aiming for the ridge on the other side. Cloud King mounted higher and higher, his fierce eyes fixed upon his prey. The bulky body of the turkey was driving forward at high speed; but Cloud King kept pace with him easily, his long tapering wings fanning the air with deliberate measured strokes. Seemingly his fury had passed. Cool, skillful, unhurried, a perfect master of aerial warfare, he would launch his assault when the right time came and not an instant before.

(Continued on Page 72)

CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

With the Speed of a Bullet the Peregrine Was Shooting Through the Air Toward the Chestnut Limb Behind Which the Logcock Was Hiding

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 25, 1925

Horsewhip Remedies

THE elderly woman who in a Western city recently applied the lash to the person of one of the managers of a Central American fruit promotion because, she said, she had received no return upon her investment, did not, it is to be feared, set a particularly constructive precedent. She invoked the horsewhip to obtain satisfaction, and possibly she felt recompensed in a measure for her substantial losses. But to apply horsewhipping on any general scale for ill-advised investments would, to say the least, merely add a confusing element to an already seriously complicated financial and business structure.

No matter how elaborate our legal and business systems have grown, there must be individual accountability. Possibly vigilance methods may occasionally have a salutary effect. But their range of application is too narrow.

Horsewhip methods are usually accompanied by hysteria, which, like love, is blind. But the fight against security swindlers requires most of all the coolest of judgment. Even in the particular case which serves as text the man at the receiving end of the lash asserted that he had not wrecked the company—was, indeed, engaged in trying to salvage a bankrupt concern. That is a question of fact to be determined by cold impartial justice.

Unfortunately for horsewhipping, there are times when the lash should be turned inward, when the punishment should become self-flagellation. For elderly women to invest life savings in promotion schemes in unstable and distant countries is financial suicide, not murder.

Despite widespread education and the vigilance of state corporations and blue-sky commissioners, local district attorneys, advertising clubs and legitimate stock exchanges, the most incredibly simple and apparent forms of deception are practiced for quite a while before there is any nipping in the bud. For months certain firms in New York City purchased a well-known and valuable stock in the open market at prices which probably averaged five hundred dollars a share, and, splitting the stock into "bankers' shares" of one hundred each, sold these smaller units at six dollars to seven and a half dollars apiece. The most cursory reading of any financial page would have shown the investor the absurdity of paying a third more than was necessary for his stock.

Though the investor's most effective protection is his own superior financial intelligence, it is also true that plans for more extended coöperative effort on the part of business men to put a stop to securities swindles should be aided by all good citizens.

The law does accomplish much; expert opinion holds that coöperative vigilance accomplishes even more. There is room to extend such activities. Surely every dollar saved from the maw of the financial shark not only means greater security in old age for some hard-working man or woman but insures by that much the stability of business conditions and a wholesome prosperity.

Dignity Day in the Senate

A SENATOR recently gave a fine example of that senatorial dignity that is so often discussed and so seldom practiced when he read his parody on Sheridan's Ride, "with Dawes only fifteen blocks away," before a guffawing Upper Chamber. He not only parodied Dawes in his verses but he parodied senatorial dignity to perfection and came dangerously close to proving the Vice President's contentions.

Should the Senate wish to relieve the tedium of its filibusters, we would point out that The Jackdaw of Rheims offers an excellent opportunity to the parodist. There is not only the obvious chance for a pun in the title, but the attitude of the Senate toward its presiding officer is aptly expressed in the lines:

He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head!
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing and winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!
Never was heard such a horrible curse!
But what gave rise
To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

That's the rub. Dawes seems not only to be not a penny the worse but to stand as well as before with the country, or better. If any senator would know why, a calm and analytical reading of the Congressional Record for the past session will satisfy his curiosity, if he is a reasonably intelligent man.

Dawes stands for direct action, in the minds of the public—direct action in France when our Army needed supplies; direct action in Washington when he made the budget effective; direct action in Europe when he put over the plan that bears his name. The country could stand a little more of the same constructive direct action on the part of the Senate, even at the sacrifice of some of its self-proclaimed dignity.

The Off-Color Line

HEREAFTER a solemn jury will sit on the plays that are produced in New York and will draw the off-color line. It will be the duty of this jury to decide just where this line runs through the drama and whether a play that to the unthinking seems raw is not really artistic. It will be theirs to define the phrase that our young intelligentsia mouth so lovingly, "artistic sincerity"—a phrase seldom used except to give stage sins and sinners the benefit of very doubtful situations.

We wish the jury luck with its delicate labors. But we doubt that a jury is needed to find this off-color line in books, in periodicals or in plays. In a much lesser degree we have always had the dirty little boys of the stage with us, but a sturdier generation washed out their mouths with soap and let it go at that.

In the past, when Johnny shouted out an obscenity no commission of elders was impaneled to decide whether he was giving artistic expression to boy life on the streets. As a consequence, pornography was largely confined to obscure walls and smut slunk up alleys.

The purveyors of sex periodicals are, of course, lineal descendants of the old train butchers who used to pass out the sealed book in the smoking car—seals not to be broken until the book was paid for—and whisper to the gullible prospect that it was "Naughty! naughty!" For his dollar or two the purchaser got a cheap medical book, just as the sex periodicals never go quite so far in their revelations as lurid cover and adroit advertisement promise. Many of these periodicals have the will to go the limit and some of them just graze it, but the way is not yet wide open. The postal service, with a cake of brown soap, is always in the offing.

As long as some publishers, playwrights and producers ask themselves the question, "How far can we go and get away with it under the mantle of artistic realism?" we shall be threatened with censorship. And those who inveigh against it most loudly are often the very ones who are doing most to bring it about.

We do not believe that the arts would suffer appreciably by an application of the ordinary, well-understood rules of good taste and good sense. No jury is needed to formulate them for men who are fit to be managers.

Financial Free Verse

ANYONE reading the current market pages published in the more important financial centers must receive an impression similar to that which follows a visit to one of the exhibitions of a society of free and independent artists. If it is true that the younger generation has thrown off restraints and conventions in social intercourse, they have nothing on a large share of the persons trying to make more than a good living by selling securities whose ancestry, parentage, training, breeding and deportment are as unknown as the most distant star. The country is being literally deluged with stock-and-bond children whose origin, if not actually illegitimate, is—to say the least—suspicious.

It is possible that the country is on the threshold of new developments in the investment field, of new forms and means. Carefully safeguarded financial progress is not in itself suspicious. The adaptation and application of British forms to American conditions are not impossible. But the unseemly haste with which forms new to these shores are being pushed upon the investing public cannot fail to arouse misgivings.

A regular torrent of financing companies, holding companies and so-called investment trusts, with their bankers' shares, participation certificates, units, shares in interest, and the like, has broken upon the country. In individual cases these may be sounder, as well as more profitable, than the old-fashioned straight bond or stock or savings-bank deposit. But the public has a right to know wherein it is to be safeguarded.

It is only with painful slowness that law and custom succeed in building up protection around any particular form or medium with which the investor becomes familiar. We all know that safeguards now surround the savings banks of most states. The same is true of insurance companies. Likewise if funds are deposited with banks of discount and trust companies, it usually proves in case of failure that a double assessment must be levied upon the stockholders, an extraordinary protection which Federal and state laws provide for the depositor.

In addition, several of the leading stock exchanges have long required that all member concerns be organized as partnerships, which provides that an unlimited liability shall fall upon the partners in case of trouble.

The newly introduced forms and instrumentalities may be surrounded with equally great security. But the public as yet has no means of knowing that such is the case. Whatever be the safeguards, they are not yet known to be universal and standardized. Nor are they generally understood. No large body of law or custom has yet been thrown about these newer forms.

Experimentation is necessary in the field of providing the public with investment securities, as well as in other activities. But excessively rapid introduction of new styles in finance is an open invitation to a subsequent smash, whatever it may mean in the realm of wearing apparel.

MAKING AMENDMENTS

By Henry Fountain Ashurst

UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ARIZONA

THE Constitution of the United States—Article II, Section 1—ordains that the President and Vice President shall hold office for the term of four years, but does not provide when the term shall commence. The only recognition of the fourth of March succeeding the day of a presidential election as the day of the commencement of the terms of the President and the Vice President is the provision in the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, effective September 25, 1804, that—

"If the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, whenever the right of choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President."

This would probably be construed to be a provision that the term of the President expires on the fourth of March after a presidential election—that a vacancy would then exist—in which event the Vice President would succeed to the office.

The time when the presidential electors shall be elected and the date on which they shall meet and give their votes is, by Article II, Section 1, of the Constitution, left to the discretion of Congress, with the restriction that the day of voting shall be the same throughout the United States. An act was passed February 3, 1887, requiring them to meet and give their votes on the second Monday in January next following their appointment, at such place in each state as the legislature thereof shall direct; which votes, duly certified to be delivered to the President of the Senate, shall be canvassed by Congress, in joint session, on the second Wednesday in February thereafter.

The Constitution, while providing that representatives shall hold their offices for two years—Article I, Section 2—and senators for six years—Article I, Section 3—does not provide when the terms shall commence.

The commencement of the terms of the first President and Vice President, and of the senators and representatives composing the first Congress, was fixed by a resolution of Congress, adopted September 13, 1788, providing "that the first Wednesday in March next"—which happened to be the fourth day of March—"be the time for commencing the proceedings under the Constitution."

Congress has provided—act of March 1, 1792, Revised Statutes, Section 152—that the terms of the President and the Vice President shall commence on the fourth day of March next succeeding the day on which the votes of the electors have been given, but there seems to be no statute enacted since the adoption of the Constitution fixing the commencement of the terms of senators and representatives.

Under the present law the New Congress does not convene in regular session until thirteen months after the election of the representatives. There was reason for such a provision at the time of the formation of our Federal Government, as it then took about three months to ascertain the result of elections and to reach the capital from remote parts of the country. But now the most distant states are within a few days' travel of Washington.

Senators heretofore have been elected by the legislatures of the states in January, sometimes not until February or March. But since the adoption of the Seventeenth Amendment to the Constitution, by which senators are elected by the people, usually at the November elections, it becomes opportune for Congress to convene in January following The convening of Congress on the first Monday of December, as at present, is inopportune, as adjournment for the Christmas holidays is always taken and many members go home, which precludes any real work until January.

Congress should, at the earliest practicable date, enact within the scope of its powers under the Constitution the principles of the majority as expressed in the election of each Congress. That is why the Constitution requires the election of a new House of Representatives every two years. If it be not to reflect the sentiment of the people these frequent elections have no meaning or purpose. Any evasion of this meaning is subversive of the fundamental principle of our Government, that the majority shall rule. No other nation has its legislative body convene so remotely after the expression of the people upon governmental questions.

During the campaign preceding a congressional election the questions that divide the political parties are discussed

Continued on Page 222

SHORT TURN[redacted]D ENCORES

Cause for Anxiety

MY SON is graduating from college this year," remarked Grover Cleveland Smith, president of the First, Second and Third National Bank, of Central City, "and in all the four years he has been there he never has written a one-act play or gone without his hat on the street. He has never threatened to start an art theater and so far as I know he does not own a samovar.

"I got to worrying about him not long ago and wrote to his dean to find out how he stood. The dean said he stood well in his classes and was well-behaved. That worried me more than ever.

"He's our only child and it would go hard with us if he turned out bad. When he wrote home last week and said he was looking forward to coming into the bank after commencement I was alarmed.

"I'm going East for his graduation and to take him to New York to see some doctors. If there is anything seriously wrong with the boy I want to find it out. A fellow who reaches the age of twenty-one and has never embraced communism or taken up the saxophone has got to be watched." —*McCready Huston.*

Debutante: "Mamma, We Do Wish You Wouldn't Wear Those Old Style Gowns and Queer Hair. You Look Positively Bizarre"

The Elevator Starter

WITH vacuous visage and bearing aloof,
Distinguished, disdainful and curt,
Upbraiding at times in indignant reproof
Exuberant urchins, untamed and uncouth—
Grandiloquent creature,
Thou fixed foyer feature—
Resplendently snobby
And Lord of the Lobby,
There rests on your brow like the leaf of the bay
The glory of routing your cars.
The clank of their chains is your sweet roundelay,
While the swank in your strains yelling "Take it away!"
To clerical lasses
In grandeur surpasses
Such nonchalant Pierrots
As cinema heroes.

Does there flow through your veins in a blue-tinted stream
A fluid more noble than ours?
Are you frankly as bored as you frequently seem?
Do you spring from a race that is really supreme—
Your stoic and stolid,
Complacently solid,
Above-trade-and-barter
Royal Highness, the Starter? —*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

Adventures of Alice

"HOW about going to a show tonight?" the Mad Hatter asked.

"Oh, baby!" Alice replied jubilantly. "You said something."

"Let me see," said the Mad Hatter. "They're playing Œdipus Rex at the Apollo Theater ——"

"Spare my blushes," said Alice. "Those Greeks got away with murder by writing in a foreign language. No, let's go to see something nice and refined ——"

"If any," said the Mad Hatter.

"Exactly," Alice replied. "I don't know what's happening to the great American drama these days. There's hardly a show in town to which a young girl can take her mother."

"Well, there's always the opera."

"That's different," said Alice. "It doesn't matter how rough you get so long as you say it with music. I happened to read a grand opera libretto recently, and I blushed out loud, I was so embarrassed."

"Really?" said the Mad Hatter politely. "But that doesn't settle the question, what show shall we see?"

"There's The Queen's Boudoir," said Alice. "I hear the police are going to raid it some night."

"I'll call up the box office at once for tickets," said the Mad Hatter.

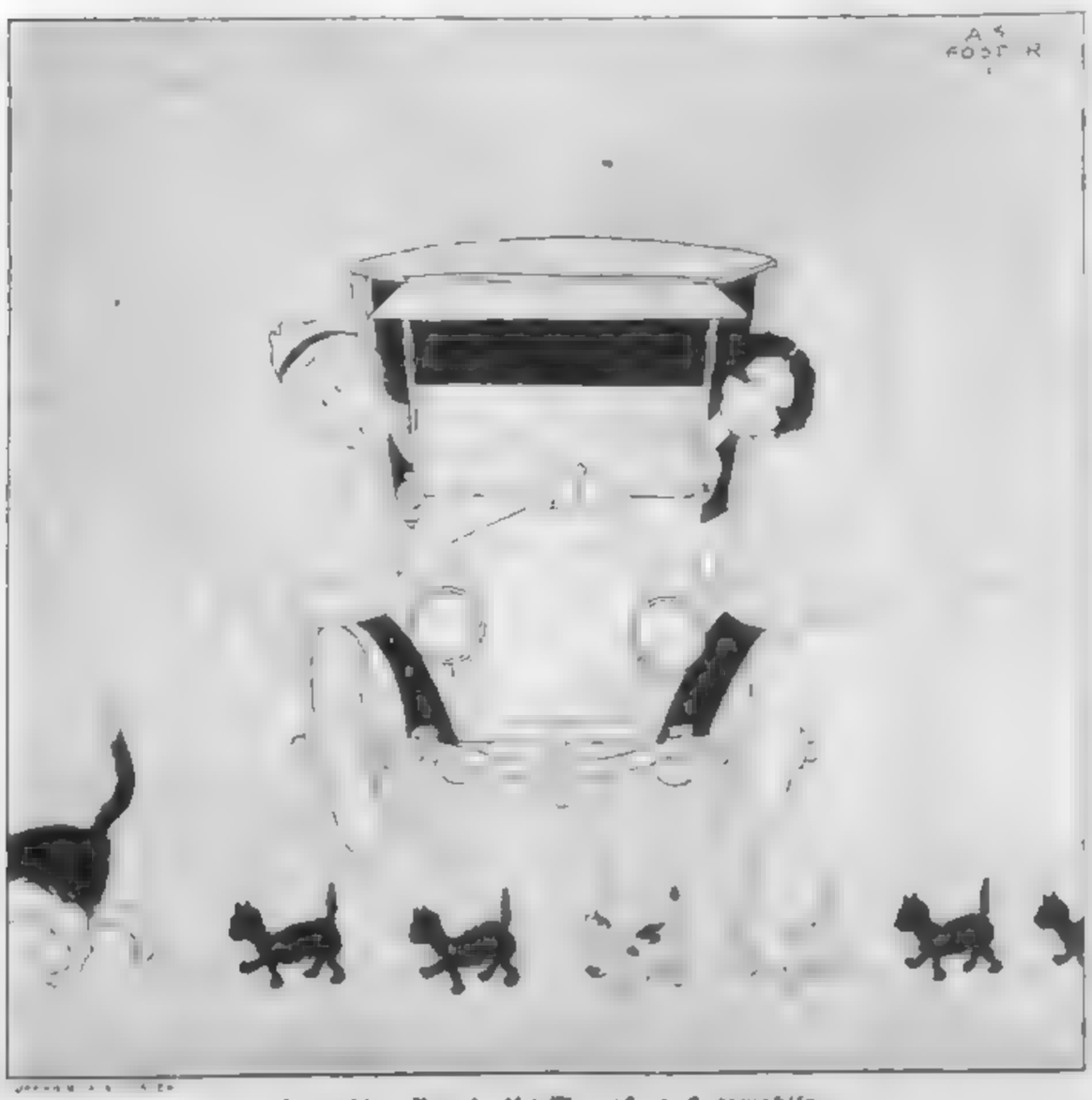
"You amuse me," said Alice. "Who ever heard of getting tickets at a box office?"

"Well, what are they for then?"

"A box office in a theater," said Alice "is like the information desk in a railroad station. They have to keep a man there to tell you that the house is sold out."

"But suppose it isn't sold out?"

(Continued on Page 161)



Something New in the Way of an Automobile

A Couple of Trappers From the Great Northwest Sight Some Fur-Bearing Animals on Fifth Avenue

The beans for Children!

Slow-cooked Digestible

Campbell's are such wholesome beans! They yield the very utmost in energy, in building bone and muscle. Just the kind of healthful, substantial nourishment everybody should have—regularly.

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Campbells' BEANS

TASTE THEIR FAMOUS TOMATO SAUCE

The Recollections of a Consul

I Once Gave a Merchant a Lift in My Pony Trap. As We Passed the Offices of One of His Competitors, He Shook His Fist at the Sign

By Lorin A. Lathrop

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

FORTUNATE is the young man, ready for adult life, if he have a decided bent; his trail is blazed for him; but many search casually, for time is of little value to youth. Some have a shot at the foreign-service examinations, without other motive than that successful passing may open the gate to a living. Others have a liking for the career, usually vaguely founded and not reasoned out; nor could they, without experience, balance gains and losses in a unique profession. Some of the attributes of the service are psychological, not to be foreseen, still less to be understood or appraised until after considerable experience.

In looking back over nearly half a century of official life, I see that variety—perhaps "absence of monotony" were the better expression—has been the chief attraction for me. The consular duties are so many and so diverse that they provide constant change and continuous exhilaration. More than half these experiences were unofficial, and none the less enlivening for that. If nothing happened, there was always the sense that something might happen. What would you do, O. Henry asked, if a beautifully dressed lady met you in the streets of New York, pressed a hot buttered muffin into your hands and sped away? There was always that feeling.

A Fortune Thrust Into Consular Hands

WHAT would you do if an excited little gentleman, very dark and gleaming of eye, rushed into your office, thrust a portfolio into your hand, cried in South American French, "I have no consul here; please guard this for me," rushed out while you were gaping, and you looked into this unlocked case to see if it contained a bomb and found nothing there but French 10,000-franc notes—bundles and bundles of them?

I assumed that the little gentleman was an ex-president, traveling with the national treasure; that the national army was hot in pursuit; that hastening by, he had seen the American eagle on the wall, had dashed in and out undetected, and would be found, if found, without the goods on him. But, of course, he might be a burglar to whom had occurred the highly original idea of making the consulate the receiver of his stolen goods. I made discreet inquiries. If he was a criminal, the local police knew naught of it. If he was fleeing from his country, was he a political refugee, entitled to special consideration, even though accompanied by all available liquid assets of his nation? No. Decided: That he was a traveler who had made an unusual request of the consulate, but not an improper one until proved to be so; hence entitled to his parcel when he called for it. He came, ten days later, calm as his type can be; which means that, though exuberant, he was not haggard-eyed. He tried in vain to hide pleasure and surprise that his parcel was delivered without comment, asked for an envelope, inclosed two 10,000-franc notes and laid it on the table:

"One must not be a trustee without a commission, is it not?"

Finally convinced that no commission would be accepted, he paid in frankness. His friend, it appeared, had fled to Europe with his wife; not his friend's wife, you understand, but his; and the erring lady had right of access to his Bristol safe-deposit vault.

"Bristol? Why Bristol?"

"Monsieur will understand that it is secluded, private, and that in South America one has his financial secrets." In the hot race for wealth, the injured husband had, as it were, won by a head, had buoyantly walked away from the safe-deposit office to come face to face with the guilty pair, who "eyed the portfolio with consternation," and started in pursuit. *Voilà tout!*

What would you do if you were consul at a modest salary in a West Indian port, had ten dollars in bank, got word that an American passenger ship was in distress fifty miles away, and that a rescue vessel must be sent immediately? You promptly guarantee costs, of course, and dispatch a tug. Suppose the ship founders. You ought to be thinking of lost lives, of course; but you cannot help wondering how you are going to pay $500 cash for that tug and whether you will ever get the money back; and even if you do in three or six months, how are you going to buy food in the meantime for the wife and baby?

Or suppose the passengers and crew came back in the tug with nothing but what they stood up in. You can take care of the crew all right; the Government does that. But you must feed, clothe and house the passengers on your personal responsibility; and some of the weeping women tell you, as they always will, that every dollar they had in the world was in a trunk in the hold. Ruin faces you; but somehow you get everybody stowed away by midnight, and by breakfast time have cabled off every name. Refreshed by a bath, you find that the bank will grant a considerable overdraft, when the day before it would have refused a small one, and in the course of weeks you note that most of the money you have advanced has dribbled back.

Or suppose that you are playing tennis at Government House, thinking how jolly a life you were leading and pleased with all the world, and a dripping seaman rushes in and tells you that Mad Mike, in D. T.'s, has shot the captain, locked up the crew and is pouring kerosene over the deck with one hand while he flourishes a pistol in the other; and suppose the police regret to inform you that they cannot coöperate, as the vessel lies outside the three-mile limit. What would you do? Perhaps you would go out alone with intent to use moral suasion, but you would only do that if you are lion-hearted. For the information of the young consul, I may say that the proper course in this emergency is to gaze at the vessel, shout fire and engage a tug which has her tanks full of water. The hose will put out the seaman, at any rate, and the insurers will probably pay the cost of the tug.

Hamlet Without the Dane

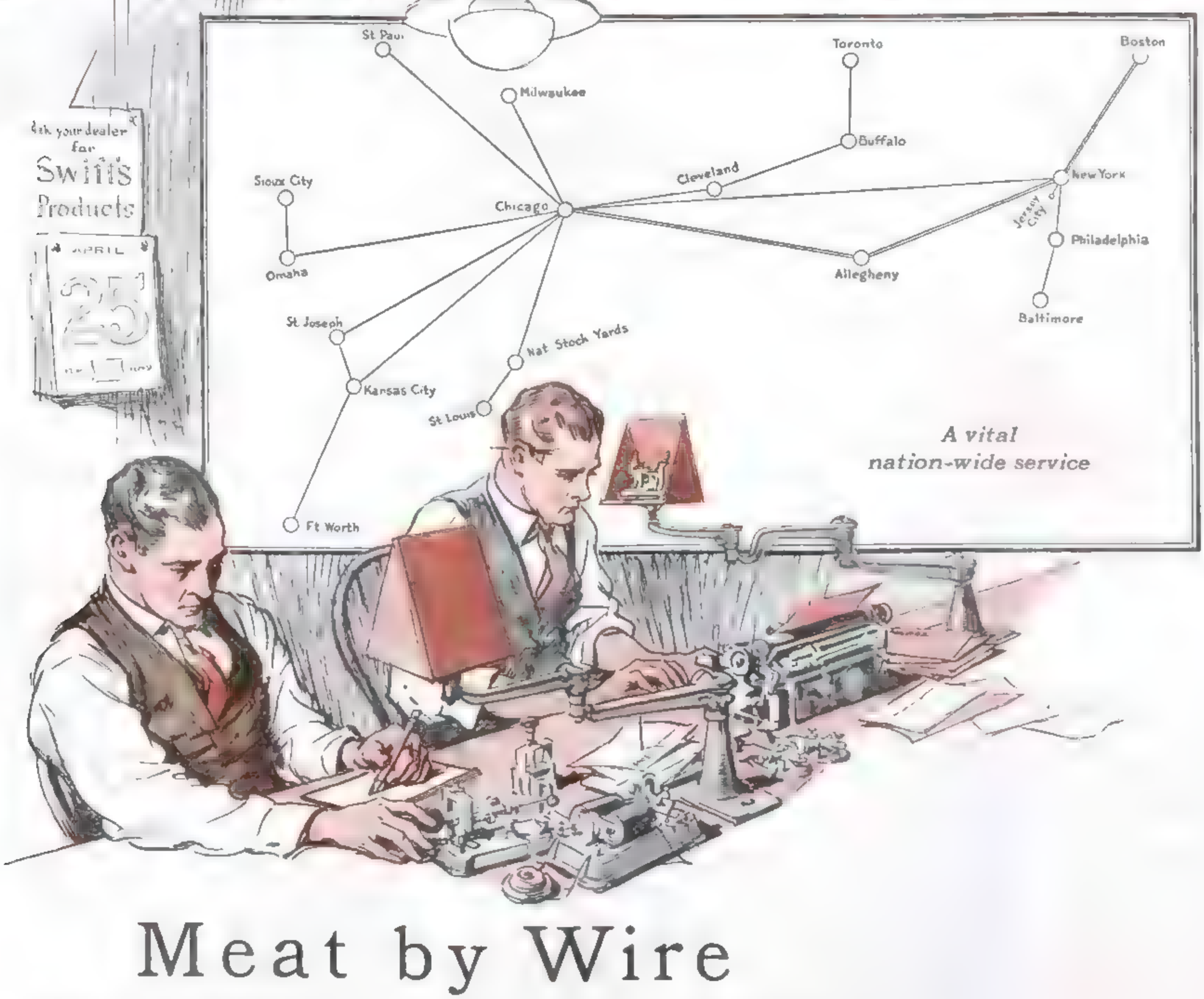
OR SUPPOSE that you are giving a dinner party to a multimillionaire whose yacht is in the harbor, and whose wife, covered with diamonds, is at your right, and the magistrate, who is an old friend and so has come to you at sudden notice to fill the seat of the multimillionaire, "unavoidably detained on board," is at the other end of the table, and that the chief of police, in his best form, is keeping his neighbors in fits of laughter, and everything is going as well as can be expected in the unforgivable absence of the chief guest. Suppose that the telephone summons you and the policeman tells you that your missing guest is in a cell, singing "I'm to be Queen of the May," and shouting for the consul who expects him to dinner. To bail him out, you must take the chief and the magistrate with you; and how can you keep the belated guest away from your house? So you go back to his wife. "A routine matter; so sorry," you say with a shrug, and settle down again. Suppose the lady is a passionate devotee of bridge and the party a late one, and that it is one o'clock in the morning before you confront an angry and nearly sobered man.

"How could you expect me to break up your dinner party for you?" you ask, and let it go at that; and the yacht sails away early in the morning.

Suppose that in England a haughty and austere lord, a stranger, asks your coöperation in complying with the directions of a New York court in connection with a friendly

(Continued on Page 41)

S W I F T



Meat by Wire

Money may be telegraphed, but who ever heard of meat by wire?

Yet day by day your retailer is able to supply you with just the kind and quality of meats that you desire, because a vast network of copper wires binds together the nation-wide organization of Swift & Company.

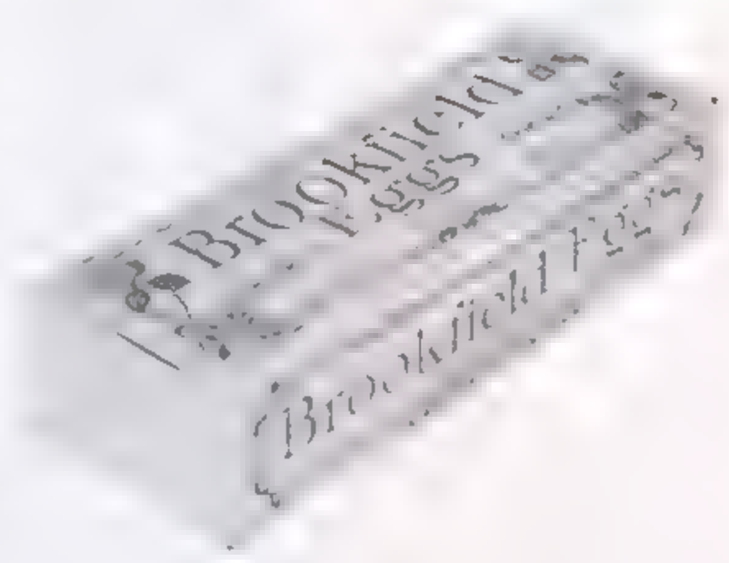
Chicago is the focal point of this great electrical "nervous system". Here, in a single room, the instruments of telegraph operators click off 6,500 messages a day—10 every minute.

Back and forth from Fort Worth, Tex., to Boston, Mass., over 7,500 miles of private wires, flows a constant interchange of telegrams with 18 different cities: Boston asks for this; Omaha offers that; New York makes a request; St. Paul can supply it. Telegraph and telephone are used interchangeably.

From minute to minute, at one central point, Swift & Company has to keep in touch with both live stock market supplies and distributive demand. Over-supplies of meat are thus minimized, and shortages are avoided. Perishable stocks never pile up at points of origin for want of market information.

Day in and day out, the largest cities and smallest hamlets are unfailingly supplied with the kind of meat they want, in the quantities they need.

Only nation-wide organization and the highest efficiency make possible this economy and evenness of distribution.



Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

S & Co.

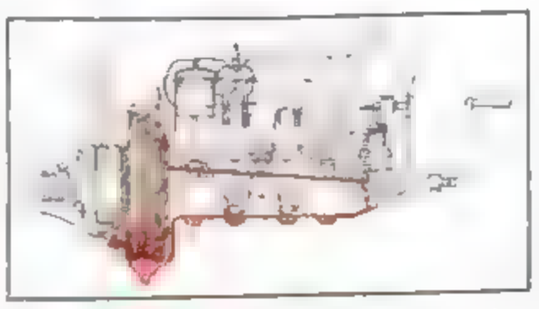
Ford Long Life

Did you ever say this about your Ford?

"OH, YES, I'd use Mobiloil if I had a more expensive car! But I don't see why a cheaper oil won't do just as well for my Ford."

If you have ever said that or thought that about *your* Ford, won't you look these facts squarely in the face?

It makes no difference whether your car costs $5,000, $2,000, $1,000, or is the efficient, but modestly-priced Ford—in time friction wears out all motors. *The time depends upon the lubrication.*



Mobiloil "E" is the Vacuum Oil Company's specialized oil for your Ford Engine

Specialization pays

Specialization has won for the Ford car its unique position in motordom. *Specialization* has resulted in "The Economy Car."

Specialization has given Mobiloil "E" its unique success in protecting Fords. *Specialization* has made Mobiloil "E" the economy oil.

In quality Mobiloil sets a world standard.

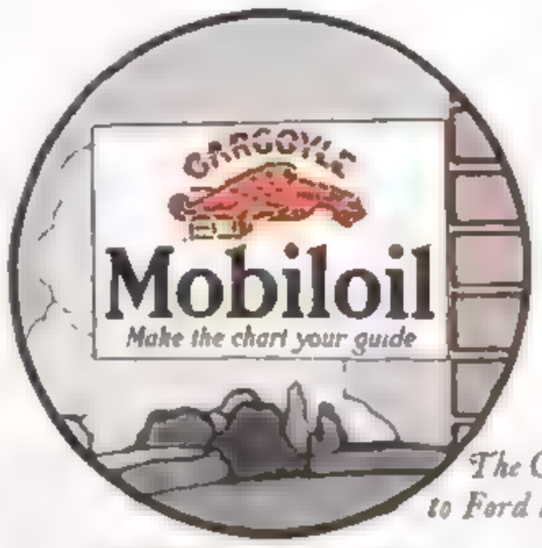
The real quality or "character" of a lubricant accrues from the presence of certain highly complex compounds within the crude stocks used.

These petroleum compounds possess the property of entering into enduring association with the molecules of the metal surfaces to be lubricated. This process is termed "AD-sorption."

Adsorption develops a tough, semi-permanent lubrication surface, distinct from, and independent of the liquid oil film—almost an amalgam of oil and metal. This definite characteristic of Mobiloil "E" is your real protection against friction and wear during periods of operation when the liquid film is missing, as in starting; or when the liquid film is unduly stressed by excessive heat, pressure, speed or otherwise.

These complex petroleum compounds which promote adsorption are not found in all crudes. And their peculiarly valuable properties are largely destroyed if subjected to destructive refining processes. Our methods of manufacture are designed to preserve these vital lubricating qualities of the carefully selected crude stocks from which Mobiloil is made.

The Ford Motor Company has produced for you an unusually sturdy car. But the life and economy of your engine are largely in your own hands. If you really want lowest cost per mile you cannot afford to accept less than Mobiloil protection.



The Guide Sign to Ford long life

MAKE THIS CHART YOUR GUIDE

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below. If your car is not listed here, see the complete Chart at your dealer's.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are indicated by the letters shown below. "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic.

Follow winter recommendations when temperatures from 32°F (freezing) to 0° F (zero) prevail. Below zero use Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic (except Ford Cars, use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E").

NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Chandler	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chevrolet FB	.	....	....	....	....	....	A	Arc
" (other mod'ls.)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chrysler	A	A	A	A	.	.	.	
Dodge Brothers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Durant 4	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Essex	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc.
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
Hudson Super 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jewett	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Nash	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
Oldsmobile 4	.	.	.	.	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oldsmobile 6	A	Arc	A	Arc	.	..	A	A
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rickenbacker 6	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc.	Arc	Arc.	Arc.
Rickenbacker 8	A	Arc	A	Arc	..	..	....	....
Star	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	....	....
Studebaker	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc.	B	Arc
Willys-Knight 6	A	Arc	....	....	....	....		

How to buy

From bulk 30c—30c is the fair retail price for single quarts of genuine Mobiloil from the barrel or pump.

For Touring Convenience—the sealed 1-quart can is ideal for touring or emergencies. Carry 2 or 3 under the seat of your car.

For Your Home Garage—the 5-gallon or 1-gallon sealed cans—or 15-, 30-, or 55-gallon steel drums with convenient faucets.

All prices slightly higher in Southwestern, Mountain and Pacific Coast States

Branches in principal cities. Address: New York, Chicago, or Kansas City.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

(Continued from Page 38)

and merely formal suit to adjust the rights of his son and heir, aged twelve, at school 100 miles away. Suppose you call in your lemon-colored valet, give him a blue paper, instruct him to proceed to the school, hand the paper to the youthful lord, who will be expecting him, and then come back and swear that he has served the summons. His senior lordship compliments the messenger on his smart appearance and intelligence, and Arthur Napoleon French, bursting with pride, departs on his errand. At his destination, he drops into the little inn near the school to fortify himself with bread and cheese for the ordeal of handing over the document. Sipping a glass of beer, there sits in the taproom the second gardener of the duke whose ancestral mansion is hard by, and to this gardener the proud emissary of the consulate darkly hints of secret service, and sleuthing, and of the immense ability required to trail an innocent-appearing boy to his lair. Hunger and vanity appeased, the secret agent completes his errand to the satisfaction of everybody.

But the second gardener is walking out with the under housemaid at the school. In the gloaming that evening she is a-quiver over an unusual incident; a chocolate-colored coon has come and given a law paper to His Lordship; the parlor maid has seen it done "and His Lordship was that pale over it!"

"It's him then," the excited gardener cries, and tells of his taproom talk. And so is rumor born, and quickly it spreads over the countryside and finally reaches august circles. His grace ultimately meets His Lordship in a London club and utters bluff but sincere condolences:

"Boys will be boys. Whatever it was, there's plenty of time to live it down."

Suppose that there comes to you a lawyer's letter, narrating how your messenger has "wantonly attacked the character of an innocent youth," severely reprimanding you for your "indiscreet choice of a process server," and demanding the address of this agent, "in case, on further consideration, it should be thought necessary to bring an action for slander." What would you do?

What I did was wrong, for the results were dreadful. I wrote saying that it was thought best to send the process server in person, that he "might offer such explanation as was possible under the deplorable circumstances." Unsuspecting, Arthur Napoleon French proudly departed for distant London bearing this letter, while I gazed after him in genuine sympathy. Whether he was sent to the Tower, or imprisoned in the donjon keep of His Lordship's castle, I cannot say; but I never saw him again. The lawyers, questioned, reported in effect that he had left their office alive but crestfallen, and I think that he shipped as steward on a liner. So I lost the best servant I have ever had.

Cupid Awing

WHILE I was still mourning over the loss of my one-eyed servitor, I received a letter that roused me from lethargy. The leader of a personally conducted European tour wrote from Rome that his party would arrive at Bristol on the seventeenth of September and embark for home, all but two, the next day. The writer of the letter and a young lady would remain behind and they must be married before the departure of the bride's mother. Here was a problem under the complicated English marriage laws. The license of the Archbishop of Canterbury was the simple solution, for under that license marriage is easy; but the cost is nearly $150, and I inferred that my correspondent was not rich. Marriage by banns called from the pulpit, and by any kind of license, that of bishop or registrar, requires three weeks' residence of one or other of the parties at a specified address.

Inquiry found a way to technical and legal fulfillment of all demands. I immediately engaged rooms for the happy bridegroom-to-be, sent a suitcase with his name on the label, saw that his name was printed in the Clifton Chronicle in the list of residents, and on his arrival rushed him to the registrar's office, where the license was duly issued. The bride was very pretty and very grateful, and sobbed with happiness on her husband's shoulder as she waved her mother's vessel out of sight.

The union of church and state brings many anomalies, relics of a time when the formalities of marriage were entirely ecclesiastical. Traveling Americans, especially if they are Episcopalians, usually prefer the bishop's license to the official license, issued over a counter in a public office. The two are equally effective and legal, but the one is thought more dignified. But the requirements of bishops differ in the different dioceses. In some cathedral cities a non-British applicant is asked to produce official evidence that he or she is free to marry.

This is a kind of certificate that no consul ought to give, even to his friend, and its issuance is now forbidden by State Department regulations.

I have listened unmoved to angry expostulations from men, to tearful entreaties from women. As a result of this unreasonable requirement, I have known persons to be permanently estranged from their church. By the way, I remember once accompanying a friend to the gloomy offices in Doctors' Commons by St. Paul's Cathedral, where the Bishop of London's license was to be procured. We found the aged clerk surrounded by many venerable volumes of records of obnoxious mustiness.

"May I smoke?" I asked, choking.

"Please do, sir. I should like it. Tobacco is bad for germs. These are records of 1666 and I don't think they've been opened since that year of the great plague."

One more random recollection: A colored troupe of American concert singers was deserted by its manager and the members were in great distress. Kind people in a Welsh village near Cardiff got up a concert and asked me to preside. When I came to take the chair in the schoolroom, I found myself in the center of a half circle. Minstrelsy flowered its brightest in the San Francisco of my youth, when Billy Emerson, Billy Rice, Cool Burgess and Thatcher were black stars whose light shone across a continent. When I saw myself seated as interlocutor in this half circle of sable faces, I thought of those days long gone by and with difficulty kept from addressing a question to Bones. I know that as I announced the successive turns my voice insensibly adopted the hard clear utterance of the interlocutor, whose business it was to carry to the farthest corner of the topmost gallery the point of the joke.

Too Learned for a Consul

WHEN I spoke of absence of monotony, I did not refer so much to the amusing small incidents which enliven the consular career; my thought was rather of something more fundamental. Few young aspirants for the foreign service can picture through imagination the intense mental exhilaration of a complete change of environment. None can know that duties—and pleasures—vary so greatly in different posts that each one may provide in part a new occupation. The stimulus of change cannot, of course, greatly influence those not keenly interested in all phases of life, and I have known more than one consul general of many positions whose point of view was as it had been when they left their home towns.

Thirty years ago I asked one who had long before been consul in Naples whether the Venus Callipyge in the museum there was in truth the most beautiful Venus which has come down to us. He had never heard of it.

Perhaps consuls are not popularly expected to know anything of art or literature, for I remember saying to a very courteous and efficient official of Norse descent in the Library of Congress, "Your name sounds as if you had stepped out of one of Ibsen's plays."

"But I understood you were a consul," he said, obviously surprised.

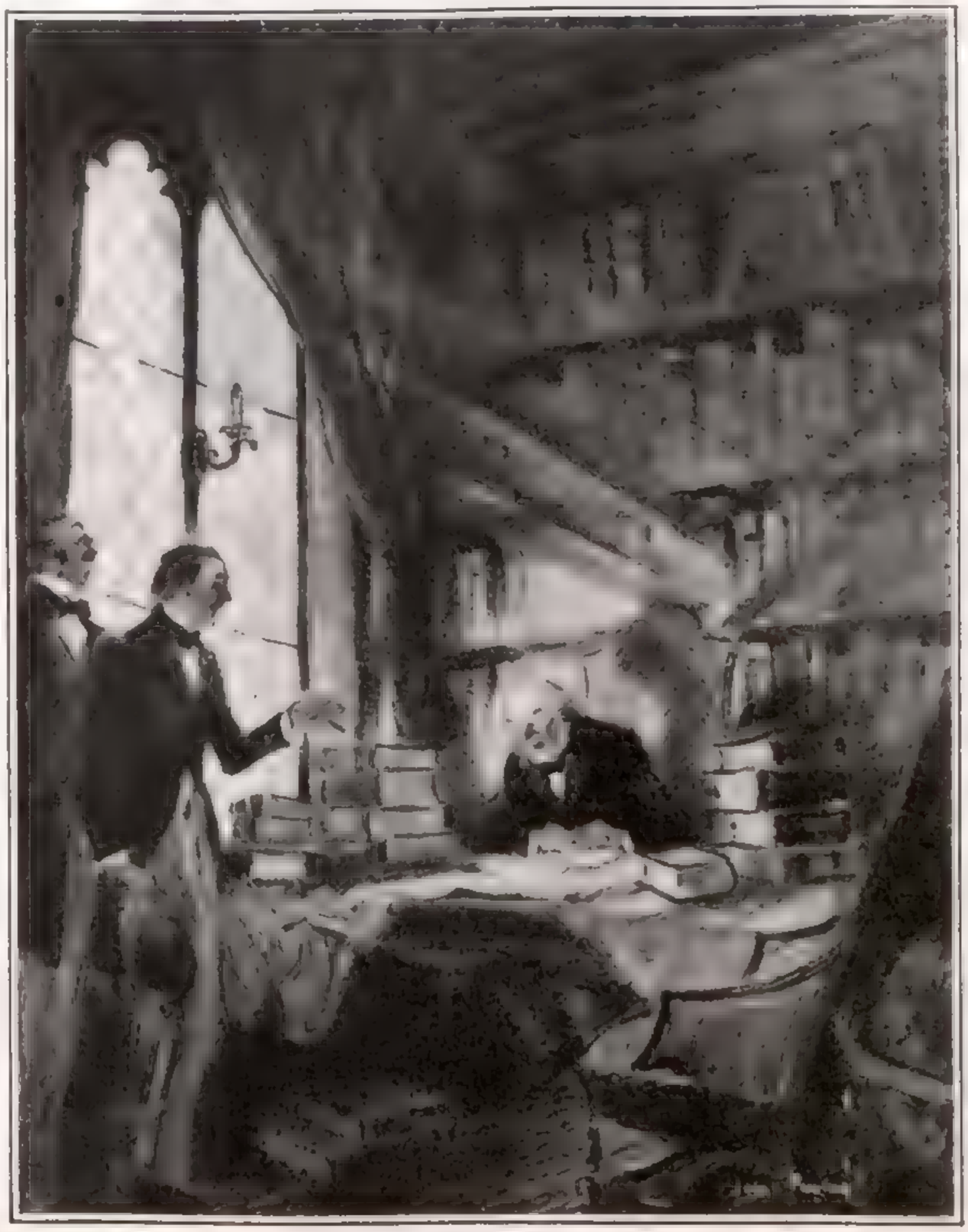
"So I am."

"But how should a consul know about Ibsen?" he asked.

It is easy for certain temperaments to wrap themselves in dullness and make even of the foreign service a thing of routine. Those who confine themselves to association exclusively with the official set and their own fellow country people, who worry themselves about precedence, the correct thing and their own dignity, may make good officials from one point of view, but they will lose a lot of fun. In the diplomatic branch, it is almost impossible to become case-hardened and inaccessible to new impressions, but it is easy for consuls in provincial cities, which may be dreary.

Some consuls may vehemently deny that there is absence of monotony; but the first years in any profession are a grind, and beyond these years extends a vista which stretches round the world. Promotion is due; delightful reverie; eager talk with the wife; will it be some Old World European town, some palm-fringed island of the tropics, some ancient Asiatic city where ten servants leap at a clap of the hand; some alert smart community of South America? Disappointment probably; but there comes,

(Continued on Page 209)



"Tobacco is Bad for Germs. These are Records of 1666 and I Don't Think They've Been Opened Since That Year of the Great Plague"

RUG HUNTING IN THE ORIENT

By Jordan Strand

IN FEBRUARY, 1921, the Bolsheviki occupied the Caucasus, and those of us who were not *personæ gratæ* were obliged to leave for Constantinople. The furnishing of new quarters brought up the rug question again, and this time I was not so hesitant over pitting my small store of knowledge against the skilled sharks in the rug markets. I, or they—according to the angle from which one views the proceedings—began to nibble at once.

Constantinople has always been the world's chief Oriental-rug market, and until a few years ago most of the buyers for the big European and American houses, as well as private collectors, brought their hunt for rugs to an end in its bazaars. Now the big firms have gone into Persia and established their own factories, where rugs and carpets can be hand-woven to Western taste, old pieces copied and old designs altered or new ones devised "as per order." Tourists and private collectors still, however, usually close the quest at Constantinople, first because travel in the rug-making countries is beset with difficulties, and second because if there are any old or period rugs left anywhere in Eastern lands they will inexorably flow into the Turkish capital. As a matter of fact there are probably today more antique rugs in the cities of the Atlantic seaboard than there are in the whole Orient.

I found that nearly every foreigner in Constantinople had his pet rug dealer. Polite society in foreign circles talked of its favorites and showed the same keen interest in the brands and prices of rugs that polite society in the United States often takes in its pet bootleggers and their brands of hooch. There was in Stamboul an American, largely diluted with Oriental strains, to whom the Americans flocked, while in Galata an Englishman with a Levantine twist took care of the conservative parties from the British Isles, and a Franco-Syrian in Pera enjoyed the patronage of the only pilgrims left who had any money. These men all knew their countrymen and how to do business with them. They told the truth about their rugs, and got good prices for it. Maybe they would lower the curtains when they showed a rug, or let a ray of sunlight in where it would do the most good. They would keep their voices down to a murmur as they told you why they liked the precious thing, and stroke it back and forth, with the pile for silkiness and against the pile for the warm, deep tones lurking there, while they talked honey. They tried to make you feel as though you were in church. But if you bought of them you could be fairly sure of getting what you paid for.

A Rug Made in Constantinople in Imitation of a Ghiordes of the 17th Century

Hadji Ben Adhem's Selling Talk

THE independents and the smaller fry, such as I, were powerfully impressed, but more with the prices than with the bright strong Kermanshahs, the silken Kashans or the opulent Tabrizes that these favorites oftenest succeeded in equipping our compatriots with. We, sniffing the wind for something for nothing, poked about among the bazaars and the dark little shops in the side streets, occasionally digging out a pet for ourselves, which, in the end, usually behaved as other pets do and bit the hand that fed it. There was a daily rug auction, except Fridays, held in the Great Bazaar, but we learned to keep away from that. After frantic bidders had run the prices up on us several times and we had escaped, or failed to escape, with rugs that nobody wanted when we tried to auction them off again, it was borne in on us that the daily auction was no place for a simple honest foreigner with a few paper pounds burning his pockets, and we didn't go there any more. We liked better to paw over the unpretentious stocks of Hadji Ben Adhem, whose shop you recognized by the mangy piece of carpet like a mule's ear nailed over the door and the old iron pot inscribed with Arabic characters that stood on the threshold.

Hadji Adhem was an honest man. He said so, and in the same breath swore to you that he had one price for everything in his shop and that he never lowered it. And he never did—that is, hardly ever. The shop filled three stories, and from the moment you entered it on the first floor until you had climbed up to the carpet room on the third you had to wind yourself like a shaving through a welter of battered brasses, cracked porcelains, the iron and pewter cast-offs of families that had long ago gone themselves into the limbo of forgotten things, all thrown together as if they had drifted in with the wind and the dust through the windows. Hadji trailed you, and purred mild phrases, English or French, as your case called for.

"Now dees rug, madame," was his invariable formula as he stooped to pluck one by the tail feathers from beneath a pile—"I buy heem just now from poor Armenian mans. He not know anything, and I pay only forty livres. It is beautiful rug, but I not say if it is good. True rug, I think, good color, good dyes, good everything; but I not say. You say. You like? Ver' well, you pay me fifty livres, ten livres enough my profit. I no want make big profit, more like maybe you make big bargain. Maybe you not like so much," throwing it quickly aside and picking up another. "All right, no matter. How you like this one?"

Such ingenuousness was not merely attractive, it was captivating; and more often than not when the customer departed the rug went with her. Hadji Adhem's ability to impress foreigners with his naïve honesty was a gift from the gods. I have heard him talked over at dinners, in circles far from his, where navy ladies who had seen everything, and hard-eyed dowagers who believed in nothing gave him their full vote of confidence; and at the very moment our feet would be resting on tributes to his salesmanship, as painted and common drabs "as ever I see."

Yet one did pick up good things in his shop now and then. A British friend of mine got an old Bergama from him for a few pounds, which he afterward sold at Christie's, in London, for many times its cost; and the wife of an American navy officer showed me an exquisite little blue Ghiordes, as thin and fine in texture as an old Senna, for which she had paid him about thirty dollars. It was patched in places and a bit frazzled, but sound enough for an antique of the eighteenth century, and if it wasn't genuine it was near enough to fool me or almost anybody.

I could never explain these exceptional bargains satisfactorily to myself in the light of my own experiences with him; nor, although I heard of some, did I see any to equal them in Constantinople. Perhaps it was really true that Hadji had bought these from one of those Armenian mans who didn't know anything; but that he himself knew no more is hard to credit. Most of his rugs were of the common sort that one can find anywhere in Constantinople with a commercial value of not more than twenty-five dollars, and with no artistic or collectors' value at all. Or if they had artistic merit they would be so frayed and full of holes that their commercial value was practically nil. After all, holes and substitute patches of yarn of inferior dyes in a rug are not beautiful. Those to whom these defects make no difference are either inexperienced or undiscriminating. The defects bear no relation to the age of the rug and it is silly to pay for them, as a good many people seem willing to do. In the last analysis the commercial value of a rug is the only basis upon which its price should be calculated, and that is rated upon so many square feet of sound material at so much per foot.

A Certified Dealer

ONE day in my rambles I saw an old Feraghan in a window. It was a grimy window, staring into the street with all the horrors in its eyes that incongruous reds, blues and greens mixed together in a common little rug-shop window can have. But the Feraghan was real and I liked it. From beside me suddenly a soft-spoken gentleman, in what we in some parts of the South would describe as a canoodling voice, invited monsieur to come inside and see all the beautiful things, free! *"Nous avons toutes les choses antiques, cher monsieur. Les Américains sont toujours nos clients. Voici!"*

He took my arm in a grasp as confidential as a whispered secret and dragged me to a panel which hung beside the door and in which he had framed a number of testimonials under glass. They all read about the same:

> This is to certify that during my six weeks' stay in Constantinople I bought a number of Oriental rugs from Mr. —— —— and am highly pleased with them. I found that I could always depend upon his word and that his prices were exceedingly low compared with others. He was very obliging in his efforts to find good pieces for me and I can heartily recommend him to Americans wishing to buy rugs in Constantinople.
>
> (Signed) JOHN BLANK,
> U. S. A

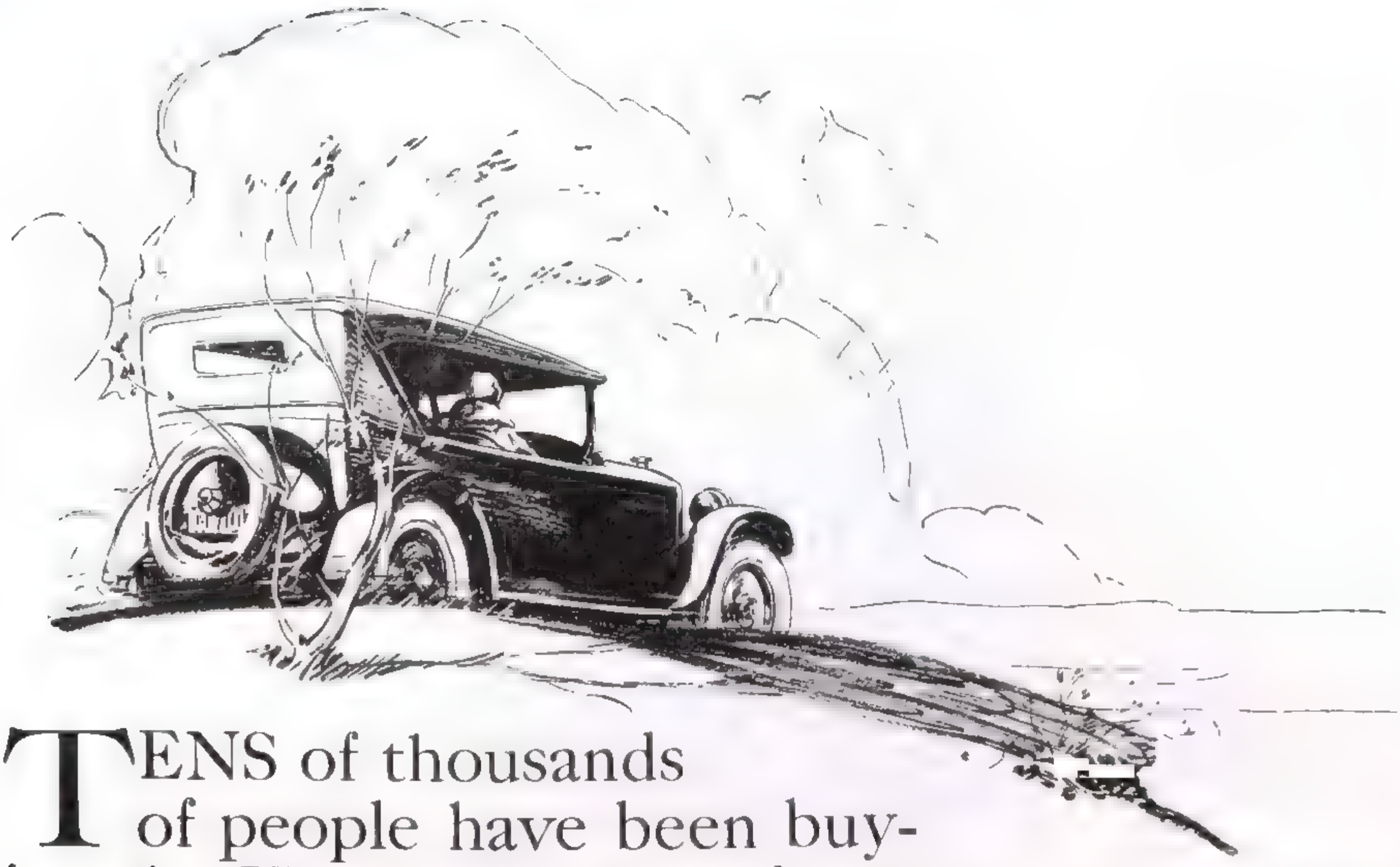
It was not the persuasive epistles of John Blank and his associates under the framed glass that drew me inside, but a combination of the Feraghan in the window, the cajoling pressure on my arm that, though disagreeable, could hardly be repelled without offense, and a most intriguing white eye, like that of a Texas horse, which twisted around in the gentleman's head, decidedly independent of its mate.

There was nothing much in the shop, a few odds and ends of curios, mostly from Idar or Birmingham, and several piles of very second-rate rugs with two or three rolled around sticks and stood upright in the corners to give the impression of their being valuable. The whole place looked as if it were not doing very well. The main attraction was the man himself, and it was plain that one couldn't like him. His manner was too engaging and familiar; yet there were those friendly letters beside the door, undoubtedly genuine, and nothing but his arresting eyes to account for them. The one was a warm merry blue that twinkled as it looked straight through you, while the other was as hard as a scoured marble and looked anywhere at all. They were humanly true and impishly devious, and they seemed to offer you an irresistible challenge to come and try your skill against the combination.

I accepted the challenge, and went out of the shop with the little Feraghan under my arm, well pleased with the result of our first bout. The price was reasonable and the rug all that its owner claimed for it. He followed me to the door and called after me, "Now that I know your *goût, mon cher monsieur*, we shall make some business together, *hein!*"

Not long afterward I found him awaiting me at the entrance to the club, and somewhat to the amusement of

(Continued on Page 44)



TENS of thousands of people have been buying the Hupmobile Four for 16 years to assure untroubled daily service from their motor car. They know that the Hupmobile *does* stand up better and longer; and that it *does* cost less to keep. The Hupmobile they buy today is the fortunate heir to all the superior engineering, excellent materials and conscientious workmanship for which Hupmobile is celebrated. Knowing these things, they virtually have only the choice of either owning a Hupmobile, or going directly against their better judgment.

Series R—the greatest Hupmobile of all the fours produced in 16 years—carries features and equipment which are popular and highly desirable:—Balloon tires, with powerful, reliable brakes 14 inches in diameter; one-piece windshield, with cowl ventilator; nickel radiator; head lamps and cowl lamps in nickel and enamel. Special Hupmobile storm curtains—easy and quick to handle, and opening and closing with the doors—are standard equipment on the touring car.

Touring Car, $1225; Roadster, $1225; Club Sedan, $1375; Two-passenger Coupe, $1350. Prices F. O. B. Detroit, tax to be added

GET ACQUAINTED WITH YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER. HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

HUPMOBILE

FOURS AND EIGHTS

Continued from Page 42

my fellow club members at the windows he literally dragged me away to his shop.

"I have found this and saved it for you," he said almost tenderly as he unfolded a piece of dirty sacking and brought out a little Bokhara about three by four and a half feet. It had the color of oak leaves in late autumn and was in perfect condition. It was hardly an antique, but it was in the near neighborhood—say, sixty years old—and toned down by the years of unhurried usage in some smoke-stained barbarian tent.

We haggled over it wordily until, after some disparagement on my part that the rug didn't merit, I ventured upon the question of price. He cocked the hard eye at me. "Of a tourist, *mon cher ami*, one should ask not less than one hundred and twenty livres. But with monsieur, who is a connoisseur, it is different. With the tourist, bah! One deals with him to make money, but with monsieur it is a pleasure. I should like monsieur to have pleasure, too, in dealing with me, and so one must not talk of big profits or the *rapport* would be spoiled Monsieur, I will tell you frankly: I paid sixty livres for this carpet. From you I take not more than 20 per cent profit." He figured it out on a torn scrap of paper. "Seventy-two livres, and I am content."

Close Buying

I DIDN'T believe him, but as I liked the rug I offered him forty livres, or about twenty-seven dollars at the day's exchange. It didn't budge him, nor did cautious advances, five at a time, until I stopped at sixty. "*Ami*," he protested, "I swear to you that I am telling the truth. Sixty livres it cost me, and in New York they would ask you not less than one hundred and sixty dollars. It is because monsieur loves rugs and I feel a great sympathy for him that I ask him only 20 per cent profit. I would shame monsieur and myself to ask less, is it not so? For I swear that from any other client I should take, at the very least, one hundred livres."

An Antique Kulah, 18th Century. At Left—A Modern Rug From Baku, Washed to Give it the Appearance of an Antique. At Right—A Kir Shehr Rug of Very Unusual Design From Anatolia

In the end I took it home on trial. As its charm seemed to increase with acquaintance and my friends who knew something about rugs agreed that it was worth what the dealer asked, I kept it. Used as a small table cover, it is a picturesque bit of Central Asia against the dull tones of a modern library.

These were the first of a good many transactions between us, and in spite of a sense of distrust I could never quite get over, I came to know what it was to have one's pet rug dealer, as the others had. Occasionally I could beat him down a few livres, though he always insisted that they came out of the flat 20 per cent profit which he vowed he never exceeded with me.

There was no doubt that his foot slipped at times along the narrow path that divided the realm of pure rugs from their doctored counterparts, but such lapses were rare and always acknowledged with such confusion and readiness to make amends that it was as impossible to harden oneself against him as against a child. He was so human in his rascality. Moreover—and perhaps most of his persuasiveness lay in that—he genuinely loved rugs. I saw him once, when he could not have known that I was looking, take up the folds of the beloved Bokhara I had bought in Tiflis and kiss them.

Other dealers were content to lure me in to see what they had in stock and to let me go out again if I saw nothing to arouse heart's desire; but this man caught the range of my taste and pocketbook to the dot, and searched the crannies of Constantinople to satisfy them. He brought me either good specimens of modern rugs at moderate prices or fairly old rugs of diminished commercial value but of still some beauty and distinction. I bought a lovely old Shirvan that he had picked up somewhere, all soft yellows and old gold, set in a dark blue field scattered over with flowers as carelessly as if they had been tossed away by the fingers of little children; and he found me a Yomud that must have been overlooked at the sacking of Samarkand. It brought to mind the dripping blades of the horsemen of Tamerlane, and ruined temples, and the jewels torn from the ears of the women as they swept across the plains of India There were one or two others, almost as desirable; and when the echoes of the dealer's reputation nagged so insistently at my ears that I could no longer ignore them, I was still constrained to admit that my purchases from him were of better value than any others I had made in Constantinople.

Growing Suspicions

WHEN my languishing interest began to betray my suspicions, the dealer was quick to interpret the signs aright, and he knew what to do. He showed me his books. He inveigled me into his shop once more, and took the books from a little desk, and we sat on a pile of carpets and looked them over. "*Mon ami* has heard that sometimes I do not tell the truth, and that

(Continued on Page 90)

Up with the Sun and on to Wellville!

Life holds more joy for him who travels down the road to Wellville. Health and Happiness walk this highway hand-in-hand. To dimpled babyhood and snow-crowned age Nature has taught the benefits of sunshine and fresh air, of exercise and simple food. In her lush vegetables and mellow fruits, in her foaming milk and in her golden grain there are vital elements your body needs . . . Post Health Products are made from nutritious grain. They are delicious, wholesome foods that build bone and brain and brawn. Eat of them more often and journey on to Wellville!

POSTUM CEREAL COMPANY, Inc., Battle Creek, Michigan

Makers of Post Health Products:

Post Toasties *(Double-Thick Corn Flakes)*, Post's Bran Flakes, Grape-Nuts, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum

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Wanted—A Substitute for Work

Some Expensive Gestures in Present-Day Business

By J. R. SPRAGUE

THE argument took place in a little Texas city and had to do with the purchase of a wardrobe trunk. The shopkeeper had extolled the merits of his merchandise, opening one drawer after another to show its capacity, explaining the security of the lock, and even giving the exterior a smart kick to demonstrate its power of resistance to the vicissitudes of modern travel. Everything seemed to point to the shopkeeper's success in making his sale. The client, a stout, middle-aged man of farmer type, regarded the trunk interestedly, and even made a motion as though to draw his bill book from the inside pocket of his coat. So nearly was the transaction completed that the shopkeeper actually reached out his hand to receive the money, when the client paused indecisively.

"Yes, it's a nice trunk all right," he said, "and strong too; I can see that. But it looks like your price is a mite too high. I'm sure I saw the same thing in the store window across the street for two dollars less, marked in plain figures on the tag."

The shopkeeper dropped his hand and looked irritably at the indicated store across the street, a flamboyant establishment with great glittering show windows and an American flag flying ostentatiously over the doorway. Only for a moment, however, did he allow his attention to stray from the business in hand. Earnestly he poured forth a torrent of argument to prove that the trunk in the store across the street could not possibly be so good as his; or if it were as good, it could not by any chance be cheaper. He even went so far as to state that if his trunk was not of equal value to any shown by competitors, he would personally eat it.

In spite of these assertions the client would not be convinced, and prepared to leave the shop to make personal investigation as to the comparative values of wardrobe trunks. The shopkeeper made a last desperate gesture. Seizing the client by the arm, he pointed to a spot on his own show window where in a small gilt circle was inscribed the cryptic symbol, "100 %"

"I guess you know what that means," he said heavily. "I'm 100 per cent American. I don't admit the trunk in the store across the road is cheaper than mine; but even if it is, you don't want to buy it. We Americans ought to stick together. Those people fly the American flag and try to act like 100-per-centers, but they're not—not by a long shot. They're foreigners!"

Whether or not the shopkeeper made the sale of his wardrobe trunk is immaterial. The significant part of the incident lay in the fact that he should have used his 100-per-centism as a business argument. Perhaps it was the fear of what he has seen developing for the past decades, each year of which has witnessed fewer old-stock American names on the factories, shops and offices of the country, and a correspondingly greater number of names of immigrants and second-generation Europeans. This in spite of the fact that the old-stock American has everything in his favor—better schooling, more thorough knowledge of conditions, higher social standing, background of American tradition.

Competition From Europeans

SUCH fears have nothing to do with race, but represent the nervous apprehension of every class that senses the danger of being evicted from a position of comfortable security. Everywhere in England, for instance, one sees nowadays in shop windows the sign, Only British-Made Goods Sold Here, which means that the English manufacturer and trader is worried lest he be obliged to give up his easy-going ways to meet the competition of harder-working and harder-living foreigners.

The present generation of American-born inherits a condition that has no counterpart in history. Our pioneer forefathers organized a vast and rich country in a fraction of the time that a similar territory was ever organized before. Fifty years ago, one may say, the United States had arrived; for at that time the organization work was practically completed. Fifty years is longer than the average man's active business career. Therefore almost every American in active life today has had his experience just at a period when the rough pioneer work has been finished, but so recently finished that all the natural resources are still substantially intact. Our generation has been able to gain not only the necessities but the luxuries of life, with less effort than has ever been the case with any great number of people in the history of the world.

The result of this background has been a distinct type of mind. From the recently passed pioneer days persists a tradition of work so strong that it is considered unbecoming to be idle. Added to this inheritance is the sight of an immense and still undeveloped country that is a constant urge to activity. Against this are the existing easy conditions that tempt to the belief in many individuals that business can be played as a joyous game. It is thoroughly logical that only in America is the phrase used in business, "I'll try anything once." Likewise America is the only place where a man may say as a gesture of pride, "I treat my business as a game."

In the countries where our immigrants have learned about life and where competition has been harsh for hundreds of years, the business man does not dare to try anything once, because a single error can set him back irrevocably and with no chance to regain his lost position. Neither can the European treat his business as a game. With him it is a matter of such seriousness that he dares to regard it only as a rather grim and sober affair that admits of no frothy gesture. The European business man ordinarily gets only a single chance; if he fails in that, he is finished.

In a country like America, where all tradition is toward work, but where conditions tend to produce quick results, it is almost inevitable that some minds get the idea that merely being busy means something, even without a definite sifting of the important from the unimportant. Perhaps an example of this mental confusion is the present-day tendency to shift responsibility from the individual to organizations.

Inspirational Spellbinders

THE American passion for business organization is a constant source of remark. Government estimate gives the number of trade associations as in excess of 1800 and the annual number of conventions at 15,000. Besides the regular trade associations, the past few years have seen the organization of eleven nation-wide business men's luncheon club societies, with more than 2000 local branches and combined membership approaching 250,000. Along with these agencies, there has been an enormous output of efficiency literature, of tabulated statistics, of government business bureaus, an increasing number of individuals who earn their living as business consultants and advisers.

Recently in London I had a conversation with an American business man whose affairs have kept him abroad for many years and who had just visited the United States for the first time since 1914.

"What is going on over there?" he demanded in a puzzled way. "In the old days I could usually see a business man when I called at his office, but this time I found it was necessary to have an appointment well in advance. The men I wanted to interview were in conference, or in Washington on committee work, or at the weekly meeting of the luncheon club, or making inspirational speeches before some trade organization. When I did manage to see one of my old business friends, he principally talked about efficiency. During my month in New York I heard that word spoken more times than in all the rest of my life."

Whenever a demand occurs there are always those to supply it. Numbers of schools have come into existence to train young men as trade-association secretaries—a profession that one recently issued prospectus described as "easily learned, fascinating and lucrative." Other schools train for business counselors, efficiency experts, system engineers. Quite recently an entirely new profession has come into existence to cater to the prevailing passion for gesture—that of the professional inspirational orator. This new calling occupies much the same position in industry as the inspirational writer holds in the syndicated columns of the daily newspapers. Conventions and trade gatherings compete for the services of well-known inspirational spellbinders to supply desired emotional thrills to the delegates. So popular has this form of stimulus become that it is frequently used by individual business firms whose executives desire to make zealous gesture take the place of personal effort.

It is not long ago that a great manufacturing corporation, with a score of branches throughout the country, found its business to be so seriously on the decline that the incomes of its thousands of stockholders were in jeopardy. The president decided that action of a strenuous nature was demanded. In such a crisis, and in view of the fact that many of the stockholders were poor people to whom the curtailment of a yearly dividend was a serious matter, one would think the president should have packed his bag and made a personal tour of the company's agencies to learn at first hand the reasons for the decline in business. But the president was a very busy man. His presence was demanded at a trade conference in Washington; at a meeting of his college alumni; at a convention of corporation executives. He decided on a gesture that would obviate the necessity for a tiresome personal tour of his agencies.

On a certain date the twenty agency managers of the corporation were summoned by telegraph to meet at a New York hotel for a conference. Arriving, the managers found a floor of the hotel set apart for their occupancy for a day and a banquet arranged for the evening. At the banquet the only speaker was a professional inspirational orator. For an intense thirty minutes he spoke to the agency managers on the value of loyalty to one's employer, the advancement that inevitably follows high thinking and clean living, and the importance of a never-say-die spirit in business. That was all. The agency managers went back to their posts next morning. The total cost of the conference, including railway fares and the orator's fee, was in the neighborhood of $12,000.

Not quite all either. In spite of the hired inspiration, the fortunes of the corporation continued to decline. Not long afterward it became involved in financial difficulties and was taken over by a syndicate composed largely of business men the majority of whom had arrived in the United States by steerage during the previous twenty years.

The average American would resent the accusation that he is not so hard a worker as the men of other nations. We have been brought up to regard ourselves as a somewhat austere, common-sense people, full of ideals of a practical nature and willing to work indefatigably for what we desire. In a word, we have been educated to think we are what Uncle Sam looks like in a dignified cartoon drawing. But can we say in truth that we merit the picture? Have not our latter-day environment and our protected national life bred a tendency to try to make our way by easy means—to mistake a gesture of work for the real thing?

The Growing Desire for Ease

ONLY the other day I had occasion to visit the offices of a certain corporation in a great Eastern city. The president apologized for keeping me waiting; he was, he said, cleaning up his calendar so as to be able to leave that evening to attend a three-day trade-association convention in a distant city. As a sign of his approaching departure, his golf bag was leaning against his desk, to be used in the tournament that was to be a feature of the convention. During our short conversation he had several hurried conferences with heads of departments, each conference being preceded by the formality of pressing an electric button to call his secretary, who in turn summoned the desired executive from his own private office. In each case more time was consumed in summoning the individual than in the actual conference.

The president was indisputably a very busy man. Yet one recalled the time not so many years ago, when the founder of the corporation was still in harness, that instead of the present array of private offices there was but a single great room, in the center of which was the flat-topped desk of the chief, surrounded by the desks of his subordinates. The chief of those days was no slave to gesture. If he desired words with a subordinate, he called by word of mouth: the subordinate came, received his instructions and went back to his desk. Were the more modern methods made necessary by greater scope of operations? Hardly so, for competition has so cut into the corporation's business that its volume is actually less than ten years ago.

Since pioneer days life has been easier in the United States than in any other country. During the past ten years it has been easier still. With constantly rising prices and an eager market, almost all business men could make money, the incompetent along with the competent. Inevitably long-continued ease breeds a desire for more ease. It is no accident that these recent years should have seen the tremendous increase in the number of agencies designed to lift responsibility from the individual and place it on some mysterious and attractive system. Neither is it an accident that even during these years of easy business, foreign names have multiplied on the signboards of the country.

It is quite natural that the old-stock American should have been tempted into an attitude of easy superiority toward foreigners. Seldom has he come in contact with an

(Continued on Page 237)

When the Crowd Hides the Title it's a Paramount Picture

People know good shows

THE news spreads like fire. Miles, within half a day.

They know. They go. They fill the theatre and swamp the lobby, and sometimes a third of the house will come the next evening to see it all over again.

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Whatever Paramount puts in, Paramount knows millions will take out, and thrill too, and talk of and thoroughly GET.

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"A KISS IN THE DARK"

A Frank Tuttle Production

With Adolphe Menjou, Lillian Rich and Aileen Pringle. From the play "Aren't We All" by Frederick Lonsdale. Screen play by Townsend Martin.

"THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL"

A HERBERT BRENON Production

With Alice Joyce, Neil Hamilton, Mary Brian and Esther Ralston. From the novel by Anne Douglas Sedgwick. Screen play by John Russell.

"MADAME SANS GENE"

Starring GLORIA SWANSON

From the famous play by Victorien Sardou and Emile Moreau. Screen play by Forrest Halsey. Directed by Leonce Perret.

"THE SPANIARD"

A Raoul Walsh Production

With Ricardo Cortez and Jetta Goudal. From the novel by Juanita Savage. Screen play by J. T. O'Donohoe.

"THE CROWDED HOUR"

Starring BEBE DANIELS. From the play by Channing Pollock and Edgar Selwyn. Screen play by John Russell. Directed by E. Mason Hopper.

"THE CHARMER"

A SIDNEY OLCOTT Production

STARRING POLA NEGRI. From the novel "Mariposa" by Henry Baerlein. Screen play by Sada Cowan.

"WELCOME HOME"

A JAMES CRUZE Production

With LOIS WILSON, Warner Baxter and Luke Cosgrave. Based on the story and stage play "Minick" by Edna Ferber and George Kaufman. Screen play by Walter Woods.

"THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH"

A JAMES CRUZE Production

From the New York dramatic success by Lewis Beach Produced by the Dramatists' Theatre, Inc. Screen play by Walter Woods and Anthony Coldewey.

"THE NIGHT CLUB"

With RAYMOND GRIFFITH. Adapted by Walter Woods from William de Mille's play "After Five." Directed by Frank Urson and Paul Iribe. Screen play by Keene Thompson.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

MOTHER

THIS is the test of a successful mother—she puts first things first. She does not give to sweeping the time that belongs to her children.

An electric motor runs a vacuum cleaner for less than 2 cents an hour.

She does not give to washing the time that belongs to her children.

An electric motor runs a washing machine for 3 cents an hour.

She does not rob the evening hours of their comfort because her home is dark.

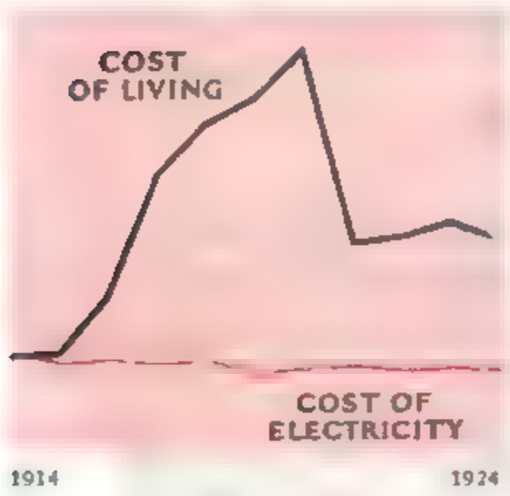
To light a room splendidly, according to modern standards, costs less than 5 cents an hour.

Men are judged successful according to their power to delegate work. Similarly the wise woman delegates to electricity all that electricity can do.

She cannot delegate the one task most important. Human lives are in her keeping; their future is molded by her hands and heart. No lesser duties should interfere with the supreme duty of having plenty of time with the children.

Certainly no household drudgery should distract her, for this can be done by electricity at a cost of a few cents an hour.

You will find these letters on many tools by which electricity works. They are on great generators used by electric light and power companies. They are on electric lamps and on tiny motors that make hard housework easy. By such tools electricity dispels the dark and lifts heavy burdens off human shoulders. Hence the letters G-E are more than a trade mark. They are an emblem of service.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

THE LAUGHING DEATH

By Nunnally Johnson

ILLUSTRATED BY NANCY FAY

THE ai, having checked up on its three toes and found them all there, made a grave study of the young man who stared at her through the fence. He was, this sloth guessed, a few months over twenty-three, unmarried, not altogether tidy, but pleasant and youngish looking, and reading law in the office of a firm in Fulton Street, probably near Broadway, where he was not regarded as particularly promising, being, as his elders said among themselves, too much of a woolgatherer.

He lived, her idle speculations continued, on Staten Island, as roomer in a private home remote enough from all transit lines to be unusually reasonable; in fact, cheap; and he wrote back to Anniston, where his mother and sister lived and boasted of their boy in New York, on an average of twice a week. Only, the ai decided, he had not been so regular with his correspondence of recent weeks; and being a mother herself, the ai wondered what had happened.

None, of course, but an exceptionally intelligent ai could have told so much about Paul Paine simply from his appearance; and not even this one, as extraordinarily brilliant as she was, was able to discover everything about him. She did not, for example, learn that ——

At that moment a girl not wearing an imitation sealskin coat stepped in front of the young man, and with the suggestion of a giggle tossed a peanut through the fence.

"Take that," she said, "you two-letter word!"

An expression of deep perplexity came into the ai's face. What had this girl called her? A two-letter word? What did she mean—a two-letter word?

Reaching down for the peanut, her mind occupied with the possible significance of this new title, the ai failed to see the light of pleasure which the girl's words brought to Paul Paine's eyes. It was as though he were a stranger in some far land and had heard, for the first time, his own language spoken. He turned on her a look filled with interest.

It may have been that her coat was not imitation sealskin, or that she was pretty and blond and dainty, or that she carried a folded newspaper under her arm; but whatever it was, he spoke to her—as naturally as he would have another white man met in the jungles of Zanzibar.

"You do cross-word puzzles too."

It was a friendly statement of fact. The girl turned quickly, so quickly and ominously that he was thrown into a panic. He had accosted a stranger, and a pretty girl at that! He was stammering, on the point of a confused apology, when the girl, reassured by the complete absence of menace in him, replied.

"Yes," she said—and no more.

Paul laughed with embarrassed relief.

"The ai," he explained nervously—"the ai, you know—why, the ai ——" He seemed snagged on a two-letter word meaning a three-toed sloth, and the girl nodded encouragingly. "It's a two-letter word!" he accomplished his sentence triumphantly.

"I can't decide which you're better at," the girl commented thoughtfully, "arithmetic or spelling. How many letters are there in a bovine ruminant?"

"Three," he replied promptly. "Y-a-k."

She smiled with pleased surprise.

"That was good!" she exclaimed. "Then you are a cross-word puzzler!"

He expanded floridly with mysterious pride.

"It may savor of boastfulness," he answered hesitantly; "but—but—but"—he suddenly switched his thought—"may I introduce myself?"

"I don't mind a boast now and then," the girl said. "Who are you?"

"My name is Paul Paine."

"Nay," She Replied Solemnly. "On the Contrary, I am Elated. You Did Not Err"

He watched her sharply, anxiously, and was rewarded by a widening of her eyes.

"Really?" she cried. "The champion cross-word puzzler! You're not joking?"

A little uncertain which question he was to answer, he shook and nodded his head at the same time, in one bewildering movement, for he was far too filled with pride to trust himself with speech.

"What fun!" she went on. "I was just reading about the tournament you won. It must have been awfully exciting. And you are Paul Paine!"

He repeated the vague weavings of his head.

"You are not," he asked then, suddenly anxious, "irate at my accosting you?"

She glanced at him suspiciously.

"I'm not what?" she demanded.

"You aren't irate or irked at my speaking to you?"

He was so obviously in earnest, so plainly far from any spirit of levity, that she was again reassured and amused.

"Nay," she replied solemnly. "On the contrary, I am elated. You did not err."

He was relieved.

"It was the ai," he explained; "I was just thinking of its being a two-letter word when you came up." He looked around uncertainly. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind trekking around the zoo and scanning some of the other animals and feathered vertebrates?"

"E. g.," she submitted gravely, "the emu."

The ai, which had been listening to this conversation with a growing sense of astonishment, watched them saunter slowly down the walk. She saw the girl turn to the young man and heard her say, "My cognomen is Cynthia Bradley."

And that night the ai said to her husband, "Emil, I don't know what these humans are coming to! Such words as I heard today I've never heard before!" To which her husband replied curtly, "Desist and go to sleep. Your prattle roils me."

Cynthia Bradley and Paul Paine made their way to the monkey house and looked at the ape.

Then they came to the yard where were the egret, the eider, the rhea and the emu.

And presently they sauntered farther and studied together the yak and the gnu.

"It's training for me," he explained seriously. "I doubt if I'll e'er be much of a barrister, but now that I've attained a goal as a cross-word puzzler, I thought I ought to nourish my opportunity, don't you?"

"To reach the apex," she agreed, "you ought."

In point of fact, she had given as much study to him as she had to the gnu. Her first amused excitement at meeting a champion, whatever his field, had faded into a curious interest.

To her, a dilettant in puzzles, his thorough absorption in them was new and strange. She found him, though, a pleasantly comfortable person to talk with; a youth somewhat vaguely hopeless about his career in law, but keenly alive in everything else—except puzzles.

"The value of the puzzles," he declared, "lies in their aid to the vocabulary. You note words unused by you ere you were initiated."

"Some of them," she agreed again, "I haven't used in æons and æons and æons!"

"That's it!" he said. "Since my entry to puzzle work I have become avid for words. It is not bombast when I aver I must have added thousands of new words to my vocabulary."

"Aye," she answered. "And ergo, you are champion! But what of your law?"

"I am utilized," he explained, "by McGillicuddy, McGillicuddy, McGillicuddy, McGillicuddy & Mack. My aim is to try cases, torts, in court; but so far I have only been let to prepare theses. But perhaps ere long I shall be let."

They had reached the exit gate, and Cynthia turned and put out her hand.

"Unless you are going downtown," she said, "good-by. I've got to get to Staten Island."

"Why," he exclaimed, "I also live on that isle! I'll take you home."

She was in some mysterious way pleased. On the Subway they studied the advertisements silently all the way to the Battery. On the ferry he pointed out to her dories, yawls, tugs, scuppers, and the orlop of a s. s.—abbr.—bound for its pier in the North River. But it was she who recalled, to his delight, that they were standing in the lee of the cabins.

As they left the boat he called her by her first name and glowed with pleasure when she did not seem to mind. He had never, he felt, met a girl of such charm, never a girl with more whole-hearted attention in her eyes. They twinkled now and then, to be sure, but her words were always gravely spoken. She, he felt, understood him.

"I hope," he said just before she entered her home, "that you did not think I was ogling you or leering at you at the zoo."

"Nay, nay!" she laughed. "Your mien was immaculate."

"And you didn't think I was an oaf or a zany?"

"Not at all, Paul. You've been very nice, very charming. I like you."

"Then," he ventured, "if you are not sated with me, I should like to come to see you sometime erelong."

"Do," she said from the door. "Come some e'en for a repast. And don't," she added, "wait an era before doing it."

II

THIS seemed to be one of those rare occasions when Mr. Bradley, tearing himself away from his laboratory and inventions, chose to stand staunch and immovable on his rights. In this case it was his daughter who opposed him.

"I won't have him here," he declared for the fifth or sixteenth time. "That's all—he must be kept away."

"Look, dad," Cynthia declared firmly, "you forget that Paul is still quite young. It seems to me that you are quite unreasonable about him. I like him; and if his crossword-puzzle stuff annoys you, you needn't come into this room while he is here."

"He's a cuckoo," volunteered her brother Joe.

"He is not cuckoo!" she retorted. "And besides, I was not talking to you."

"He's cuckoo," Joe repeated, unmoved in his opinion.

"Joe," Mrs. Bradley, looking up from the sweater which she had been knitting since shortly after the Spanish-American War, mildly reproved her son, "you mustn't say cuckoo: it isn't refined."

Mr. Bradley fixed his daughter's attention.

"Cynthia," he said, "young or old, he's got to stop confusing me with those words he uses or keep away from here. I will not be confused in my own home and at my age. What does he ask me last night? He says, 'Mr. Bradley, I'd like to lave before dinner.' That's exactly what he said! He'd like to lave!"

Joe smiled cynically.

"Go on, pop," he said; "tell the rest."

Mr. Bradley looked uncomfortable.

"There is no rest," he declared sullenly.

"No!" jeered his son. "And who brought him a razor and a shaving mug?"

Mr. Bradley flushed angrily.

"That's just what I'm trying to make plain," he declared. "He confuses me. I know what lave means as well as any man on Staten Island, but he confused me. I won't have it! Why can't Cynthia have somebody around like that young fellow Bellows who used to come to see her?"

"But, papa," Mrs. Bradley objected, "Mr. Bellows turned out to be a burglar."

"I know, I know," Mr. Bradley nodded impatiently. "But nevertheless he was a very interesting young man. Outside of being a burglar he was very nice."

"Maybe," Mrs. Bradley said, "if Cynthia had been nice to him he wouldn't have been a burglar."

"No," said Joe. "Once a burglar, always a burglar. However, I'd just as soon have a burglar around as a cuckoo."

Cynthia started to retort again, but her mother spoke first, in an effort to bring peace.

"Dad's nerves are all upset," she explained; "it's the invention—and Uncle Cedric."

Cynthia was instantly contrite. She had no faith, no sympathy whatever, in the Bradley Patent Knife, which was a table knife with a slight ridge around the edges of one side of the blade, purposed as a boon to people who were inadept at holding such spherical foodstuffs as peas on the flat of the ordinary table knife. He had labored on its perfection for a year, to the accompaniment of silence from his daughter and derisive encouragement from his son.

"It's not refined to eat with your knife of course," Mrs. Bradley helped justify her husband; "but millions of people still do it, and they ought to be protected in some way. Your father's invention will be a godsend to these unfortunates."

Cynthia had no faith in it, but her father was elderly and obsessed with the idea

Cynthia suspected, too, that the little store on the Richmond Turnpike, which catered to a steady average of about two customers a day, was much more unsteady than he would admit.

"I'm sorry, dad," she said. "Let's don't talk about it any more. Why isn't the invention all right? I thought it was finished."

"Finished," said Mr. Bradley, "and sent out to the Little Giant Table Tools Manufacturing Company—my last chance."

"Why last?"

"It's the only one," he explained morosely, "that hasn't turned it down. They've had it two weeks now, and I ought to hear any day. If they turn it down ——"

Such were the workings of kismet this day that at that very moment the postman's whistle sounded on the doorstep.

Mr. Bradley stood rooted to the spot, his face pale, his eyes bright.

"Go to the door, Joe," he said.

Joe looked at his sister.

"Go to the door, sis," he said.

Mrs. Bradley laid down her knitting and went, returning five seconds later with a long parcel. Mr. Bradley tried bravely to smile when he saw it, but he knew the earmarks of failure, and his eyes filled with tears.

"I reckon," he said, "nobody wants it." He walked, tired, suddenly very old, toward the door. He turned when he reached it and said with an effort at lightness, "Better begin packing up things, mother. We may have to get out in the street next week."

It was Joe who caught the undercurrent of tragedy.

"What do you mean?" he asked quickly.

Mr. Bradley came back. The faces of his family were suddenly alert, apprehensive.

"I thought," he said slowly, "that this time I'd be successful. I thought that maybe I'd put it over. I'd banked so on it; I'd spent so much money ——"

"Papa," Mrs. Bradley interrupted frantically, "go on, tell us, what did you do?"

"Well, mother, I'm afraid I spent money that I oughtn't. I needed some tools and some pewter and some blue prints and all those things that inventors have to have, and—well, I had to use some of the mortgage money; in fact, I had to use it all." He sat down heavily. "I was sure it would come out all right this time," he explained dully. "I was sure I'd get an advance royalty and be able to pay it back. But ——"

He made a gesture of despair.

For a few seconds no one spoke. Stunned by the news, they sat and looked at the broken old man. Cynthia closed her eyes. It was not much that her father had spent—six hundred dollars—but she knew that it could not be raised again, not by the date on which it was due. And she knew, too, that it would be futile to look for mercy from old Silas Gallup, holder of the mortgage, who was known far and wide as the meanest man on Staten Island.

"I thought," her father began again, "that I'd be helping ——"

No need to blame him. What had happened had happened. They might as well prepare themselves for it. Mrs. Bradley—now weeping softly—could go to her sister's home in the Bronx. But Mr. Bradley, old, tired, discouraged, what ——

Feet pounded suddenly on the porch.

"Cynthia! Cynthia!"

An excited voice calling. She raised her head. Paul's voice, calling again, and now there was a pounding at the door. Something whispered to her that it might mean something, that in some way this boy might be bringing news, good news, hope. She ran to the door and threw it open.

Paul stood there, red of face, panting, perspiring from his long run across the lea. For a minute, while he remained the object of all attention, he gasped, unable to utter a word, and then he spoke in a spasmodic gush of sound.

"Hoy!" he said.

"Hoy?" Cynthia knitted her brows, trying to grasp the import of the news. "Hoy?"

"Hoy!" he repeated.

"Make him sit down," advised Mrs. Bradley. "Let him get his breath." She, too, sensed something important. "Take your time, Paul. Sit down now and don't worry. Get your breath."

The boy stumbled to a chair and sat for a minute, until able to speak coherently. Then he addressed Cynthia.

"That word," he said, "was 'hoy.'"

"That word?" She was annoyed in some way. "What word?"

"The one we erred on," he explained, still breathing hard. "The number sixteen horizontal meaning an English coasting vessel. It was 'hoy.' I found it today." He gazed at her proudly, triumphantly.

"It was 'hoy,'" he repeated when she failed to answer. "I thought you'd want to know, so I ran over as quickly as I could." There was still silence, an ominous silence. "It was 'hoy,'" he repeated a little uneasily. "The word was 'hoy.' H-o-y, hoy. It was ——"

He stopped. The others did not speak. Cynthia turned and leaned against the wall, her face in her arms. Mr. Bradley and Joe only looked at Paul, long and earnestly. Finally Joe broke the silence.

(Continued on Page 98)

"Hoy!" He Said "Hoy?" Cynthia Knitted Her Brows, Trying to Grasp the Import of the News. "Hoy?"

It would take the entire capacity of the great Buick factories *more than six months* to produce the Buick cars now in operation on the Pacific Coast — Buick value is recognized everywhere
★There are MORE BUICKS in use north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi than there are 6-cylinder cars of any other make in the entire United States. — — — You choose wisely when you choose a Buick
In 1924, in the Metropolitan District of New York, which includes the counties shown above, more new Buicks were registered than any other six-cylinder car — — — *even more than any four-cylinder car except one.*

In *all* America, no other quality motor car has won so large or so universal a share of public confidence as Buick. + + +

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN

Branches in all Principal Cities
Dealers Everywhere

Division of General Motors Corporation
Canadian Factories:
McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ont.*

Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

When Better Automobiles Are Built, Buick Will Build Them

FRIEND HUSBAND

The Story of an Independent Woman

For the First Time John Was Experiencing a Pride in Possessions

SOMETIMES little incidents out of life seem prophetic and have a dramatic value, like the prologue of a play. One happened to me when I was in college, which really strikes the keynote of more than just my little life drama, and might almost be considered a challenge or at least an introduction to a whole significant movement of the day.

Three of us were having a luncheon of sandwiches and coffee in a little single-room shanty built in the fence of the athletic field. We all preferred this eating place to the more elegant restaurant provided by the college. The president of the university had just begun carrying out an intention previously announced, and it was making quite a stir. He was sending for each of the girl seniors and asking her what she meant to do with her life. The one sitting on the high stool at my left had already been consulted, and she had said she was specializing in something that she expected to develop into a career from which she hoped to make fame and money. The other said she was going to get married and make a career out of domestic life. That was Madge Hewlitt, who, to be sure, was not as yet engaged. Still, she was one of those popular co-eds with dimpled elbows and vivacious ways who are forever breezing across a dance floor on the arm of the college hero and tapping him intimately on the shoulder with their fans. It was such a foregone conclusion she would carry out her purpose that nobody paid any attention to her.

The Old Woman's Prophecy

I HAD not yet been consulted, but they asked me what I was going to say. I answered that I was going to develop a specialty that I would work hard at and make lots of money, but that I would make a separate career of marriage too. My reply was given in the spirit of banter, and yet there must have been a certain seriousness back of it. For the toothless dame, aged seventy-two, who conducted the shanty, had been apparently totally absorbed in her own career of running that restaurant until my young comment pricked her into life. Evidently I roused something in her that is of all time and universal, for she became quite animated over it.

Raising a prophetic forefinger, she uttered like an oracle the warning: "You can't do both—you can't do both."

A great many people seem to agree with that old woman, even now. Everybody, from a short-story writer to a judge in a court of domestic relations, when he wishes to effect a happy ending, pries the wife out of her job or her career or whatever life work she is engaged on and returns her to domesticity. Still, I held to my point of view and meant to carry it out if humanly possible, except that, with the ardor of youth, I was then far more interested in the career. In a few months I graduated from the A. B. course in that Middle Western university straight into the department of artificial flowers in a New York department store. And it was indeed a promotion. Whether I accepted this post of saleslgirl—beside the millinery and just opposite the rest room - because John Pollock was on the seventh floor in the advertising, I do not know. Once I should have said this had nothing to do with my actions, but since the recent discovery of the subconscious self and all the muck-raking it has come in for, I seldom hazard statements regarding purposes.

Anyway after I once got into the store I used to overhear some of the women ad writers in conversation with the buyers when they met informally in the rest room. One day the manager of the perfumery department held a long, earnest, whispering conversation on the chaise longue with the girl who wrote the advertisements about it, when suddenly the latter burst out with "You think the perfumery's the only department in this store!" I felt that if I had something to do with the sweet-smelling area it covered and should maybe some day get to visit the source of supply for it, I should think so too. My one earthly aim then was to get into the department that advertised it, with no conscious thought about John Pollock—having had a perfectly good chance at him in college and failed. Quarterly reports on my standing might have read "Good in all the arts except that of attracting John Pollock."

He was among the six most popular men in college, and one of the very first that Madge Hewlitt practiced on. I hardly know whether his appeal rested more on his looks or the fact, which was a foregone conclusion, that he would be a good catch. As he did not once rise to glory in anything academic, and yet never fell below the average, professors contented themselves in their quarterly reports with the written comment that he would probably distinguish himself in his business career. He had high cheek bones, and his face was flooded with two irregular pools of color into the lower shore line of which the white lapped on either side. His mouth was the merest horizontal line, and he had very straight hair, one lock of which was unruly. He was tall, but had a look of lean strength about him. Though his clothes were always tidy, you felt he was too occupied with something else to give much attention to them. What engaged him at that time was the college weekly. The most characteristic thing about him was a way he had of looking intently ahead of him at some invisible object and wrinkling his forehead into a frown. The little movement indicates seriousness and shows itself in many, I think, besides John Pollock. It is almost characteristic of young American manhood, symbolizing what they can never find words for, which is the deep earnestness with which they mean to tackle life.

The College God in Business

ONE morning in the department store, when I was pretending I was a Tennysonian maiden in my bower of artificial flowers, it was awfully funny to see this erstwhile college god descend out of the elevator and stride into the millinery department with the same old serious frown, except that it was more alive, immediate and snappy—maybe he was going to justify the comment of the professors about him after all. His cheeks were still red, as when he was forever in the open, only I thought it was emotion that made them so.

He walked into the middle of the section, picked up a spray of artificial daisies and cornflowers from the center bargain counter—where they were on sale after Easter and flung them down again as if they had been real flowers, not merchandise. He said he would like to find the woman who had recommended advertising those turned-up hats. She had neglected to acquaint herself with the fact that the stock was too low to supply the demand of one forenoon.

I kept trying to get his attention from behind my counter, even leaning toward him in the unabashed security of my economic independence. When he saw me he changed his manner and hurried over.

"Hello," he said. "What ever are you doing here?"

(Continued on Page 105

Pyralin gives greater value to products!

FOREMOST among the chemical engineer's achievements was his creation of Pyralin. The usefulness of the rods, tubes and sheets of this wonderful material seems unlimited. Rapid as the development of radio has been, the adaption of Pyralin to its use has kept pace. Today, it is setting new standards for loud-speaker horns, for panels, and for other radio parts.

But this is only one of scores of fields in which Pyralin has given greater economy, greater beauty and greater salability to products.

Manufacturers now use economical Pyralin to give the appearance of costly pearl, and amber, and jade; with its radiant beauty they replace the sombreness of wood and metal; they give people the benefit of its cleanness, its durability, *and its economy*.

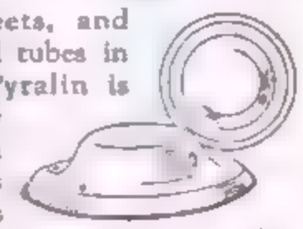
Even greater benefits will result as, more and more, manufacturers understand the ease with which Pyralin can be worked; as they learn of the thousands of different articles now made from it; when they realize its almost limitless possibilities.

The du Pont Industrial Research Laboratories are prepared to study the possibilities of the application of Pyralin to the problems of any manufacturer who will avail himself of its resources. Write for an interesting pamphlet, "What next will be made of Pyralin?" and describe your product to us. Perhaps Pyralin can increase its salability. Write today.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., Inc. ✎ *Pyralin Department* ✎ ARLINGTON, NEW JERSEY

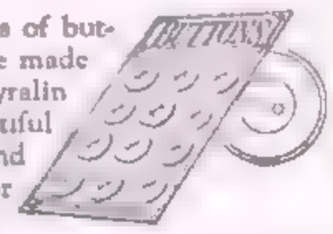
DU PONT Pyralin

IN the vast field of radio, Pyralin takes an important rôle. Not only are panels of great beauty and efficiency made from it, but also loud-speaker horns, tone arms and tone chambers for cabinets; and dials in black or mahogany, to match or contrast with the rest of the cabinet.



The sheets, and rods, and tubes in which Pyralin is made may take on hundreds of colors and be fashioned in countless forms. Articles made from them may be buffed into brilliant lustre or left in satin-dull finish.

The versatility of Pyralin is its outstanding characteristic. It may be sawed or turned or tooled, like wood and metal; articles may be stamped from it at the drop of a die.



Millions of buttons are made from Pyralin — beautiful pearl and onyx for wraps and suits, or fantastically cut and ornamented buttons so popular for trimming. Pyralin buttons are easy to manufacture; and easier to sell.

The lenses in stop-lights and tail-lights that gleam from thousands of automobiles are made of Pyralin; the windshield vizors that protect your eyes from the sun; the windows in auto side-curtains; the handle on your gear-shift lever—all these may be made of Pyralin.

Rods, and sheets, and tubes of Pyralin may readily be made plastic and moulded into countless forms. The shell rims that adorn eye-glasses may be made of Pyralin; the cases that enclose your glasses may be pressed from it; vizors, and the goggles that protect workmen's eyes from the glare of electric lights and flying particles of metal—all these may be made, and are made, from Pyralin.

Truly, Pyralin takes on countless forms and colors. Whatever product needs beauty, whatever needs greater salability, whatever needs economy, its maker should know what Pyralin can give to it.

What next will be made of Pyralin?

WILLYS · OVERLAND · FINE · MOTOR · CARS

World's Lowest Priced Line of Cars

-with Sliding Gear Transmission

now equipped with

All-Steel Bodies

Greater Vision - Greater Safety
Greater Power - Greater Economy

A chassis that has proved its quality to over 250,000 owners

WILLYS·OVERLAND·INC., TOLEDO, OHIO - WILLYS·OVERLAND·SALES·CO., LTD., TORONTO, CAN.

OVER

New All-Steel OVERLAND SEDAN

By public acclamation the unrivaled leader in the low-priced closed car field. $110 lower than the nearest competitive car. Offers advantages of an *all-steel* body, giving greater safety and greater vision. Greater strength . . . greater protection . . . longer life. Duco finish. *Four* wide doors. Comfort for five. Extreme economy.

$715

New All-Steel BUSINESS COUPE

3 passengers—a better-than-ever closed car for professional men, salesmen and small families at a lower-than-ever price. All-steel body, Duco finish. Extra wide doors and seat. Unusually large luggage compartment in the waterproof rear deck. Greatly increased driving vision.

$635

New All-Steel TOURING CAR

Lustrous, baked-enamel finish, *permanently* beautiful . . . big power . . . *patented* Triplex Springs . . . rugged axles . . . *balanced* crankshaft . . . modern disc-type clutch . . . sliding gear transmission . . . foot accelerator . . . lowest insurance rates. A remarkably low price only made possible by huge volume sales.

$495

LAND

THE OLD WAR HORSE

He Carried His Lunch Over to Miss Potter's Table and Received Her Gubernatorial Bow. "What are They Doing Politically?" He Asked

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

"BUT what has she ever done to prove her loyalty to the party?" demanded Miss Potter.

Her great inflexible platform voice came booming through the room, and at its intrusion the men shifted uneasily and turned toward it. "That's true enough," said someone feebly.

"Gentlemen," the voice toned heavily, "I have been a member of this party for many years, as you know. Long before women were given the vote I made the party my study—almost, I might say, my religion. I had ample opportunity for study during those terms when my father was giving the best of himself in service to this state as its governor. That is why I say that you should test these women before giving them such honor as you propose. A place on the state central committee is one of importance, but a place on the executive body of that committee is one of the highest rank. This young woman may be bright; she may be clever. I ask you this, before you give her such distinction—are you convinced that she is heart and soul with the party, and what has she done to prove her loyalty to it?"

She sat back in her chair triumphantly, half smiling. The smile was like the wrong light on her face, throwing into relief its wrecked contours, cheeks no longer firm, bones assertive, and the yellow hair which showed beneath the edges of her hat lied unconvincingly about her age and made a last hopeless claim on beauty.

"There's no doubt that Miss Potter's right," said Fred Evans; "loyalty's the thing we've got to emphasize. There are too many people calling themselves members of a party and refusing to tie up to it." He glanced sourly at Tony Marlow. "A lot of Bolsheviks and half-baked reformers don't do an organization any good. We have just one thing on our hands now for the next four years and that's to build up a good working machine. You can't do that if all your committee isn't with you heart and soul. I'm like Miss Potter. I want to know what this Mrs. Mackay has done to be put on the executive committee. I admit we need a woman on it. I think the woman who belongs there is Miss Potter herself. She's been in this party for years and she knows the game. What's this other woman's contribution?"

"Mrs. Mackay certainly worked in the last campaign and put it over," said young Tony Marlow, lifting his thin ascetic face, which wore the thwarted look that political meetings usually put upon it.

"Oh, yes—and no. Looking back at that campaign it was a walk-away. A lot of people got publicity out of it who capitalized the fact that it was bound to be a landslide."

Tony's eyes grew more grim.

"Well, you've got to admit that Mrs. Mackay is a power among the women. If you want to hold the women ——"

"Don't worry about that, Mr. Marlow," said Miss Potter; "we'll hold the women. They only need to be told that it is their duty to themselves, their homes and their children to support the party and they will fall in line. They must not question, they must learn."

"But they do question," said Tony. "We can't hand out that old dope any more and get away with it. If they aren't satisfied they'll play it alone. The last campaign showed that."

"The last campaign showed nothing of the sort," contradicted Evans.

Evans was the official mouthpiece of the real boss and had every right to make final conclusions. He always objected to what Marlow said. It was a mistake having Marlow on the state central committee, and if Evans had had his way Marlow wouldn't be on it now.

The ghost of ancient coquetry was in Miss Potter's eyes, as well as bitterness.

"Don't worry about the women so much, Mr. Marlow. I think you'll find, on more complete experience, that nearly every woman follows some man's leading."

That turned a laugh on Marlow and did not displease the others.

"These highbrow society women always are a flash in the pan anyway," said Senator Jenks. "I've seen them around the capitol making nuisances of themselves. They obscure the issue."

He snapped off the last senatorial phrase brusquely. It was clearly not a group devoted to the interests and praise of Patsy Mackay, and Tony glowered in silence while the discussion on women was finished. There were only three women present and none of them took exception to it. Besides Miss Potter, there was another large rawboned woman from Deer Lake, who technically represented Deer County, and a small worn-looking woman with all the traces of hard marriage about her clothes and bearing.

"These society women get in wrong sooner or later," added Evans. "Miss Potter knows. She's worked among the ladies for years."

"They antagonize the plain home woman," explained Miss Potter.

"It's just a fad with them."

They elected the executive committee. That too was an unpleasant innovation, largely forced by Marlow. An executive committee should be quietly appointed by the chairman, after several secretive conferences with gentlemen whose names and faces never appeared politically. Instead, here was Marlow making a point of having it elected by the general committee and putting it over by the mere fact that those who opposed it could not state the real reasons why they opposed it. Then he wanted to put Patsy Mackay on the executive committee, the woman who had made so much trouble and gained so much notoriety in the last campaign. Evans gave the sign and they stepped on that, putting Miss Potter on the committee to represent the women. That done, and the four other members of the committee having been chosen so skillfully as to make the net result of the elected committee approximately the same as an appointed one would have been, the meeting adjourned. Most of the members lingered for those after-conferences when important word may be passed from one to another. Miss Potter, rising to her

(Continued on Page 58)

FISHER BODIES

The emblem—Body by Fisher—is everywhere acclaimed as conclusive evidence of the fine craftsmanship, notable style and valuable improvements which are exclusive to Fisher products. Only the immense facilities of Fisher are capable of producing such high closed-car values in all price divisions.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION, DETROIT
CLEVELAND WALKERVILLE, ONT. ST. LOUIS

Continued from Page 56

height, and accompanied by the small worn woman, waited her turn and then cornered Fred Evans. As Miss Potter began to talk, the worn woman drifted away as if noting some signal.

"Now that the campaign is over, Mr. Evans, I'd like to have a little talk with you. We did some very effective work in my publicity bureau. I hope that it is going to seem advisable to keep that bureau alive. The party needs its efforts."

"No doubt about that," agreed Evans; "it's all a matter of financing such a thing, you know. Takes time. Money's tight."

"After such a victory?"

"Almost easier to get money before victory than after it."

"Some woman in this state should get recognition in a permanent position. That bureau could be very useful."

"I guess that's right."

"I have never asked anything for myself. My slogan, like that of my father, has always been 'service.'"

"Sure," he said. "Now, Miss Potter, just let it ride for a while. I think we can fix that up if we get the money. You're dead right in the main. We ought to have a permanent publicity office with just such a person as yourself in charge. As soon as we can ——"

"But I would be grateful if it developed soon. My own plans and certain necessities ——"

"You bet, we all would! Now I tell you, you just use all the drag you've got with certain parties. Get your friends to talk that proposition up for you. You do that."

She thanked him and went away with her air of mildewed beauty and power, and Evans looked after her, sucking at a cigar.

"Great old war horse," he said to the man who joined him, "isn't she? I remember when she was a beauty too. Lovely Alice Potter! She was a young woman when her father was governor, and they always said that she kept him there three terms. His wife died while he was in office and there was only the one child. She almost ran this capitol for some years—all the politicians did what she wanted. Lord, she had brains! Still has them too."

"Did Potter die?"

"No—better if he had. He's in a sanitarium somewhere. Hasn't got anything. He was caught in that panic the year after he got out of the State House and pretty well cleaned up. Never caught on again politically. I wouldn't be surprised if this old girl takes care of him with what she picks up here and there. She's no chicken now. She must be fifty-five or thereabouts. But how she does know politics—and every politician on the map."

"They ought to take care of her."

"Sure they ought. But you know how they are. She's wise enough to know now that there's some stuff to pass around at the end of this campaign and she means to have her share—oh, nothing much; enough to keep her alive. Coming to her too. She sent out an awful lot of publicity in this campaign; writes a good deal of it too."

Miss Potter went to the corner with the small self-effacing woman who had come to the meeting with her, and then went on by herself. It was a bleak March evening and the air was raw after the close heat of the hotel room where the meeting had been held. She shivered as she held her coat around her neck so that the strips of worn beaver on it met, and she looked eagerly down the street for a sight of her infrequent street car. It came at last and took her, almost blue with cold, to the boarding house where the impecunious daughter of a former governor might live very cheaply. There was no one in the hall as she went in, so she stood on the hot-air register warming her cold feet and absorbed in thought.

Then, meditatively still, she went into the little telephone closet and dropped a nickel in the slot to call a morning newspaper.

"Is this the news room?" she asked. "Do you want an item about the meeting of the state central committee tonight? They paid a great tribute to the work of the women in the campaign and especially to the work done by the state publicity bureau conducted by Miss Alice Potter. Miss Alice Potter is the daughter of former Governor Potter. This is one of the other ladies who was at the meeting tonight. I thought you might like to mention that Miss Potter was elected to the executive committee of five also, in which capacity—I said 'in which capacity'—she will represent all the women of the state politically."

She did not care whether the reporter suspected that it was Miss Potter who spoke or not. Let him verify the news. It was true, but she did not want to have it snowed under with a lot of other news. This might get her a headline. It had before. She went with dignity, as befitted a woman who had been a governor's daughter and known many notables, to her cold little room, and by the ungenerous register there she wrote several letters to the "certain parties" of whom Fred Evans had hinted.

Her fine well-shaped capitals curled like engraving as she wrote.

Tony Marlow had not lingered at the meeting, knowing that no one would give him confidences. It was sheer nerve and luck, his getting on the state committee, anyway. He was discouraged and annoyed at hearing the clank of the old machinery as it began to revolve again, and for the hundredth time he wondered why he stuck in politics, where he was assuredly not too welcome and where they hung onto him ungraciously only for fear of the trouble that a popular Legion commander might make for them if he was released. He looked at his watch, and finding that it was only half past nine he decided to drive out past Patsy Mackay's house on the chance that there might be a light in the drawing-room. As he had hoped, the tan-shaded lamps by the long windows signaled that someone was there, and he parked his little car outside the iron gates that guarded the big house which Joe Mackay had left to guard his beloved young widow. Patsy herself came to the door. She was dressed in some soft shade of coral, which was one of her first emergences from her faithful mourning, and she looked even less than her twenty-odd years with the soft light on her shining shingled head. Tony contrasted her grimly with the people he had just left

"What Is This Rumor That I Hear About Your Being a Politician?"

"Come in," she cried. "How decent of you, Tony! I'm stuck here alone with idiot's delight. Only cross-word puzzles for company. Why didn't you come until midnight—or is it later?"

"It's only a quarter of ten and I've been to a political meeting. I thought it might interest you."

He was shy with her, and awkward; but the thwarted look of the meeting had gone again.

"I'm out of politics forever, but I'm interested in watching the battlefield from an ambulance. Come into the library. I'll hunt up some first aid if they've treated you rough."

The cross-word-puzzle book lay on the black satin top of a bridge table. Patsy closed it.

"Dreadful way to waste time. But it's so ghastly lonesome, and you can't be forever reading."

"I tried to get you a real job tonight."

"Me? I trouble you awfully, don't I, with my laziness?"

"It's not that you're lazy; it's that you're wasted."

"Lots of women are wasted one way or another—and plenty of men. That's no novelty. Why don't you take me as I am, Tony?"

"Take you?" breathed Tony. "If I dared ——"

"Don't be foolish. You know what I meant. I don't mean sentiment. I've had enough—and it's locked away in a precious place."

She looked up loyally at the framed picture of Joe Mackay which hung above the mantelpiece. It was the picture of a man twice Tony's age, and he thought of that a little resentfully, though he knew that by all accounts Joe Mackay had been a prince of a fellow.

"It's a long life to give to cross-word puzzles," he said, drawing away properly and subsiding.

"Well, let's see. It's a year and a half since Joe died, and I've set my house in order. I've read books. I joined a psychology class and packed a few barrels of clothes for unknown ladies and gentlemen in an unknown Near East. I worked pretty hard in that political campaign, lining up armies of women to vote for a number of gentlemen in whose integrity I trust so deeply that I'm afraid to read the papers."

"You did the best work in the campaign."

"No, I didn't. You know it was the crowds of others who did it."

"You led them."

"Oh, hush, Tony! This isn't necessary. We got across. That's all that matters. I think we were right and that we didn't preach any buncombe. That satisfies me."

"What I wanted to have them ask you to do was a regular political job," explained Tony. "I wanted you to go on the executive committee of the state central committee. There are five people on it—one woman. I wanted you to be that woman."

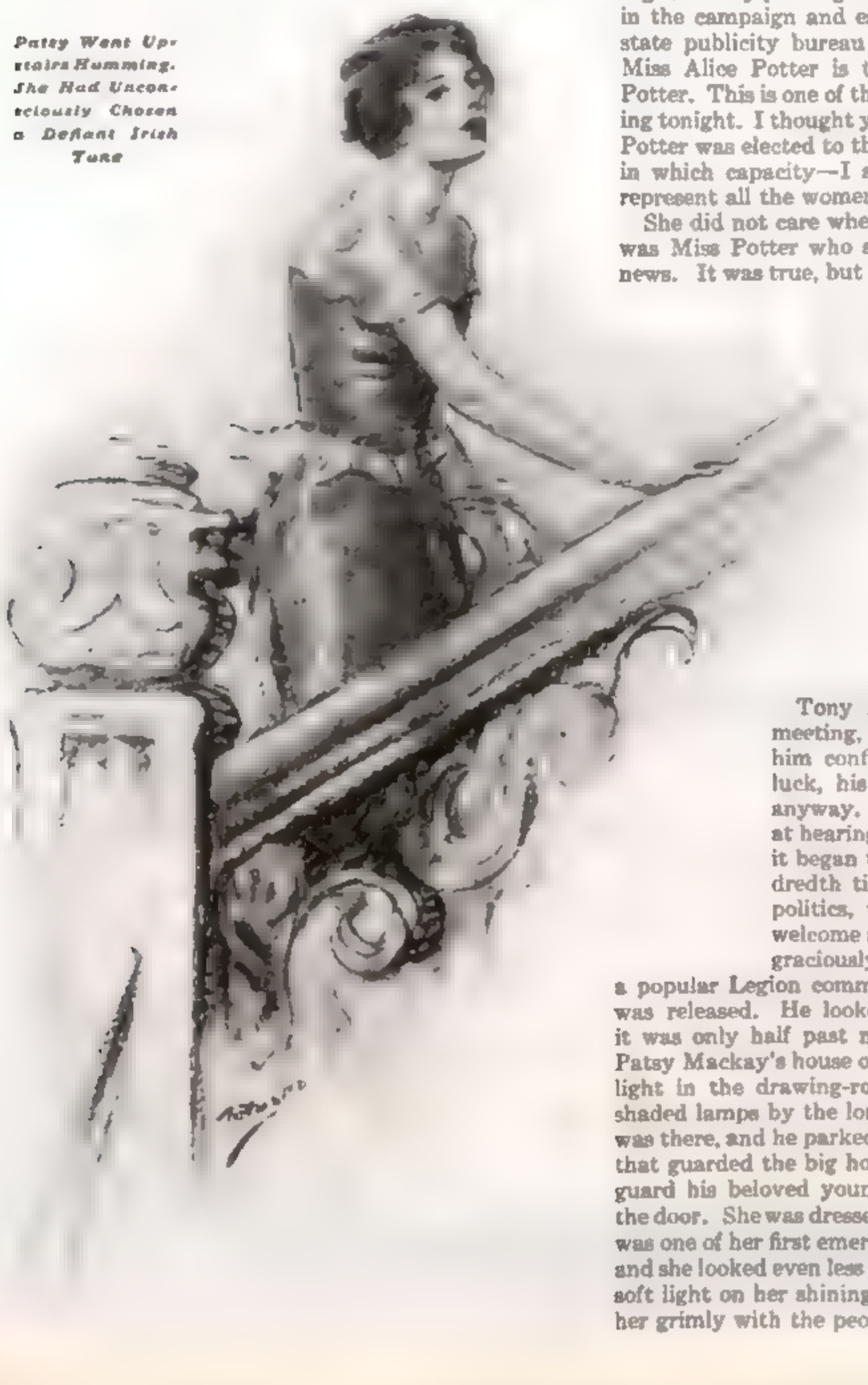
"Obviously it was not unanimous," grinned Patsy.

"Poor fools," said Tony comfortably and uncharitably from the depths of a red velvet chair.

"You think I look like one of those political crows?"

"You don't—never have—and it doesn't matter, because they won't have you."

Continued on Page 82



Patsy Went Upstairs Humming. She Had Unconsciously Chosen a Defiant Irish Tune

Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7103/1
Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7093/3
This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of
NAIRN LINOLEUM
Belflor Inlaid—a new line of 46 marbleized pattern effects of rare beauty. Made in light and heavy weights
Straight Line Inlaid—clean-cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid.
Dutch Tiles and Moulded Inlaids—the mottled colors merge slightly to produce softened outlines.
Moiré Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all-over effect.
Granite and Mosaique Inlaids—popular all-over mottled effects.
The edge shows you that the inlaid patterns are permanent, the colors go through to the burlap back
Battleship Linoleum—heavyweight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors
Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.
Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring.
Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough, glossy surface.
Linoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in handsome rug designs.
Pro-Lano—attractive patterns printed on a felt base.

NAIRN INLAID LINOLEUM

"Not so fast, young man"—

"YOU can't go hiking without mother, just yet, or you'll bump that pink little nose of yours. Goodness, but I'm glad there are no rugs here for you to stumble over!"

That's the delightful thing about a nursery floor of *Belflor* Inlaid—the new Nairn flooring. Its soft, dappled colors are so lovely, the patterns so decorative, that there's no need for rugs as with cheerless wooden floors.

On the other hand, there's nothing like *Belflor* to set off the beauty of rugs in your dining-room, living-room and bedrooms. Even conservative housewives are taking up this new idea of having floors that harmonize with the hangings and upholstery. It gives any room such an air of luxury and individuality.

Floors of *Belflor* Inlaid wear marvelously. They are easier to clean and more hygienic than dust-collecting floor-covering. And unlike wood, *Belflor* never needs refinishing—the patterns go clear through to the burlap base. An occasional waxing is all the attention *Belflor* requires.

When you see *Belflor* at your dealer's you will realize that it is something entirely new and distinct in inlaid linoleum. And its moderate cost will surprise you.

A Wealth of Patterns

You can have no idea how wonderfully *Belflor* Inlaid flooring beautifies until you see the range of *Belflor* patterns. Send for the folder showing 31 *Belflor* designs in their actual colorings.

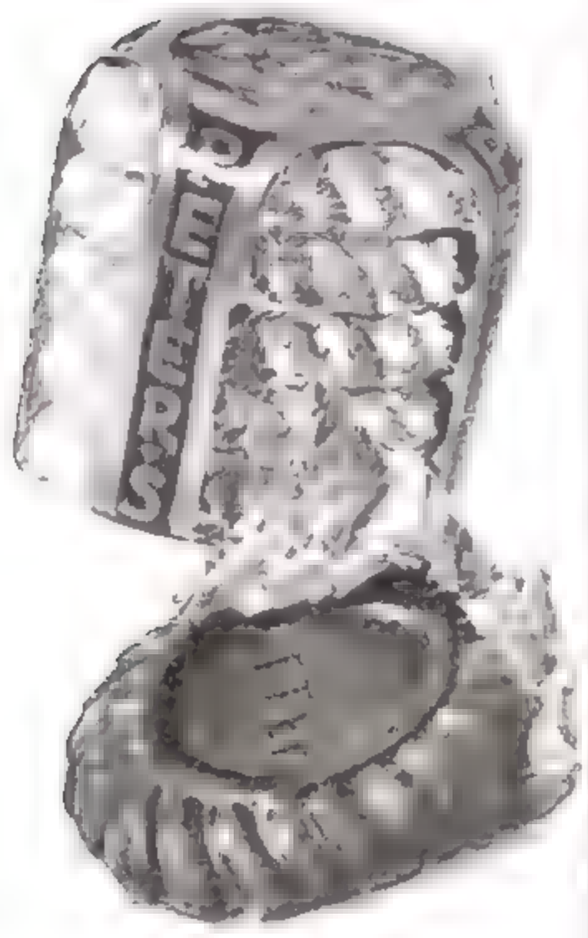
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City
San Francisco Atlanta Minneapolis Cleveland Dallas
Pittsburgh New Orleans

This Belflor Inlaid Pattern No. 7146/2 in clouded gray, blue and ivory makes a colorful and sanitary floor for the nursery.

The all-over pattern in the bedroom is Hudson Inlaid No. 2/4136.

Five wafers of rich milk chocolate



in this New Croquette Package

THERE is just one thing that makes milk chocolate taste good—and that is a perfect blend.

In Switzerland, over a half century ago, Daniel Peter achieved it—just the right mixture of rich creamy milk and the choicest of cocoa beans.

Today that famous secret blend has been moulded into a *new* form—the new five cent croquettes—and packed in a perfect five cent package.

Don't be satisfied with ordinary milk chocolate. Try Peter's today—in plain bars, almond bars, or croquettes. The fine rare flavor will delight you. Peter Cailler Kohler Swiss Chocolates Co., Inc., 129 Hudson Street, N. Y.

Daniel Peter invented his famous milk chocolate over 50 years ago in Switzerland.

PETER'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
High as the Alps in Quality

ONCE IN THE SADDLE

(Continued from Page 27)

downstairs that I left there with Jake Henry. Well, well!" He looked up smiling; his voice was soft and pleasant. "How much did you elevate it, Mr. Blanding?"

"Two hundred and fifty."

"Let's see," said Pliny. He counted up a stack, five chips at a time; he sized up the remaining chips. "Two-fifty is right. Think I've got you beat, too, Mr. Blanding. But I'm not so sure about Fowler here. Well, well!" He rose to his feet gently, smiling down at Fowler. "You see, I've only got four tens," said Pliny. "And I'm afraid you might have a straight flush—club flush, nine at the top, or thereabout."

"Here, here, what's all this?" snapped Blake. "What do you mean?"

"Keep your nose dry," said Pliny. "I mean to cash my checks." He spread his hand out on the table face up. "And I mean to get my money from your safe—now."

Lafe Yancey rose, Bud with him.

"More checks to cash," said Lafe.

Fowler growled in his throat.

"Are you trying to make out we're crooked?" he spluttered, half rising

"Sit down," said Pliny pleasantly. His eyes were dancing. "I wouldn't say much if I was you. There's only five of you fellows, and there's three of us. So it stands you to sing small. Got that money counted, Blake?"

He did not turn his head.

"Not yet," mumbled the house.

The four at the table sat stupefied. Lafe smiled kindly at them.

"Play out the pot, why don't you?" he advised. "Raise him back, Fowler. The house rules let you dig, you know."

"Now's your chance, Fowler," said Bud encouragingly. "You've got scads of money. Go to it!"

Fowler answered never a word. The four sat in crushed silence. There was no attempt to play out the pot. They were caught with the goods and they stood in mortal terror of these three smiling devils.

"Now we'll go downstairs. You first, Mr. Blake," said Pliny.

"You dissolute hag!" said Bud affectionately, and chucked Pliny in the ribs. "Go on, you and Yancey, and get your money. I'll stay here. Whistle when you're ready." He beamed benevolently upon the four men at the table. "Now you boys go on and play with the pretty cards," he advised. "I wouldn't go downstairs now, if I was you. Mr. Mullins is feeling a leetle mite petulant, I think."

No answer.

"It would be a good idea to practice up a little," suggested Bud. "You need it."

"Oh, thut up!" said Tham. "Think you're thmart, don't you?"

"Regular thity thlicker," agreed Bud.

"Come on, Bud," called Lafe from the stairway. "Let's go up to Phny's hotel."

"Well, good night, boys. Let us know who wins that pot, will you?" said Bud.

Young Tommy Garrett met them on the steps of the Carson House. He was visibly excited.

"Here's a pretty howdy-do!" he cried.

"What's the matter? Trouble at the well again?"

"No, no. Paymaster robbed above Webb this afternoon. You know where the road comes off the mesa—the short cut to Saragossa? Well, that wall of stones on the lower side of the grade—the holdup tore down a piece of that wall and then built it up again, teetering, on purpose, ready to fall, but lookin' all right on top. Dirty dog was afraid to face a man with a gun, even when he could get the drop on him. And sure enough, when old Taylor come along, the wall gave way and his little old car tipped over with him"

"Hurt him any?"

"Some. Stunned him. When he come to, the money was gone and he was right sick. Nothing serious; but he might have died there for all the chance that cutthroat gave him. He hobbled into Webb."

"What time was this?" asked Bud.

"I don't know exactly—didn't have time to ask. They got a bunch together and went out there. Found a horse's track, shod all around, coming from the east, the other side of Webb, to this place where the car was wrecked. From there that track made a bee line across the flat to Salamanca. One of the crowd dropped by to get me and we overtook 'em about sundown. Got so dark we couldn't follow the tracks, so we lit out for Salamanca. Down below town, in the willows there by the railroad track, we found a saddled horse tied in the brush. Shod horse—tracks about like them we saw—and he was all gaunt and drawed and dried sweat and pretty well played out—dun horse with tiger markings, tied with the bridle reins. Come daylight, they'll follow the tracks back to where we left 'em—or the sheriff will. They wired to him and he's coming on a special. But it's a sure thing—dead open and shut. The man that got the Webb money rode that horse in here and jumped a train for Mexico. They notified the sheriff and he's wirin' his description to El Paso and Deming and Albuquerque—everywhere."

"Why, how'd they know who the man was?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? Why, some of this crowd knew the horse and the saddle and the man. You fellows know him, likely. Ford—Pinky Ford?"

"Never on God's green earth!" cried Lafe Yancey. He was on his feet, as if he had been lifted by the hair. "That boy is straight as they make 'em. Someone has stolen his horse."

"Was there any rope on the saddle?" said Pliny.

"Why, no," said Tommy Garrett. "Why?"

"Listen, fellows, I just came from Ford's place." Pliny's voice was thick and hoarse. "This is a frame-up, and worse than a frame-up. That horse was left there to be found. That's why he wasn't unsaddled and turned loose. Pinky was to bear the blame. Ten to one that boy has been killed -fifty to one! Come on, let's get to our horses and I'll be telling you. We've got to ride! Never mind your own horses; we'll get some at the livery stable and save time. Unless we get those mountains hunted out before rain comes, we'll never know what happened. And it looks black and lowery now.

"So he went up there to meet Pelly," concluded Pliny as they saddled in savage haste. "And Pelly killed him there. Or maybe the sheepmen killed him. They went out with the idea of making trouble. It was Pelly, I guess. He was aimin' to jump Sweetwater Spring all along. So Pelly rode the boy's horse in to Webb and robbed the paymaster. And now he's rustled another horse and gone back, innocent, leaving the blame for that dead boy to carry—unless we find him.

"Bud, you go out to the Circle M and take Tommy with you. Find out where Pelly is and where he has been. Then take them peelers and make for the foot of Prairie Mountain. Follow up all tracks and see what has happened; work on down toward the DAY ranch. I'll meet you somewheres, and I'll bring along Ford's saddle horses for remounts. I'll go to the DAY ranch, riding this horse halfway and leading mine. Then I'll turn him loose and ride Epidemic in. Lafe, you know the country best. Get the best men you can find—Aleck Berdine for one."

"Eddy Early rode in last night," said Bud.

"Get him, Lafe. And have Aleck bring his field glasses. I'll get mine from the hotel as I go by. Take the best men you can find and ride Prairie Mountain. You don't want a mob—you want a few men with heads on their shoulders. Work Prairie Mountain, follow all tracks, find Pelly, find the sheep herders, find Pinky Ford! Take any fresh horses you find and ride like hell! You're riding for the big brand now."

VIII

IT WAS late dusk when Pelly tied the dun horse in the willows below Salamanca. For nearly two hours he had lain hidden under a cut bank in the bed of the Tórmes, half a mile farther down, where the dun horse would not call to some chance traveler on the road; long hours of fear, fuming, impatient for the dark and escape.

He took the rope from the saddle, and a filled canteen. From the back of the saddle he took the roll that Pinky Ford had tied there; he unrolled the slicker, took out the rolled blanket, rolled up the slicker and tied it behind the saddle again.

He had eaten the last of his provisions at sundown, throwing the flour sack into the narrow waters of the Tórmes. Close to the wagon road, where he would be seen by the first passer-by, he tied the dun horse by the bridle reins. He picked up rope and blanket; also a small and heavy canvas bag. Heavy, with reason; in that small bag was all the gold from the paymaster's wrecked car. Most of the money, so far as value was concerned, had been comprised in a neat package of bills, now tucked away in the bosom of Pelly's shirt. There had been silver, too; heavy sacks of it, left behind perforce; but Pelly had not been able to leave the gold.

That was too rich a prize, though in his flight he had found it a burdensome encumbrance. Bearing these possessings, he followed a little acequia for some two hundred yards to a pasture lot he knew; a small field of alfalfa, where old Munroe kept three or four ancient ponies in remembrance of better days.

With small difficulty he herded these veterans into the one fence corner which was not pit dark by reason of overhanging cottonwoods. He spoke soothingly to them, and they quieted down, knowing his voice. He tossed a rope on one and led him out, but rejected him as being shod. Pelly's need was for a barefoot horse. The next cast was more successful. The noose fell on Porfirio Diaz, and Porfirio wore no shoes. Pelly spoke to him pleasantly.

"Well, old-timer, think you can make out to carry me forty or fifty miles, hey?"

Porfirio came cheerfully, walking sedately side by side with Pelly without tightening the lead rope. He was a wise old horse, used to the caprices of night riders, and he had known Pelly a long time. It is entirely probable that he expected a trip to Madrigal. They passed through the barbed-wire gate. Pelly knotted a halter to Porfirio's nose, he spread the folded blanket on Porfirio's patient back and wriggled up, rather handicapped in his activity by his golden burden. He left the road at once and struck across the plain, crossing the railroad farther down. He breathed freely now; the dangerous part was over. It had been hard to wait there in the old river bed, where discovery meant ruin. If some Mexican boy had wandered there hunting rabbits at sundown! Bart Munroe might not come to his pasture for a week. Even if he missed Porfirio tomorrow, Bart would blame it to the mischief of Salamanca urchins, who had done the like before, favoring Bart's horses because they were known to be safe and gentle.

Pelly avoided trails at first with wily caution; but this was tiresome to both the horse and rider. After a few miles he turned into a trail that headed toward a high pass between Rueda Peak and the Circle M country, straight for Prairie Mountain.

"Porfirio," said Pelly, "I'm glad you're fat. This riding barebacked is a new one, and it's going to be mighty tedious yet, with this wearisome sack of gold to hold on your withers."

He was in high spirits as he rode. He reviewed the events of the last thirty hours with wondering admiration for his own cleverness. He had thought of everything; his plans worked like a clock. The shod tracks of the dun horse arrow straight from Ford's place to the scene of the holdup—these would cinch the case against Ford if they followed the back track that far. But they wouldn't do that. Men hated to follow back tracks; they always wanted to go the other way. The horse and saddle would be known as Ford's; everyone would be sure he had jumped a freight for north or south. For, why else would he tie his horse there? If he didn't take a train, then where was he? He had to be some place, didn't he? And no one had seen him. No one would have a doubt as to Pinky's guilt. As for himself, Pelly, there was no reason in the world why anyone should ever suspect him.

There had been good luck with it all; Pelly acknowledged that. Taylor now; he might have been forced to shoot old Taylor, and he hadn't wanted to do that. Stubborn old fool, Taylor; he would shoot with one-tenth of a chance, maybe without any chance. It had been lucky that the smash-up had knocked him out. Not hurt bad enough to die or anything like that; just enough to get him out of the way and so he couldn't recognize anybody. But was that luck, really? It had been a clever idea to fix the road that way to upset Taylor's car. Maybe it was more brains than luck after all! Only, he had merely planned to

(Continued on Page 82)

OLDSMOBILE SIX

How Well Do Saturday Evening Post Readers Know Automobiles?

You ought to know them intimately—for most of the world's finest motor cars are advertised regularly in these pages.

And yet you must realize that you cannot know and appreciate a motor car by reading about it any more than you can take a vacation by reading travel advertisements.

That's why we urge you *to drive* this Oldsmobile! For an hour or a day behind its wheel will make you more genuinely enthusiastic than anything we could possibly say.

Certainly, until you drive this car, you simply cannot realize how close to perfection Oldsmobile and General Motors have brought this Model 30 during the year and a half it has been out.

Only quite recently a few major and many minor improvements have completely revolutionized the smooth-running performance of its L-Head engine.

A greater length of life, with an added certainty of small maintenance expense, has been built into its chassis.

If you've seen, you have admired the beautiful lines of its Duco-finished body. Now won't you arrange with an Oldsmobile dealer *to drive* one of these cars yourself in actual comparison with any other car?

If you will—your next car will be an Oldsmobile. For *you*—as well as we—will then *know* that this latest Oldsmobile is just about the finest car in its class!

You can buy any Oldsmobile on General Motors' easy-payment plan. All prices f. o. b. Lansing, plus tax.

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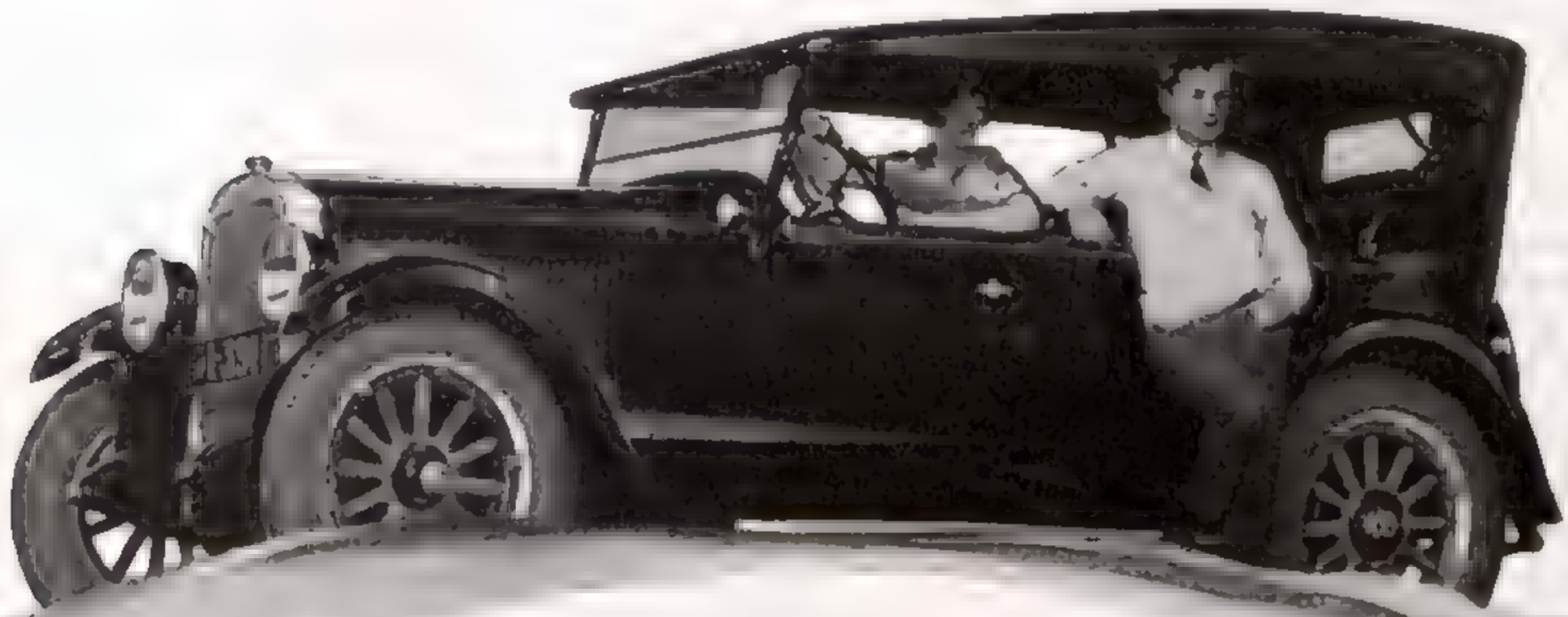

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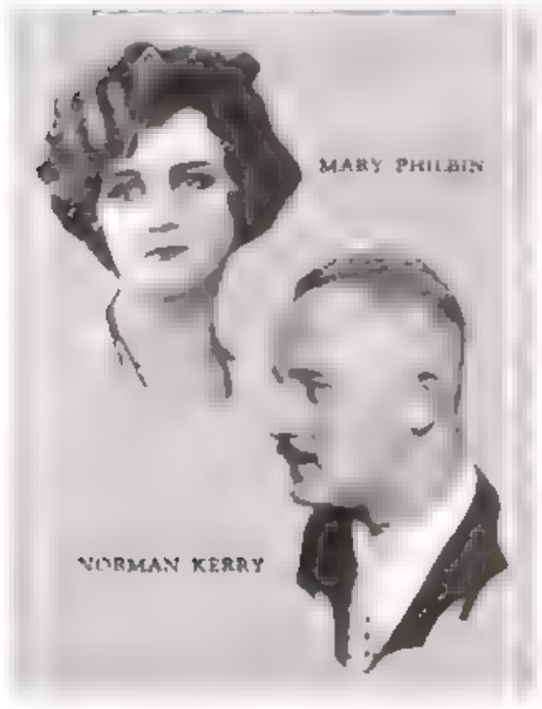
Watch This Column



MARY PHILBIN and NORMAN KERRY have a delightful romance in ***"Fifth Avenue Models,"*** and I recommend it as a clean and inspiring love-story which ought to appeal to everyone. I am anxious to have your written opinion of it. Muriel Hine wrote the original story under the title "The Best in Life," and its fine success should be no less in picture form. Again, as in ***"Merry Go Round,"*** this winsome woman is the "poor girl" and this handsome chap the "rich young man." The conclusion is what we all like to see.

The big scenes in ***"The Phantom of the Opera"*** are artistic triumphs. The chase of the "Phantom" through the mysterious subterranean vaults is thrilling in the extreme. The detail of these cellars is complete, so also is the detail in the great fashionable audience which attends the presentation of the opera of "Faust" on the night when the "Phantom" makes his first appearance. We have agreed with LON CHANEY, who plays the "Phantom," not to show him in his remarkable make-up in advance of the picture's premier showing. The premier showing will be at the Curran Theatre, San Francisco, April 26th, the prices ranging up to $2.00.

"Dangerous Innocence" features LAURA LA PLANTE and EUGENE O'BRIEN. We know of no couple on the screen who constitute a more ideal combination for a romance of youth and beauty. The picture is based on Pamela Wynne's captivating novel, "Ann's An Idiot," and was directed by William Seiter, who made ***"The Fast Worker."***

"The Last Laugh," in which EMIL JANNINGS is featured, has a most unusual plot and bears the distinction of having been praised by *all* the critics. It takes a mighty good picture to accomplish that, but I am eager for the public's opinion. What is *yours?*

Coming soon: VIRGINIA VALLI in ***"Up the Ladder"***; HOUSE PETERS in ***"Raffles"***; ALMA RUBENS and PERCY MARMONT in ***"A Woman's Faith"***; HOOT GIBSON in ***"The Saddle Hawk,"*** a fine story of the West.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send for the "Phantom" magic package which comes without cost to you.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

(Continued from Page 60

take Taylor at a hopeless disadvantage so there would be no shooting done. That Taylor had been knocked cold—that was luck, if you like. But the rest was brains. Call it half and half. One more little piece of riding and the trick was turned.

"I'll be glad when that's done, though. Getting pretty well fagged out. And sleepy—oh, how sleepy I am! Wish that money had all been paper. This gold is an infernal nuisance. Gosh, I'd almost give half of it to go to sleep!"

Meet someone? Not in a year! No one living between Salamanca and the Circle M ranch, and no water in the fifty miles. Nearly another fifty miles from the Circle M to Ford's place, either one of them, Lookout or Sweetwater; more than that from Lookout Tank to Salamanca. A triangle fifty miles on each side and nobody living in it, and no water except at the corners. Nobody living outside the triangle, either—not to speak of. Outside of the three towns, you could take all the men on Purgatory Plain and in all the mountains clear around Purgatory, and put 'em all in one box car. And what a carload that would be! Hard men! Fat chance of meeting anyone in a country like that! No, the danger was all over. Only, if it would just rain good and hard, and wash out all those tracks! No one to see them of course. But the record was there, if there was only someone to see them—someone interested enough to notice.

"Good Lord, Porfirio, I almost tumbled off! I do believe I was asleep!"

The man had ridden long and far, he had lost sleep, he had been under a terrific mental strain, stunned by the shock and horror of sudden death, torn by greed and fear, fiend-ridden, keyed up to an unnatural tension by excitement and suspense as he waited for his victim, sick and shaken with terror as he fled, laden with the evidence of his crime, through the warm bright afternoon and across a clear open plain, in a country relatively inhabited, where at any moment he might be encountered; where, nerved by desperation and fear, he had been keyed to kill without mercy to insure his own safety. There had been time for sleep when he had crouched in the river bed; but he had not slept, straining with a frenzy of impatience for the safety of night to come. But with the feeling of safety doubly sure as Salamanca was left behind, the man's overtaxed powers failed him; his bones ached, a stitch burned in his side, his legs cramped cruelly, weariness and reeling sleep made every step torture to him; he clutched at the mane as he rode, and cursed the gold he bore. Porfirio sensed the failing mastery and made his gait slow and slow; with every hour Pelly fell behind the schedule he had set for himself. The night grew overcast and chill. Pelly had no guess at the hour. The stars were hidden by a veil that was not cloud or mist so much as a threat—a threat of rain. The time came when Pelly's weary and fevered brain could stand the strain no longer. He slipped off, spread out the blanket and fell to troubled and broken slumbers.

That sleep was not for long—perhaps an hour. Taylor and Pinky Ford came to his side, both shot, and shot by him; they clutched him with bloody hands and he woke with a cry of terror. No more sleep for him! He rode on, and as he rode he looked up at the dark and starless sky.

"If it would only rain!"

The night wore by; and with the light, fear fell upon him.

The smell of rain was in the air. A bleak dawn found him still far out on the plain, though he had hoped to be in the high pass above Rueda Peak. He thought with fresh terror of all the tracks upon Rueda Mountain, of the chance that might bring some man there to read that story—of what they might find there.

"Oh, God, if it would only rain!"

Every bone was a bruise, but he doubled his rope and urged Porfirio to a smarter pace, a strong and steady fox trot. The sun broke dimly through. Pelly suffered in the body, but his brain grew somewhat clearer. Porfirio climbed the pass, he went down the other side; then came at last to the ridges of Prairie Mountain, above where Pelly had staked his horse forty-eight hours ago. Forty-eight years! And now if anyone found Porfirio with marks to show he had been used, then they would know that somebody had ridden to Prairie Mountain from Salamanca. Someone—and who? Pelly groaned. Yet if they found Porfirio shot, it would be worse still. Then they would insist upon knowing. He must take the chance.

He turned Porfirio loose on the ridge. Groaning, stumbling, he climbed down into the cañon, bearing his burden of gold. His staked horse was dreadful to see, gaunt and drawn, his flanks tucked up like a greyhound's. Long since, he had eaten all the grass within his reach—grass washed out and without substance at best: he had gone without water for two days, his eye was hollow and lusterless.

"Why, Pinhead!" said Pelly. "I didn't know it would be so bad!"

A new alarm seized upon Pelly. He dared not let the Circle M see Pinhead in that condition. They would suspect—anything. He must have a story. . . . He had staked Pinhead; the horse had broken loose, pulled up the bush to which he was tied, had wandered off on stony ground where he left no tracks, and so had got tangled up and starved until he was found, stumbled upon by chance. That would account for this gnawed circle in the grass if it was found. But he would have to go to Lookout—he had no choice. He couldn't go back to the ranch until Pinhead looked different and until Pelly felt different. After a night's sleep and something to eat he would see everything in a different light and tell a convincing story.

But what would he do with the money? Bury it—hide it in the rocks—for someone to find? If someone came here, seeing these tracks, followed, found where he had hidden it?

His fevered and exhausted brain came always back to the one thought. Some would come, the sheepmen would come, his own cowboys would come; they would see all those tracks, they would grow curious, they would follow the sign, they would find the money if he hid it. They might even find—the body. . . . He would go straight to Lookout, he would claim he had been there all the time, looking for Pinhead, who had broken loose with the rope on . . . . If it would only rain!

No doubt the sheepmen were upon the hill right now. Why, take this wretched blanket of Ford's. He dared not leave it, for it might be found; he dared not burn it, the fire would be seen or the ashes would be found, smelling of wool, and set men wondering. He must ride abroad, bearing the evidence of his guilt on his saddle—the blanket and the gold. He might hide the gold, taking the currency with him. Couldn't bury the currency. Nothing to put it in to protect it from the wet, from gnawing vermin. But the gold?

"Damned if I do!" said Pelly. "I wish to God I had never touched it! But I've earned it, every cent. I'll take it to Lookout and hide it there. Then if it ever should be found, it will be Ford's doing. I won't touch it for a year—for two years."

He rode forth, slow and stumbling. The clouds were black and low on the hills and wisps of fog hung in the cedar brakes. In the first range of hills between Prairie Mountain and Lookout, he turned aside to a little tank, miscalled the Indian Well. On a slope of bare limestone, some harder rock had lodged on a projection; there, spinning with the infrequent floods of a thousand centuries, it had worn a smooth round hole in the solid limestone, had ground it deeper and ever smaller, grinding itself smaller in the process, leaving a pot-hole, polished and smooth, nearly two feet wide at the surface and tapering gently to six inches at the bottom. Within the memory of living man this boring stone, bright and hard and round, had fitted on the floor of the well to tell the story; some unknown and vandal hand had carried it away. The place was known and guarded; the cowboys covered it with a flat slab of limestone so that water might run under to fill it but cattle could not drink it, so saving it for the needs of men. Pelly lifted the slab and let the luckless Pinhead drink, with bending knees; he staked Pinhead in the nearest grass and flung himself down to the black sleep of exhaustion.

He woke in the late afternoon. The fogs were low on the hillsides, the day was dark and gloomy, a thin shivering mist drifted through the iron passes of the hill, veiling the valleys to vague and unfamiliar outlines. There was no wind, and no sound. Pelly rode wearily on into the silence and the coming night.

Day faded as he reached Lookout. He unsaddled at the door of the little house. He carried the saddle through the door. He went out to the stone forge beneath the juniper, where Pinky shod his horses, and brought a pick and shovel which leaned there; he took them into the house and closed the door. He spread old newspapers on the floor; slowly, carefully, he shoveled the ashes from the hearth and piled them on the papers. Then he bent with pick and shovel, digging with frantic haste to make a deep hole where the fire had been, piling the earth upon the hearthstone. Twilight fell chill and gray as he worked. From a cupboard on the wall he brought two five-pound baking-powder cans with tight covers.

In one of these tins he placed a package which he took from his shirt, and into the other one he crowded a small canvas sack which he brought from his saddle. He twisted the covers tightly on the tins and laid them in the hole he had dug; he covered them deep with the earth piled on the hearthstone, sweeping up every grain; he tamped the earth down. Then he covered the earth with the heaped ashes, working swiftly in the darkening room. He crumpled up the newspapers and threw them in the fireplace, he knelt and touched a match to them, he piled cedar splinters upon them. As the flame blazed up he added slim sticks of split cedar, standing them on end. The cedar crackled merrily, the warm firelight lit the room. Pelly drew a chair close and leaned forward, spreading his hands to the cheerful blaze. His haggard face relaxed and he drew a long sigh of relief. He was safe at last.

After a little time he leaned back in the chair, lifting his feet to warm them at the fire; his eye wandered about the room and came at last to the corner where the coats hung. A stern eye met his, a hard implacable face looked forth from between two coats. Pliny Mullins stepped out into the room. Pelly collapsed to a huddled heap.

Pliny came to the fireplace and leaned upon it; he looked down at the chair.

"You have a gun, Pelly," he said. "Look, I have both hands on the mantel."

A haggard face looked up at him, shriveled in hopeless misery, voiceless, imploring. Pliny bent down and took Pelly's gun.

"I saw you coming," he said. "Coming from Prairie Mountain, weren't you? Where did you kill Pinky Ford? You'll take me to him in the morning, but you'll tell me now."

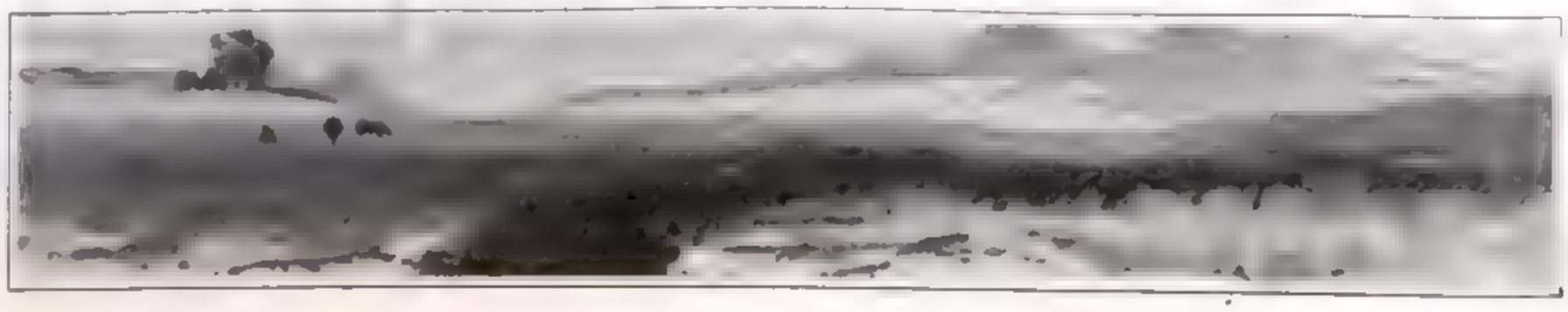
The woeful huddle stirred; a voice came from it, croaking, horrible.

"Not that! Not murder! His horse fell with him. The tracks will show if it don't rain. . . . On Prairie Mountain. He was dead before I got to him. I was behind, riding slower. . . . The tracks will tell you."

Pliny threw open the door.

"There will be no tracks on Prairie Mountain," he said. "It is raining, and it's raining harder every minute—and you hang for murder!"

(THE END)



Jewett Announces

The Newest, Smartest Coach—$1260

THERE'S an air of newness and refreshing beauty about this new Jewett Coach. And the reason is obvious. It is new—in every detail of its construction. In name and design it's a coach. But in the qualities that make for permanence—long life—roadability—it so far surpasses the average coach that comparison only accentuates Jewett's leadership.

Examine it! Admire it! Everything about it gives evidence of the long, careful study that Paige-Jewett engineers have given to this popular type. Among the first to acknowledge the strong public tendency toward coach design—yet restrained on the side of soundness—Paige-Jewett engineers have refused to give the name Jewett even to so popular a type until they were able to build the proved qualities of fine closed cars into the new Jewett Coach.

So the Jewett Coach appears—new as this morning's newspaper—the very last word in body artistry and completeness—a step ahead of the crowd.

You'll recognize in its design the smartness of many far costlier cars. Rich color enhances its custom-built appearance. New type upholstery—introduced by Jewett in the Coach—combines beauty with long wear. Doors are wider. There is room to enter or leave the rear without folding either of the front seats.

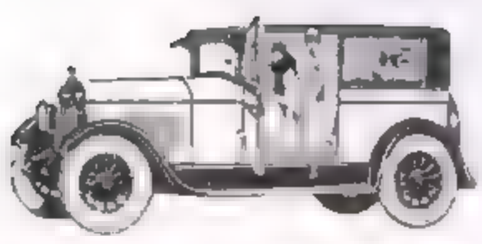
You'll experience a deep satisfaction in this car's sedan-like roominess—for here at last is a coach that is really built for five. And built strong—with sedan construction throughout—not ordinary "coach" construction. That means you can drive this new Jewett Coach as you would drive any Jewett closed car—with the same confidence in its ability to take you swiftly and comfortably wherever you choose to go—and bring you back, satisfied with your car. Long life is its greatest asset.

And the Amazing New Jewett Motor

As new and thrilling as the Coach itself. The same big, powerful six that has carried Jewett to the very top of its class—now improved by Paige-Jewett engineers to give still greater performance—25% more power!

Just open the hood! You get the reason there for Jewett's great power. It's the biggest motor ever put into a moderate priced car—with power that's ample for even these husky cars. Smooth, responsive power that you'll never find wanting—regardless of driving conditions.

Now you can have this remarkable new motor in America's newest and smartest coach—the New Jewett. And for the shrewd buyer who will accept no compromise for high quality—the new Jewett Coach offers a double opportunity. The quality of the finest sedans with the intimacy and convenience of coach design. Enclosed car comfort at practically open car cost. It's an opportunity you'll go a long way to even equal. (540)



Doors three feet wide permit access to rear seat without disturbing passengers in front. The Paige-Jewett one-piece ventilating windshield not only lifts but can also be tilted outward if desired. Double belt moulding, rounded back, colorful permanent lacquer finish, new type upholstery, are other unusual features of this newest coach at only $1260. Four-wheel hydraulic brakes (Lockheed type) optional at slight extra cost. All prices F. O. B. Detroit, tax extra.

PERMANENT · PERFECTED · PERFORMANCE

the non-removable head

$100 *for a name*

Marlowe sang "the topless towers of Ilium." I sing the topless tubes of Mennen. I want a good name for the new non-removable, non-refillable, non-leakable device that now makes the Mennen Shaving Cream container as inimitable as its contents.

Instead of trying to denature the capricious cap, Mennen has abolished it.

Just move the Mennen knob a quarter turn and a hole magically appears. After you've squeezed out enough cream, another quarter turn closes the hole as tight as a drum. No threads to engage; no bother of any kind.

It's a knock-out—as far ahead of other sealing devices as Mennen Shaving Cream is ahead of the procession.

We've called this new patented feature "the plug-tite top." We want a better name. If you can suggest one we like, we'll send you a hundred dollars. If more than one submits the winning name, each one will get the century check.

To everyone who sends a suggestion we'll mail a complimentary tube of Mennen Skin Balm, the cooling, healing after-shave cream that's fragrant and greaseless.

Let me hear from you. Contest closes July first. Use the coupon if it's handier.

Jim Henry
Mennen Salesman

MENNEN
SHAVING CREAM

$100

Jim Henry, c/o The Mennen Company
341 Central Ave., Newark, N.J.
I suggest the name
My name
Address

THE HOUSE IN THE LAURELS

(Continued from Page 31)

Hardly a half mile over the main road to the east stood the little mail station and junction point, as typical a little wildwoods town as ever offered the newest Broadway blend of sundae or Hollywood film of the passions to necessitous patrons, with a white Congregational spire lifting to heaven and the very latest heterodyne radio set up in the lopsided old single hostelry. And there were other people—dwellers in tiny shabby farm holdings, poor enough and insignificant, scattered about through the whole region, tucked down here and there along one of the narrow dust roads. He had passed them in his explorings. Indeed, that was how he had stumbled on the apple-butter pot!

He had come upon it this morning, driving with Mitchell. It stood in the porch of a wee old shabby house, with an ancient sheep dog, all whiskers, fast asleep by it, and a little old brown hen of a farm wife washing from it. He had ordered Mitchell to stop and had climbed out to investigate.

In spite of himself, he had trembled a little. It was the connoisseur's thrill that had seized him. He had almost an actual sensation of sniffing something delightful and had stood arrested—"pointing," Barbara called it. Then he had gone into battle. He had suspected no such outcome. People in these parts relinquished without difficulty, before sufficient bait. But his pleasant amenities—"Good morning, madam. I wonder if you'll allow me to have just a look at that remarkable iron pot you're using"—had brought a wind of suspicion to the little old hen's nostril. But J. P. persisted. The pot was really a find. Colonial iron—and there wasn't much iron in colony days. Squat, with trivet feet and a date, 1760, on the bottom. It had, she assured him coldly, boiled the family apple butter for generations.

"And now she's washing in it," moaned J. P.'s soul, "and if I mistake not, a farmyard overall."

"I'll give you twenty-five dollars for that iron pot," he said aloud.

The little old hen washed on her overall.

"Fifty," said J. P., as the pot endeared itself; "one hundred. If you sell it to anyone, you should sell it to me," he suggested, pointing to a cake of yellow soap lately unwrapped from a cobalt-blue cover; "I made that soap. You are washing with it. There's a bond between us. I'll say one hundred and fifty dollars for your apple-butter pot."

"You don't hev to say a word," the little hen answered, and turned the overall.

"Very well," said J. P.; "but you'd better think it over. You could use a nice new zinc tub just as well with that soap, and you could use one hundred and fifty dollars too. We'll leave the offer open, and I'll come again."

"Don't trouble."

"But I will. . . . Yes, I will," J. P. had vowed as he drove off; "I'll get that pot. I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer."

The fact of a fight lent a certain zest to the thing. Most of his stuff he got far too easily, lovely and appreciated though it was. Fight was—fight was—well, two-thirds of the show in anything. He ought to know.

He had fought all his life. He had fought in the factory. He had fought in the trade, in a hundred shadings of the word. He had fought even in his philanthropies, for an administering position, and he had outwitted numberless rival collectors of his kind of stuff; more personal things too: poverty, pessimism, periods of bad health, personal loss; when Martha had left him, doubt, that peculiar panic that will strike even the aggressive at times. All this he had fought and mastered. By fight, of course, he meant the marshaling and canny use of all his energy to a given logical end. He loved it. It made life what it was for him, rich and stimulating. At fifty-seven he was only getting into his second stride. And he meant to keep right on with it, from Wall Street to iron kettles—and Barbara.

The thought of Barbara and the school rose again and brought a shadow with it. The school—the fine flower of his altruism, the dear object of long secret planning, reared as a memorial to his wife's memory, and a free gift to his factory young people made in Barbara's name—the Martha Winton Foundation in the Industrial Arts—was to be begun in the autumn. That sumptuous white marble Doric structure, where, through his generosity, the young people of his flock might foster the gifts the gods had given them and learn some practical application—literature, music, the drama, painting. No other manufacturer of his acquaintance had endowed such a school in his community—an organization to inculcate and enhance that quality so lacking in the American industrial towns, a culture based on an appreciation of the arts. He had seen, in imagination, many fruits flowering from it in years to come—a symphony orchestra, a dramatic guild, perhaps some locally played opera, architectural structures, memorials and fountains designed by native talent; a vehicle of expression for the undoubted talent and artistic coloring brought in by the new foreign blood mingling here which should make for an American expression. That had been his idea. It took a vast sum of money. But he had a vast sum. And he had expected that Barbara, his coadjutor and helper, standing in Martha's place, would help him, would accept, as she always had, the exact form and letter of this most precious of his many community gifts.

How irritating then to find that she opposed his policy, that she repudiated her own share in her mother's memorial as he designed it, that she would have him lend, not give—lend money to young people for their training, that they might pay it back to lend to others, an endless-chain system, a poor man's university of the arts, after the initial outfit; not a rich man's plaything, with endowed scholarships for a small whittled-down selected group, but a schoolhouse with the latchstring out for any paying struggler. That's what brought Barbara and himself to deadlock always now, and that's what had brought forth her strange tirade this afternoon, what had shown him that Barbara didn't care at all to be a millionaire's daughter.

"You," he had said in the course of their argument, "of all people, Barbara, ought to appreciate what the power of the gift means; what it would mean to a young person beginning life, possessed of talent, to find his way entirely smoothed; all responsibility, all burden, lifted by the endowed-scholarship system; to have his wishes fulfilled in advance and be free of any kind of entail. Your own life should let you realize what that means."

And then she had said it, her eyes darkening, her cheeks flushing.

"Perhaps," said Barbara, "that's why I'm against it—because I do realize, father," then, as he stared, she swept on: "Oh, perhaps you'll call me ungrateful, and, heaven knows, I don't mean to be; but what I want for these students is—what I want our school to give them—is the chance to work for their education, and win it. Because it does something to you, winning things. Because to me struggle seems so precious," she faltered, finding words; "because that's the one thing I can't have. I'm given everything. As you say, I know the power of the gift, and that's what I mean, father. It's—well, in a way, it's ruined my life. What I mean is, your struggle and fight—and winning it—has stopped any for me.

"Oh, if I wanted in the way most girls do. Say, I have twenty sables; I might keep wanting till I got fifty. But even then I'd get them. Outside of the moon, there's nothing for me to want that I can't have. It's fixed in advance, because I'm J. P.'s daughter. Say, I want to make a trip. I can go, and I can have your private car or the limousine, and a private suite wired for at the other end. Or you offer me a yacht, as you did last spring. Say, I want to send a message—there's a private wire to use or a private secretary to trust. Everything fixed, all oiled and soft. Take dressing myself. You scold me because I don't splash more. But what's the use? There's no contest in it. Everybody knows I can splash if I want to. Everybody knows my pearls are real, my amber is honeydew Chinese of the rarest, my clothes are bought in the Rue de la Paix. I've never had the lovely thrill of working for anything. Do you know, last spring, one rainy afternoon, when I was walking down Birch Avenue, I saw one of our little painted factory flappers come out of a drug store and tell a friend about the coat she wore. I heard what she said. She said, 'Gee, it took me all winter to pay it off, but now it's mine at last, and it's a honey, ain't it?' I wish you could have seen her face. I wish you could have seen her coat. I think they call the fur muskrat bellies. . . . But that's what I mean. That's what I think is beautiful."

"Pooh!" joked J. P. feebly. "Muskrat bellies! If that's all you want ——"

"No," Barbara came back, "not even muskrat bellies! Not a thing. Look at the house I live in! I can't turn anywhere that I don't find things shaded for me. Athletics—I'm pretty good, or I could be. But I haven't yet found a coach who could forget you, even if I had the stuff to make a Molla Mallory or class for an Olympic. The social game—heavens, it's won before I go in! Careers? I'm only average. A little voice, some piano, a little mediocre painting. But I could have the last word in studios and instructors and travel study, and I can't get an honest down-to-the-bone criticism; I know that, because I'm J. P.'s girl. Wait! That isn't the worst!" Barbara quelled an attempt at speech and dealt her ace.

"And men—men!" cried Barbara, and her soul was in the word. "Love, romance, marrying—the things any girl wants! What chance have I got—if I'm honest about it—at the real, the sincere thing, like any normal girl. Any poor honorable boy would shy away from the thought of taking me on—of being an appendage to J. P. Winton. And the other kind—the pearl-and-sponge fishers! Heavens, I'm getting so I distrust everybody! Why, I could have fifteen husbands like the Woman of Shamlegh with J. P.'s money to buy them. But I shall never marry, so that's that. . . . But don't talk to me about the power of the gift, father! And that's why I want the industrial scholarships in mother's school to be loans, father, because it's sweet to struggle."

"Is that so?"

"Yes—oh, I'm sure it is, father. Sometimes I think—why, sometimes I think it would be lovely to have nothing; to—to just begin at the beginning and start building up life; to go out somewhere in a new country and have a little cabin and fight it through. Oh, I know I'm silly there, but when you have no chance —— Oh, you mustn't think I don't love the soft side of life a lot. I—I probably couldn't get along without it. That's the feminine part of me. But I'm not all feminine. I'm you too. I inherit from you, father. If I had been a son, I'd have been like you, just exactly like you." Barbara's young face flamed with admiration. "and then it would all have been different.

"That's why," she had added, "this thing's getting to be too much for me. I mean putting over my views, as a girl. You promised me a half share in fixing the policy for mother's school and you want to take it away from me now. You won't even hear me, so I've got to have help, and I'm getting it. I've sent for Bayard Phillips."

J. P. had exploded.

"Bayard Phillips! The long-haired sociologist! The parlor pink!"

That, Barbara told him at once, was unfair and untrue, and he knew it. Mr. Phillips had made the educational problems of the industrial class his life study. He had spent much time in France, Germany and Switzerland on these matters, and his book, Just Adjustment, was regarded as authority, as well as the essays he contributed to Social Survey. There was nothing at all pink or radical about him.

"On the contrary," cried Barbara, "I've heard you say that yourself. And you know his record. Why, everybody does! A Harvard man with wealth and some of the bluest blood in America. He belongs to the classes, really. It's just that he—he feels that he ought to work for America along these lines. He feels it a duty. I've heard you say yourself, when you've read his things, that he's the most coldly sane writer on his subject in the country."

It was true. More than once, J. P. had meditated consulting Bayard Phillips on his school plans; but there was no reason why Barbara should beat him to it.

"You see," she explained, "it was easy, because I heard he was to speak at a Chautauqua up here on the lake yesterday. I merely asked him to stop over and give me some advice. I put the proposition to him. Anyway, I've heard from him and he's coming tomorrow."

(Continued on Page 66)

DODGE BROTHERS
TYPE-A SEDAN

Whether the buyer relies upon his own first impression, the tribute of owners, the reputation of Dodge Brothers, or whether, going deeper, he compares and examines the Type-A Sedan part by part, the result is invariably the same.

He recognizes the car's fundamental worth at a glance. He hears the sort of testimony a tried product inspires. And on further examination he discovers the sort of workmanship and materials which Dodge Brothers have employed in building their own good name.

DODGE BROTHERS DETROIT
DODGE BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED
TORONTO, ONTARIO

For feet at home on avenue or trail

Men whose steady wrists have twitched a canoe an inch away from a shark-toothed rock sneaking under black, curling water; who have matched sensitive hands and muscles of steel against a tarpon's fight; who wear the souls of adventurers under modish coats—it is such men who know that Packards are their kind.

For under their shapeliness, true to exact convention, there's meaty sturdiness, toughness of fibre and honest shoe making—the pliant spring of oak-tanned soles—the yielding firmness of calfskins tanned in the slow Scotch way.

Style—what is it? All shoes look stylish in the show window.

Packard style is individual—it does not seek to disguise bone and sinew into dainty, he-flapper curves—it's the style that goes with broad shoulders and slim waists—a two-fisted style—the style for feet that are equally at home on trail or avenue.

You'll locate Packards at a *man's* store—probably the best shoe store in the city. If you don't find them, write to us.

They cost from 8 to 10 dollars, a few styles higher.

Packard

No. 705
Rugby Model

M. A. PACKARD COMPANY
Brockton, Mass.

(Continued from Page 64)

"Well, I must say"—J. P. had drawn a long breath—"I must say, Barbara, that you greatly surprise me; yes, and that you hurt me. I consider this very uncalled for. I was not prepared to introduce a third person into our discussions—yet. Had I desired it, I should, of course, have done so long ago."

"But, father ——"

"I think," said J. P. with great dignity, "that I do not care to discuss this matter any further for today. I repeat that you have hurt me, Barbara. And since you wish to bring in an outsider, we will do so. We will wait for your reënforcements."

He had gone in an awful dignity to get his bag of clubs. But he was not so hurt as he pretended. Barbara's initiative really pleased him. And it was true. Had she been a son, he would have expected a very different reaction from her—a different type of life. He'd have found a place for her—struggle; in the factory near him, as his successor, or in some field where it was desired.

And after all, in this instance, what she did made no difference. He would bring her around, regardless of the reenforcements. He had his own conviction here. Let the Boston bean come on. Let this venerable writing sage, this wise guy from the national beanery, bring on his Harvard accent and his elderly advice! The more the merrier—for him. Fight and win—that was the stuff of life.

J. P., topping a slight rise, saw the eighth tee of the course. It was one of the loveliest spots on the links. Here the fairway stretched like an emerald velvet. The air was hot, still and sunny. There was no one in sight. Only a faint hum from bees near by and the distant click of a horse reaper over a knoll. There was still a little time before he was due to meet Mason, and the rest bench looked alluring. J. P. dropped his bag and sat down to rest for a few minutes. He reached for his illicit tobacco.

III

AT HIS right, a little lower down, was a lovely little clump of woodland—young growth, beech, yellow birch, oak and soft maple, with queen's lace, blackberry brier, fern and laurel tangled around their feet. The stuff ran back some distance; he didn't know exactly how far, though he had several times hunted balls in the fringe; but it occurred to him how pretty it all looked in the sun, and how deserted and still. But he knew it was not deserted. A Miss Edwards, down at the hotel, who went birding, told him a couple of scarlet tanagers had nested in the woods up at the eighth tee, very unusual so far north. J. P. had never seen a scarlet tanager, but the thought of those birds led him again to Barbara. Mating, a nest—that's what Barbara needed. That was woman's real constructing business. That was what she, at heart, wanted; what he wanted for her. And as she said, there were difficulties.

There is a certain pathos, an element of danger, in a rich girl's mating. So easy to part with the birthright for a mess of pottage, so difficult to see the girl without the background. The coin must ring true—be pure gold. But there you were! Coin! Gold! As Barbara no doubt would have pointed out, he couldn't even use figures of speech without filthy lucre in them. J. P. sighed. It would all come right presently. Some day Barbara would meet a regular fellow—someone who didn't give a hinky-dink about a millionaire's money, who would put millionaires right in their places when he felt like it, and who would see Barbara when she looked like a flying bird. Where, J. P. didn't know exactly. But when it came to pass, there'd be things Barbara would understand and—some of the things she had said had pricked him—she would realize how great a part love for her had played in his own life, in his own success.

He remembered perfectly, when he had realized this definitely, on the night Martha had left him forever; when he had sat in a no-man's land of the soul.

Miss Stowe, the nurse, had come and touched his shoulder.

"There's still the little girl, Mr. Winton," she had said.

And there was the little girl. The tiny creature had flung her arms around his neck, rubbed her flock-like hair, her funny little pipestem nose, against his cheek, given him little tap-like kisses—and the tightness around his mind and heart relaxed. He saw his life, his work ahead.

His work reviewed itself to J. P. That smart factory settlement—a model, actually—where his workers hailed him as J. P., where gala days in his honor were held, with wreaths and bunting; where fellowship and reciprocity were the note. He saw his factories, vast acres of steel and glass that made his celebrated soaps—the yellow laundry in the gay blue jacket, the famous Toilet Floatilla, a fairy mold of pale porphyry to purify the person. Figures sprang to mind—enormous, annually more stunning, carloads of soap that end to end could girdle a world, a Niagara of suds. We Wash the World for a slogan.

"Well, gosh, it's getting to be the truth—something like it," thought J. P. "We're pretty well washing Continental Europe right now—where they wash at all. And we expect to tackle Russia next spring—try to teach 'em how."

Baths for Russians! There was a slogan. J. P. stopped to consider the concept of a washed Russia. What effect would it have politically, æsthetically? What relation was there between soap and the subjective types of culture—literature, drama, art? What did a washed, aired body, fresh-laundered clothing, do to the mental juices? Well, you could try it yourself. Who should say soap was not the greatest of all missionaries?

But this was not meat for a simple man on a warm August afternoon. It was pleasanter to leave the Russians for things American—his collection, for instance. He had collected early American stuff for ten years now. He remembered who had started him on his collecting very well—old Pete Motterson. He had seen somebody put an old Florentine missal into Pete's hands. Tears had sprung to Pete's eyes. "Genuine Lorenzo de' Medici," murmured Pete—who made Motterson Ajax Threads for a living. And he, J. P., had stared jealously. Here was a kick—a thrill he was missing. Not that he wanted to cry over Lorenzo de' Medici and old wormholes, but he wanted to know why Pete cried.

Well, he had found out. It took a lot of time, some misdirected energy, patience, mistakes, and a great deal of money before he got into his stride. Why he had pitched on American colony he wasn't quite sure. Many people did it, but few like himself fancied the provincial. He let the Sheraton and Chippendale influences alone, the art of towns and settlements, and went in for the rude and strictly contrived material of the pioneer. He collected not for any visual beauty, but intellectually, perhaps because in a sense he could identify himself here. He had never been able to look up his particular heredity. It fell away, under research, like the tradition of the Hanks family, in a welter of legend, errors, misnomer, baffling in its very untutored simplicity. But he knew the name Winton occurred over and over in early disrelated records, and he believed his folk to have been on the American scene from the beginning. Small-time thrifty if uneducated people—farmers, artisans of a rude type, craftsmen of sorts, inconspicuous but diligent. Nobody sticking out of his time—until, of course, we reach the present generation. J. P. restrained himself modestly here. But anyhow giving some warrant, he felt, for his peculiar interest in the lovely stuff he gathered. Yes, lovely—to the intelligent mind. And many were the lovely scoop and beat he made against his rivals. In the stillness of the afternoon, many of these feats unrolled their details very pleasantly.

But suddenly J. P. forgot scoops and beats because of something he saw. The little woods at his right had come to life. Out of it flashed a living jewel. Beating on its wings like a humming bird, vivid against the foliage, he saw the scarlet tanager.

J. P. got to his feet and approached it involuntarily. The bird receded. It fluttered back farther into the wood. J. P. followed. Perhaps if he tracked it cautiously he might come upon its nest, see it with its mate. At any rate, the creature was in a sense a small adventure, and he tried to creep up stealthily on it. But the tiny brilliant flutterer above him seemed to be aware of his intention. It cheeped and preened and made short nervous flights, flitting from tree to tree, its wary eye apparently on J. P.'s elephantine finesse. When he had crept effacingly through the thick brush some hundreds of feet, deeper in the woodland than he had ever gone, J. P. realized he had lost the bird. The lacing boughs above him made a sort of cool green chamber, now completely empty, and just before him he saw a wall or tangled thicket of tall heavy laurels. It barred his way almost impenetrably, and he had an impulse to turn back. Then, impelled by some unaccountable curiosity, he pushed through the stiff impeding screen and forced his way beyond it.

What he saw on the other side, utterly astonished him. In the very middle of this little woods patch, closely adjacent to the Pine Lake golf course, and ringed thickly by these screening laurels, stood a tiny cleared place, crudely plowed and planted. At its farther end stood a house, a sort of split-log camp or cabin. A thin spiral of blue smoke rose from its chimney and a path of broken stone interspersed with grasses led from near J. P. to its door.

It was the poorest, the most primitive looking place he had ever seen in these parts. Even the garden crop, the planting here, seemed of a meandering haphazard sort, the handiwork of someone imperfectly acquainted with soil and rotation. There were beans and squash and turnips, some poorish-looking potatoes, corn of several coarse kinds, a planting of something like millet; a border of low herbs, some spikes of pale blue flowers, some tufts of small pink and white sweet William. No effort had been made to blend the rude-looking garden and sowed patches with the rougher meadow in which they stood. Stumps of recently felled trees thrust up jaggedly, with ivies around them, and huckleberry and sedge made a gnawed and ragged edge against the hoed places.

But the house was a match for forlornness. So dark and low of brow, its two visible windows hardly more than slits in the log wall, its tiny cluster of outbuildings standing up close and no better than huts. Even the door was peculiar and unlike anything he had ever seen: a clumsy, incredibly improvised affair of broad hickory slabs hung with old-fashioned iron strap hinges, and a staple and bar. The door now stood slightly ajar, and whoever lived inside had an æsthetic taste, for a vine of squash, half pipe, half golden blossom-bell, had been trained like a garland over the doorway.

But what caught J. P.'s breath completely away, as he looked, was a sight presented to the left of this doorway. Tipped up against the house wall, their open mouths gaping innocently at him, stood seven authentic black iron Colonial pots.

IV

IT TOOK J. P. a moment to believe his eyes. He had to get out his handkerchief and wipe them to clear them of possible fog. But he could not wipe away the iron pots. There they stood, authentic, solid, beckoning.

"Seven," muttered J. P. "Seven black iron pots, pre-Revolutionary, in one place—a place that is lousy with apple-butter pots!"

And shaking his paralysis, J. P. plunged like a retriever up that grassy path to the door.

There was no sound of life. A somnolent hush hung on the afternoon air. Only the bright gourd bells about the door seemed to tremble a little at his coming, ringing silently perhaps for the joy of summer, and a great bee zoomed out of the laurels and flew over his head with a roar like a small cannon. J. P.'s movements seemed grotesque and clumsy. His sharp rat-tat-tat on the hickory panel tore through the golden stillness like a ripping knife, and in the reëchoing silence that followed, a faint sense of unease filled him. But no one answered. The place seemed still to sleep, and impelled by an unpardonable boldness, J. P. pushed wide the door and stepped inside.

It would be impossible to describe the emotion that filled J. P. as he stopped on the other side of that sill and saw where he stood. The room was empty and yet filled; and what filled it sent the blood pounding to his head, brought a mist before his eyes, a sense of beating hammers into his ears. For he stood in the most perfect restoration he had ever looked at, of a family kitchen-living-room interior of the New York colony period of the middle-eighteenth century.

And with clearing eyes and slowing pulses he knew something else—that this restoration could be only the labor of love, the secret cache, the private museum or memorial tucked so uniquely away, repeating in its small but perfect entirety that early American picture, of someone who shared his own hobby, a rival who collected entirely along his own angle; but who, though sharing the same reverence and intention

(Continued on Page 68

The Final Step In Complete Riding Ease

When your car is Gabriel equipped you will know greater riding and driving ease.

For Gabriels are the final step in providing complete car comfort.

No matter how rough and bumpy the road, Gabriels keep you on the seat *all the time.*

Over little irregularities which exist even in the smoothest road, Gabriel free play permits tires and springs to function fully.

But when you strike a heavy bump on the stretch of rough road, Gabriels automatically increase their braking or snubbing action, providing the necessary check which retards the force of the car springs' rebound.

You literally float over rough spots in a way that you marvel at the difference.

Go to one of the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations and have your car Gabriel equipped. Then you will know why Gabriels are the final step in complete riding and driving ease.

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1408 East 40th Street, Cleveland, Ohio
Gabriel Manufacturing Company of Canada, Toronto, Ont.
Sales & Service Everywhere

Gabriel
Improved Balloon-Type
Snubbers
Best for All Tires Carrying Low Air Pressure

Gabriel is the only spring control device officially, by patent and copyright, entitled to the name *Snubber.* To make certain that you have genuine Gabriel Snubbers installed on your car, go to the authorized Gabriel Snubber Sales and Service Stations which are maintained in 2600 cities and towns. Motor car dealers who are desirous of assuring their customers of greatest satisfaction recommend Gabriel Snubbers and many install them as well.

Sealright

Pouring-Pull

Milk Bottle Caps

The ideal food in home, office, factory

Milk is nature's ideal food. Drink it freely. See that your milkman serves you bottled milk capped with Sealright Pouring Pull Milk Bottle Caps—three times more useful:

1—A safe, clean way of removing cap—just lift tab and pull.
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Largest Plant of Its Kind in the World

(Continued from Page 66)

as himself, had had opportunities of contact and purchase beyond his wildest dreams. For there was nothing lacking here to compose a perfect setting for the drama of life as it had been lived in that time. And if it appeared, carelessly, for the moment, to be unguarded and unsentineled, it was only temporarily. The place, he saw, was empty of people, but not uninhabited. A meal was impending.

There was a plain deal table drawn down the middle of the room with a rude form by it. This table, he saw, was spread with an unbleached linen board cloth of the period and covered with the essentials for a simple meal. A horn-handled clasp knife and two spoons, one of pewter, the second, larger, of wood. A loaset, or flat plate, of pear wood stood by these, and J. P. could see from where he stood the inequalities left by the maker's chisel marks. A folded handcloth, ancestor to the napkin, was laid near by, and a pewter mug and tankard stood next. Beside these were a sugar basin, whose contour made him tremble, a low open bowl filled with something like curds of milk, and—perhaps tithe to that æsthetic strain that set gourd bells ringing in the doorway—a pot with a growing plant which J. P. saw was, most strangely, a tomato, bearing two small wizened ripening fruits.

But in the fireplace were other preparations. Beyond the edge of a matted worn cowhide, spread before the hearthstone, the low embers of a great fire still gleamed, with a quantity of hot white ash banked at the back. Thrusting from these, he saw the ends of two blackened unhusked ears of corn, several very small gnarly baked potatoes and a plaited-willow bake basket in which still smoked a loaf of dark meal bread or cake. A light perspiration enfolded J. P. Whoever lived here, collector, curator or guardian angel, fanatic owner or meticulous hireling—lived to the very letter of the times.

"But this is impossible," muttered J. P., and he went up and looked more closely at the fireplace. It was a jewel, deep-throated, wide of bay and equipped to perfection. "Years of work to track such stuff—a pretty penny," he reflected, examining the equipment in excitement. It was all there.

There was, he saw, the ancient clavel piece, where the original owner had dried strings of quartered apple, pieces of jerked beef, medicinal herbs, in the old times. There was the lug pole, the great stout log spanning the chimney lugs, blackened by many fires. The lug pole was to be displaced a little later in history by a newfangled contrivance called a crane, but this was a very fine, very perfect example of the older implement. He knew a man who had paid five hundred dollars for one not nearly so perfect. He saw, touching each crude contrivance, that it carried the full line of hooks for those great pots outside, trammels, gib crokes, twi crokes, hakes.

His connoisseur's mouth watered. Colonial iron! There were two sets of dogs—a high and a low, the finials of the second in the negro's-head design. J. P. stepped back. A set of trivets in the hearth corner caught his eye, a powder horn hanging at one side. By the hearth stood fire tools, a leather bellows, a broom of rushes. There was a musket on the wall, and a second wooden form drawn to the ingle. There was also a low stool with a seat of braided basswood strips, and treasured for its rarity, no doubt—a single huge armchair, the only thing with a back in the room. No right-minded person today would care to sit in it, glacial, forbidding, foursquare, but it was beautifully handmade, a blend of the Carver and Brewster types. There was nothing in the range of J. P.'s eyes that was not handmade, hand-forged, hand-contrived. His knees failed him suddenly. He sat down on the basswood stool.

But curiosity, a hundred beckoning forms drove him to his feet again. Here on the mantelpiece stood a Betty lamp and two great glass flip jugs. One was Dutch, a clear green with a red fuchsia painted on the side, the other was Spanish, like a clouded amber. Opposite him stood a large maple dresser with hand-pegged joints. It was covered with utensils, some coarse porcelain, a little pewter and rude homemade wooden bowls and plates. Before it was spread a homemade hooked rug in a bright wreath and pinnace design, and J. P. saw in opposite corners similar rugs laid before two chests, respectively, a join chest and a spruce. On the latter stood a flax basket and hatchel. J. P. got out his handkerchief and wiped his face again.

The sunlight filtering through the two slit-like windows, the open door, laid broad gold bands shot with prismatic motes against the shadows of the room, and brought into high light various new treasures. He saw the whole outfit and kit of the domestic flax weaver at hand. Out of a corner rose the curve of the flax wheel and beside it a great loom. J. P. himself owned two very fine looms and this, he saw, was a worthy competitor. A swift, near at hand, was empty now, but the loom was set for its work, with a skarne of full-wound spools for the warp.

Indeed, the shuttle had been suspended midtask, for the warp was correctly pegged and a bout of the finished stuff already rolled over the warp beam.

J. P. examined this linen. It was thick, softly heavy, perfectly knotless, like a sheet of pale silvery lead foil. The hand that had pegged out this stuff and guided the weft was the hand of a genuine artist, he knew. He moistened his lips, touched carefully this perfect restoration of an almost lost art, fingered the accouterments of the frame, the sley, the tomble, the pace weight, the bore staff.

It was as he turned away that he saw the slaw bed. Fastened up on the wall, with the hooded cradle, gay with Dutch colorings under it. He had been trying to get this type of slaw bed for years. The great-grandfather of boarding-house folding beds, of Pullman berths, the great hinged frame was held flat up on the wall and out of the way by two wooden flaps, or shutters. Released, as J. P. knew, with four sockets for crude wooden legs in its corners, it would drop into place to hold perfectly its cowhide mattress, goose-feather bed and woolen sheets, and keep out, banked as close as it could be built here to the fire, the nipping dread of colonial forest winters. This bed, he saw, was hung in faded blue woolen serge, itself a trophy. He cried out suddenly, loudly, "In heaven's name, where am I standing?"

"You are standing in my house," a crisp voice answered, and J. P. whirled around.

A young woman had entered behind him. At first he thought it was Barbara, in a sort of masquerade. She was Barbara's age and looked like her. Tall, strong, with thick brows and gray eyes, and even a pipe-stemmy nose. Then he saw that one of her front teeth was gone, and that a lock of silver mixed itself in the brown at her temple. She was probably a Quakeress, from the full-skirted plain dress. Also, she carried a very plump baby in her arms.

"Your house!" cried J. P., staring incredulously; then he recalled himself. "Madam, you must pardon my intruding, my coming in this way. I knocked, but no one answered and I couldn't resist entering. But it is impossible that—that anyone lives here as a family. Surely this is some memorial, a collector's arrangement. You must excuse my surprise, but I am very familiar with what these things are worth. I—I collect, myself."

"You are standing in my house," the youngwoman answered composedly. "These are just—our things."

J. P. stood transfixed. He had heard of the pinies of New Jersey and the mountaineers of Kentucky—people caught inescapably in the meshes of an antique past, like flies in amber, and he knew there were old types in this region, but—but nothing like this.

"In that case"—he tried to keep his voice from trembling—"if, as you say, these are merely your household things and your own property, then there is only one thing I desire to say. I wish to buy, madam—at your own figure—everything I see here before me—everything!"

"Everything?" The young woman smiled a little. "The rye loaf? The roasten' ears? The love apple?" She looked at the tomato. "The infant?"

"I mean, of course, your furnishings—the imperishable ones," said J. P. with dignity. "You will excuse me, but it is a little exciting—er—an emotional experience to come all at once upon material in such a quantity, so perfect, so very rare and precious."

"Rare! Precious! My poor things!" She smiled again. "Why, we made most of these ourselves. But I am afraid I cannot sell them to you. Will you sit down? I am sorry I was not here to welcome you." She motioned him again to the basswood stool. "I only stepped out a moment from my weaving."

"Weaving! You mean you wove that linen over there?"

"But surely. I have woven many bouts of it."

She sat down on the form opposite him, holding the baby upright on her lap. J. P. saw that her hands were dark and discolored, the nails worn down and broken. That queer feeling of unease came to him again. He hunted for something to say. Then the baby laughed at him, thrust two fingers into its moist little mouth and blew out a silvery bubble. J. P. drew his watch, a thin gold wafer, the gift of the men in the Floatilla factory, from his pocket.

"Come here, sir," he said brightly. "Tck-tck! Come here and have a look at this. Let's listen to the birdie inside of this."

But the young woman drew the baby close.

"Put up your watch," she said, "and do not try to touch my babe. Because you cannot—any more than I can sell these things to you. Because, after all, everything here—babe and furniture, and myself, too, belongs to you already, J. P. We are part of you and you of us. Indeed, you have come here because I invited you. No, sit still and listen to me. You do not know me, but I know you perfectly. I have stood beside you often. I have watched you, listened to you, at the gathering of the oldtime chattels you admire. Sometimes before I have almost taken pity and teased you with the sight of a completeness among them your efforts will never know. Sometimes I've been minded to bid you back and show you Judi—what was rightfully your own, and it may be a cruelty in a way, as it would be if I inventoried your collection, and showed you—what I could show you. But enough of that. My purpose today is different. I asked you back here to talk to you, J. P.—and nobody has a better right, indeed. You stare at me, but there is no need of it. We are not strangers, I assure you. I have no substance; but neither have you, in this place. I am the shade of what has been. You are the shadow of events to come. I am your great-great-great-grandmother, and you are yet unborn. Nevertheless, here you may listen to me."

She stopped a moment and cuddled the baby closer.

"Because, more than any other woman of your kin, I belong to the age that has fascinated you; because I have tasted its meaning and known its symbols best. I am that early kinswoman of yours, Ann Davies, of Quaker stock, who came in her mother's arms, she riding pillion behind her man out of the Connecticut Colony into the woodland of New York. I am that kinswoman who at fifteen wed with Jason Winton, of Tryon County, and helped him clear and build this cabin you stand in. I am that kinswoman who, more than any other, drank the cup of human hardship in the American wilderness. It is that I wish to speak of."

She paused, and her face grew thoughtful, stern.

"Much hardship. Much privation. Cold of winter winds, and great snows the like of which your time will not know. Scalding heat of summer, burning drought, and nothing but heartbreaking effort and utter ignorance to combat it. Dearth of bread. Famine—literally. The failure of the crops. Folk dropping dead in the field for lack of food. Two of my young lads thus. Sickness"—her face grew sterner still—"cholera and smallpox and plague of pestilent fevers with nothing of skill to meet them. Four of my children thus. Childbirth—eleven times—three alone, unaided. Three babes stillborn, in this cabin. Danger and peril of life. Indians and massacres. Twice into the forest in the dead of night, to neighboring holdings. Once in midafternoon, alone with my brood, low-lying, breathless, beneath the cornerib—a young brother trapped. Spitted and scalped in yonder garden. War—the warfare of the border, bitter, relentless, Indian-cruel. Out of the dark forests, riding in the night, 'the blue-eyed Indians,' Tories with bounty on the Whig scalp. My husband and my hound lying dead by secret hands across their doorsill."

She paused.

"This little lad, fighting with General Washington in the great war—this little lad, your grandfather twice removed, dying at eighteen at Valley Forge, a husband, a father, already. His brother a prisoner, never heard of again, at Fort Niagara. Myself, broken, childless, old, white-haired at thirty-seven. . . . Primitive Americana! The fad of rich men!" She smiled slightly. (Continued on Page 70)

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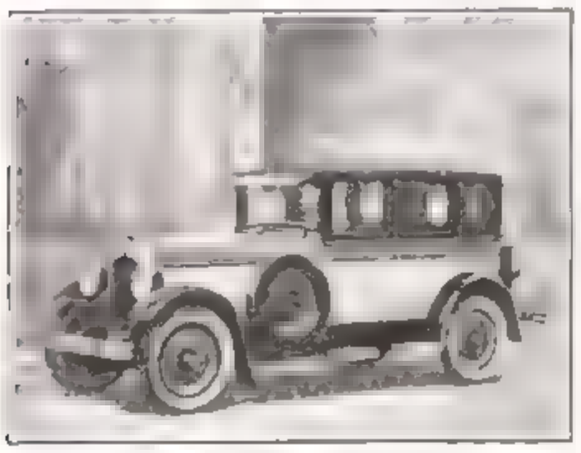

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DAVIS

"BUILT OF THE BEST"

(Continued from Page 68)

"Of your blood, J. P., all carry on the tale. The son begot by this little lad will trek over the Alleghanies in the Conestoga wagon, building his watch fires against the wolves, clearing the Ohio forest, his mate helping. Of his eight sons, not one will vary the pattern. Farther and farther west they will push, wresting the wilderness away, only one of them, your grandfather, returning to sow and plant the older country. Simple, obscure men, but fashioners and builders all—until we reach you." Caught speechless, like a man stricken by a spell, something in J. P.'s mind protested. The voice swept on:

"Until we reach you. Yours is the new epoch, an epoch too vast for our simple comprehension. I sometimes wonder when our men set the ax ringing against the virgin wood if they dreamed for what they cleared. The softness, the pace, the pleasure, the age of jazz, when the wheel of the machine shall displace the craftsman's hand and one man can do another's work as well; when there shall be leisure and safety to play. But this is to be the manner of your fashioning and building, the epoch in which you and men like you shall be mighty to prevail. That is why I have sent for you. Because I know the thing that is standing between you and Barbara, this question rising between you. For I am in Barbara's mind, and I would speak for Barbara. I speak in her blood and I know what she is trying to say, yet has not the perspective."

J. P. fought free of his enchantment a moment.

"I knew it!" he cried. "I'm—why, I'm just dreaming, of course, but this is Barbara's dream. She made it. Why, she looks just like you."

"And who has more right?" asked his kinswoman. "But I shall not keep you long. I am only going to ask you a question, J. P. You are a man of great wealth and modern achievement, and like your kind, a dispenser of large municipal gifts and wonderful public charities. You are also a collector. You collect our spoor, our leavings, our poor symbols. Very carefully you conserve these. What do you do as a rich man of great power, one making gifts, with the spirit behind those symbols? What are you, who believe in fighting and fashioning, doing with our fighting and fashioning, with the heritage we left you? What do you do to show the incoming new bloods in your charge that America was bought at great price, that its essence is constructive effort? You believe in the power of the gift. This school you propose is a witness to it; but may it not express a greater gift still—the ideal of individual effort? As Barbara says, 'Struggle is precious.'"

"No!" shouted J. P. "I won't begin that all over. I won't have you and Barbara working on me together. I know I'm only dreaming, but even in a dream I won't discuss——"

There was no one to discuss with. His relative had gone. The laughing baby had gone. The whole room was going—the loom, the fireplace, the flip mugs, the love apple, the slaw bed—oh, heaven, not the slaw bed! "Come back!" shouted J. P.

But there was only the sound of rushing wind, dark planes sliding before his eyes, a crimson flutter—the tanager's wings? He heard a noise like buzzing bees and realized a white-hot glare against his eyelids. They were closed. He opened them. He was sitting on the rest bench at the eighth tee, and the noise of buzzing bees came from a stocky elderly gentleman approaching him—a gentleman with very bow legs and incredibly loud golf socks.

"Good Lord, is this the way you tryst with me, J. P.?" he was saying. "I've been waiting for you for half an hour."

▼

IN THE cool of the afternoon, correctly showered and dressed, from the snowy white wool cap to the equally spotless brogues below his chaste flannels, with a natty little English brier going briskly, J. P. once more stepped across the veranda and faced the lake prospect.

All the late afternoon activities of Pine Lake Hotel were going forward. Afternoon tea was being served under the Moorish arches. The gray transformations, now in beaded georgettes, were playing bridge; the jazz orchestra was doing *thé-dansant* stuff in the ballroom, and down on the lake beach and pier bright figures in gay suits and sports clothes were swarming. The buoy tower made a vermilion splash far out against the green hills, arrows of light shot over the surface of the water, and he saw that the clumsy old white paddle wheel that plied along the lake shore was coming in.

J. P. went down leisurely and found a favorite seat on one of the more secluded lake paths. He had not seen Barbara since he went out for golf. The girl seemed to have vanished completely. Not that he knew exactly what tack he would take when they met. He had left her in a mood of cool hauteur and he intended to keep it up. By all the canons of fiction—probably as this man Fenwick would have had it—his strange experience and dream ought to have melted his heart. Fenwick, no doubt, would have had him rise and stagger forward like a true erring father and fall repentant on Barbara's neck.

"But I won't, because my conviction is not changed. What can change it? My great-grandmother is too old to know anything about this, my daughter is too young. This Boston cod eater, this elderly writing coot who's coming on tomorrow, is too remote, a butter-in——"

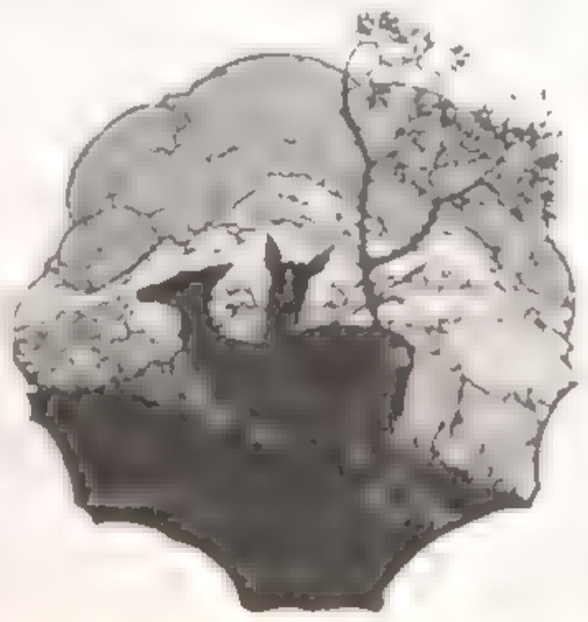
J. P. stopped because the lake boat had stopped. It discharged its passengers on the pier and he saw two who interested him. One was Barbara. He saw her glossy dark head, her straight white frock. The other, with her, was a young man three or four years older, and quite the largest young man J. P. had ever seen—largest in scale, not bulk. He was dressed in white also, and his head seemed to tower a couple of feet above everybody else. It was an unusual head, finely shaped, and blond, with unruly fair locks of hair. And the features below were a sort of blend, J. P. thought, of a viking and the Apollo Belvedere. The man's arms and legs were all of a piece for size, and he had the biggest hands imaginable. Even as her father looked, one of these oafish members was laid on Barbara's arm, and the girl swung free of the pier and on to the path in his own direction.

There is revelation in attitude more eloquent than words. Barbara hated to be touched—mauled, she called it. She was able-bodied, anyhow, and competent to get off the pier without human aid. But now J. P.'s startled eye caught the amazing fact that Barbara leaned on this aid, craved it, clamored silently for it; and the viking who walked by her craved to give it. In a minute, J. P. realized that these two young people had not chosen the path because it led to him. They wanted any old path that was narrow enough to hold them together. As they walked they swayed a little toward each other, now and again touching lightly, unconsciously; and Barbara's face, he saw, was lifted like a thirsty flower, radiant in a strong sun. It was beautiful. It looked—like a flying bird. Yes, and the viking had flying birds in his face too. Some inner light seemed to burn in his face, looking down at Barbara's. He was doing the talking.

"There," he was saying peremptorily, "you were wrong. I would not have permitted you to do that."

"Good Lord," thought J. P., "nobody ever talks to Barbara like that! Why, he doesn't give a hinky-dink about a millionaire—puts 'em right in their place. And she's taking it! Who is this—bandit?"

But the bandit was flowing on. "Flow" was the only word J. P. could think of. If he was witnessing the unconscious progression toward him of a daughter visibly and rapidly sinking into the toils of love—not unreciprocated—the phrases that bound her in the net were not the usual kind. No sugared nothings played upon this courtier's lip. It was a salty diet of ideas,



vigorous, forceful, expressed in a copious fluid richness of diction and with a vocabulary that stunned the ear literally. Yet that seemed the bread of life to the girl. You would never have thought to look at that rapt and radiant face that it belonged to a young woman with a ruined life. She tore her face from the viking and saw the inconsequential trifle that was himself.

"Father!" she said blankly; then more warmly, "Oh, father, he's come!"

"I see that—I see that," said J. P.'s soul, and he felt a little forlorn and old and resentful. But Barbara went on:

"Father, this is Mr. Phillips—Bayard Phillips, of Boston, you know, of whom I spoke to you, who has written such wonderful books and essays. . . . My father, Mr. Phillips."

J. P.'s hand was seized—ruined, he believed—and he looked into ice-blue eyes as direct as a dagger stroke.

"Wasn't it a wonderful coincidence, father? Mr. Phillips didn't expect to get down here until tomorrow. He expected to spend the night up at Hampton in that little hotel. But I had an errand up there on the old boat, and Mr. Phillips heard my name spoken in the general store and came up and introduced himself. We've been riding around on the paddle wheel ever since. Three hours, isn't it? Oh, it's been perfectly lovely—perfectly wonderful! I've showed Mr. Phillips everything—all our points of interest here—and we've had a wonderful time. I don't think we've ever had a lovelier day here. And I've had the most wonderful talk with Mr. Phillips. He has the most wonderful ideas."

"You flatter me"—the ice-blue eyes were on Barbara again—"but it's been most delightful. I had no idea what a lake you have here; it's a charming place. Wonderful scenery, wonderful air."

"Yes," said J. P. feebly, "we're pretty wonderful all the way round in these parts."

But what did it matter what he said?

"Father," said Barbara, "I'm taking Mr. Phillips down shore here to show him the grindstone where the Indians made their meal. Mr. Phillips, you must get father to talk to you about the colony people here in New York. Father collects that stuff, and he's had some wonderful experiences; but not now. We'll be back, father, by dinner, anyhow, and then—then"—she paused and smiled at him saucily—"you wait and hear our ideas. We are going to overpower you."

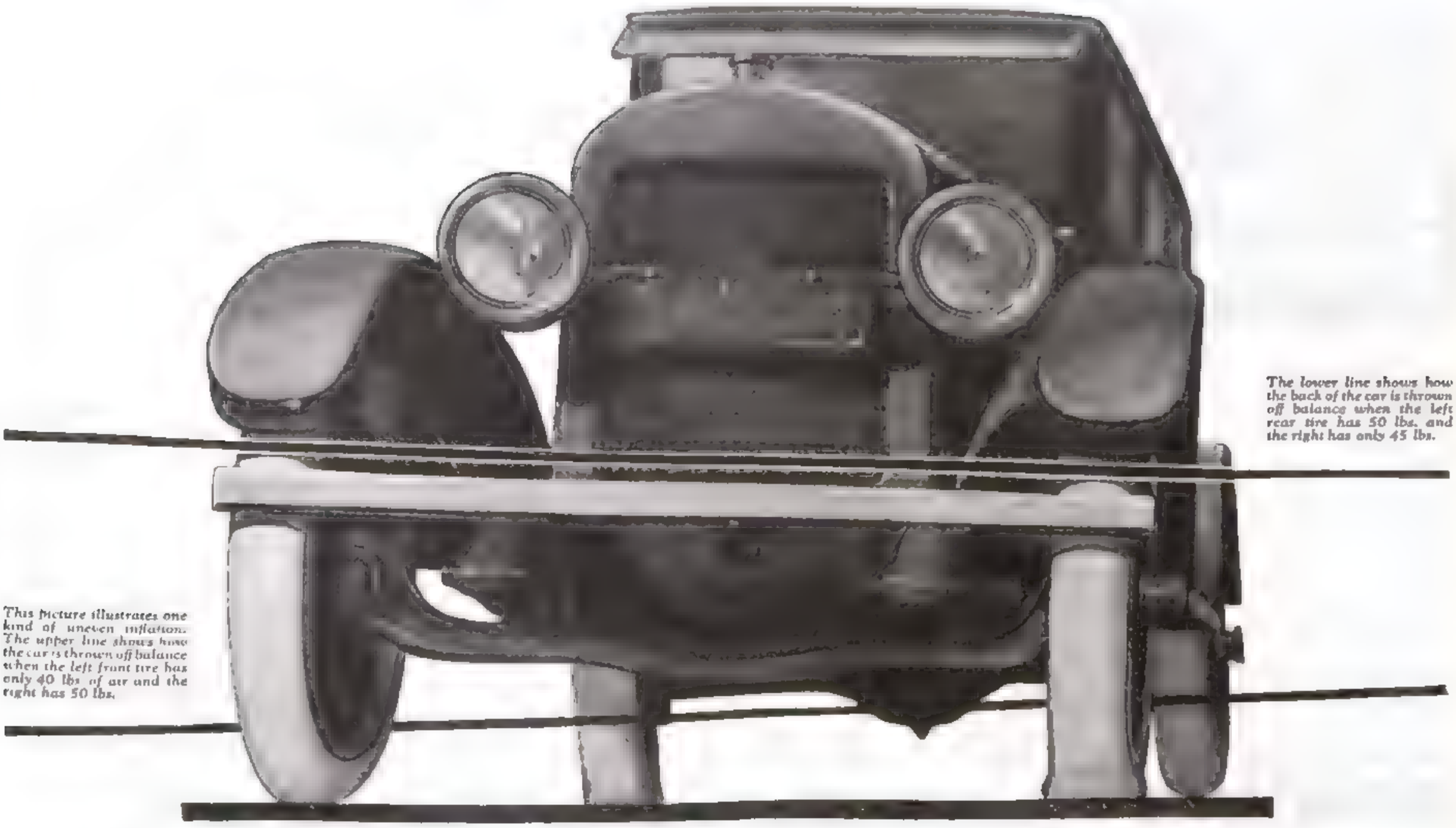
But he was overpowered now. He looked after them dazedly, trying to realize. It had come—what he wanted for Barbara—a nest like the tanager's. The material was here. This—this outsized youth with his old name, his ample means, his prestige, his blond vigor and beauty, his cool contempt for millionaires, his—heaven help them all!—vocabulary like a cross-word puzzle. And it was too much for J. P. The ground had been shot away under him.

"Not," thought J. P., "that I couldn't go on as I intended. These people are too much in love really to make good fighting. I could take everything away like cake from a baby. But what does it matter now? I'm going to lose Barbara." Jealousy and forlornness mixed for a moment in J. P., before a thought cheered him. He drew out his wafer of watch again.

"Funny! To offer your watch to your baby great-great-grandfather to let him hear it tick. Well, I suppose I'll be getting it out for the infant ear soon again. I may anticipate a little, but augury and crystal gazing are the style this afternoon, and it helps take the curse off this cod eater for me.

"And I'm not so sure," he added thoughtfully, "my poor little grandmammy of long ago—if that was really you, my little old-young grandmother of so many sorrows—that my call at your house in the laurels was entirely wasted. Barbara gets her bullhead from me and it's hard for me to yield. But I admit there's a lot in your view—in hers. My people lean on me. 'Get J. P. to give it' is our best slogan of all. Perhaps we'll try it—giving 'em the stuff to fight with instead of taking out the fight. That is, if you'll help me find a graceful, dignified, way to do it—say as a wedding present.

"Only"—here J. P. was very firm—"there are limits to this struggle and deprivation stuff, and I have reached mine. I may lose my daughter and my school policy and my slaw bed—heaven help me, it is rightfully mine!—all in one afternoon. But I will not lose that apple-butter pot. I'm going over there tomorrow and fight it off that little old hen of a woman if it costs me a hind leg and five thousand dollars."



The lower line shows how the back of the car is thrown off balance when the left rear tire has 50 lbs. and the right has only 45 lbs.

This picture illustrates one kind of uneven inflation. The upper line shows how the car is thrown off balance when the left front tire has only 40 lbs. of air and the right has 50 lbs.

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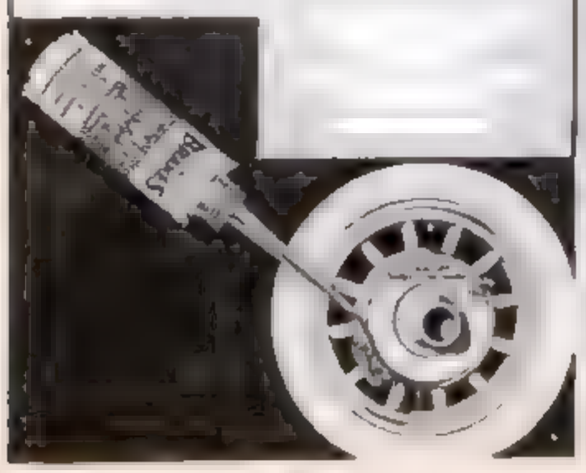


PEREGRINE

Continued from Page 33

On the wooded slope of Devilhead ridge, across the valley, Dan Alexander sat at the foot of a big chestnut oak and gazed out across the gorge. He was tired and disappointed. For hours he had tramped the woods on the western shoulder of the ridge, searching for the great wild gobbler which for several mornings had been feeding there. He had found many old "scratches" places where the big bird had been feeding on previous days—but he had discovered no fresh sign. Dan gave up the quest at last, and before beginning the long homeward tramp, sat down to rest in a shady spot on the steep mountain side whence he could look out across the valley.

He had been sitting there for perhaps five minutes, his mind busy with plans for the new campaign which he intended to wage against Cloud King and Red Rogue, the marauders of Devilhead Peak, when his gray eyes brightened suddenly. For a moment he gazed intently at some distant object straight ahead of him. Then with a low exclamation he jumped to his feet, his eyes still fixed upon the strange thing which had attracted his attention

It was an amazing sight indeed. Far out over the valley, almost on a level with the spot where he stood, the young woodsman saw a great wide-winged bird flying straight toward him—a bird which he recognized at once. It was the wild gobbler which he had been hunting all morning, the gobbler whose scratches he had found on Devilhead ridge. But it was not solely the sight of his quarry which kindled a glow of excitement in Dan's eyes.

The gobbler was not alone. Above him, as he came on, flew another and much smaller bird—a bird whose long pointed wings, fanning the air rather slowly and yet with masterful certainty and power, marked him at once as the peregrine of Devilhead crag. The falcon was flying about a hundred feet above the turkey, and immediately Dan realized with the intuitive insight of the born woodsman that Cloud King's presence there was not accidental. Moments before the climax came the young mountaineer sensed what was to happen.

Suddenly he saw Cloud King close his wings and plunge. It seemed to Dan that the falcon did not merely fall upon his prey, but that he drove himself downward with wings and tail at well-nigh incredible speed More sensitive and more imaginative than most mountain woodsmen, a keen and sympathetic student of the wild things which he loved in his own fashion even while he hunted them, Dan felt his pulse quicken at the spectacle of that superbly reckless attack

For the moment he forgot his hatred of Cloud King in admiration of the falcon's swiftness and daring; and as the winged thunderbolt struck the gobbler squarely on the back where neck and body joined, a thrill of fierce joy shot through the young mountaineer—the tribute of one good hunter to another who has proved himself master of his craft. Breathlessly, Dan awaited the next act in the drama.

It was not what he expected. A bare fraction of a second before the peregrine struck his prey the thought had flashed through Dan's mind that the falcon could not possibly kill his huge adversary at a single blow. Cloud King would strike again and again, the mountaineer expected, forcing the turkey down with repeated blows and finally stunning him or tearing open his throat. The next moment revealed the woodsman's mistake. That one blow had been enough. The gobbler was falling, shooting down at a steep slant, his neck outstretched, his wings rigidly extended

Dan knew at a glance that the life had all but gone out of the big bird, that he was either dying or else was stunned. Eagerly the mountaineer watched as the gobbler shot downward, expecting each instant to see the triumphant peregrine disengage himself from his victim. Faster and faster fell the turkey, his wings half closed now, his neck still stretched to its utmost length; and for an instant Dan believed that he distinguished the form of the hawk clinging to the larger bird's back.

To the very last he looked to see Cloud King leap from the feathered steed he was riding. Not until gobbler and falcon had crashed together into the tree tops a hundred yards or so down the slope did the woodsman realize that in this game of life and death which he had witnessed something had gone amiss. He marked the spot where the birds had fallen close to a gigantic tulip poplar overtopping the other trees on the mountainside. Then, snatching up his rifle, he hurried down the slope.

Within ten minutes he found them. The gobbler lay dead, his wings spread wide, his neck twisted under him. He had either been killed in the air by the impact of the falcon's hard muscular body or else he had killed himself when he crashed stunned and helpless into the branches of the trees.

Upon the bronze body of his victim stood Cloud King. The peregrine swayed weakly, turning his head from side to side and peering uncertainly about him; and Dan knew that for the moment at least the hawk was incapable of flight. Plainly the breath had been knocked out of him, and probably for a few minutes before Dan's arrival he had lain unconscious.

Quickly the woodsman leaned his rifle against a sapling and slipped off his coat The gleam of excitement in his eyes had given way now to a twinkle of gratification The gobbler was his, after all; and, better even than that, Cloud King, the buccaneer of Devilhead, the murderer of grouse and quail, was in his power at last. He could have shot the falcon as he perched dazed and impotent on the turkey's carcass. But why waste powder and bullet when it was just as easy to wring the rascal's neck?

Holding his coat in his hand, Dan approached cautiously. It was the work of a moment to throw the coat over the hawk so as to prevent him from using bill or claws. Then, folding his captive in the coat, Dan tried to lift him, only to find that the hawk's talons were still embedded in the turkey's back just above and beside the neck. He understood then why Cloud King, after delivering his blow, had ridden his victim down into the bristling tree tops through which the turkey had fallen

With some difficulty Dan worked the long curved claws loose from the tough muscle and sinew into which they had been driven Then, sitting on a rock close to the turkey's body, and gripping the falcon's legs above the talons to hold him upright, he lifted the coat carefully and looked at his prisoner

For some minutes the young woodsman sat in silence, gazing fixedly at the peregrine The light had returned to Cloud King's eyes. They were no longer dazed and dull. On the contrary, all their accustomed fierceness and alertness had come back to them; and it seemed to Dan that never before had he looked into eyes so proud and fearless as these.

Cloud King made no attempt to free himself. As the minutes passed, it was evident that his strength was returning rapidly. Yet he did not flutter or struggle, and although Dan had now removed the coat altogether, the peregrine did not try to strike with his strong hooked bill. He simply held himself erect in the grip of his captor and awaited, with no visible trace of fear, the doom which was surely at hand.

After long minutes Dan rose to his feet. His gray eyes were shining, but the light in them was not fierce.

"Cloud King," he said, "you're game; you're game clean through. I was going to wring your neck, but I've changed my mind."

With a quick motion of his arm, he tossed the hawk into the air. Cloud King's long wings opened, and swiftly, buoyantly he circled upward, then shot away over the valley. Dan watched him thoughtfully for a few minutes as he sped northward toward Devilhead Peak. Then the young mountaineer turned to examine the great bronze gobbler which had so strangely become his prize.

How Chrysler's New Results Are Revising an Industry

If a year ago the Chrysler Six had been merely another new car, its influence in the industry would not have been felt; nor would its first-year production of more than 32,000 cars—the largest ever recorded—have been required.

But it was in reality the first step in the general revision of motor car design which the past year so plainly indicates.

For Chrysler Six is an entirely new *type* of car, built on a new *kind* of engineering, which produces results radically *different* from any others yet registered in the industry.

Where past development halted, the Chrysler Six advanced in seven-league boots, as owners by the thousand can now testify.

In the motor car industry, Chrysler quickly became the turning point which inevitably arrives in every industry—when revolutionary improvements render the original invention almost obsolete.

No other interpretation can be placed upon a car which with a 3-inch motor delivers 68 horse-power and a speed of more than 70 miles per hour.

Such tremendous power and speed from a motor of such size are unprecedented.

The difference of Chrysler Six engineering is emphasized a hundred fold by the further fact that this motor yields better than 20 miles to the gallon of gasoline.

There was no effort in Chrysler engineering to search out new principles.

On the contrary, the safe, sound fundamentals are its basis. Their application is the point of difference.

Nothing but engineering of the highest scientific character, with quality of the highest degree, could produce such a vibrationless engine as the Chrysler Six.

There is no other explanation for the fact that you can comfortably drive the Chrysler Six at 60 miles an hour or more over a cobbled street; or safely take it around turns at 50 miles an hour.

That is balance in the *nth* degree—scientific balance, if you please.

Chrysler Six disposes for all time of the idea that weight and length are necessary to easy riding—that a great cumbersome engine is necessary for power.

For the first time, a car of Chrysler Six size has been engineered to afford not only comfortable seating space but comfortable riding. Even the side-sway is gone, because the rear springs are placed close to the wheel-hubs and parallel to the wheels.

Details quoted by the score would show that the Chrysler Six was and still is as far in advance of ordinary practice as the harvester of today is ahead of the first clumsy reaping machine.

There is an oil-filter that cleanses all motor oil constantly and automatically; an air-cleaner for the carburetor; Chrysler-Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes that make deceleration as swift and sure as acceleration.

Everything that Chrysler advanced quality and Chrysler advanced design mean in the operation and comfort of a motor car will be made clear to you in a half hour's riding and driving of the Chrysler Six.

You will find any Chrysler Six dealer eager to give you this demonstration, and supply you with all the structural details which prove every Chrysler claim.

The Touring Car, $1395; The Phaeton, $1495; The Roadster, $1625; The Sedan, $1825; The Royal Coupe, $1895; The Brougham, $1965; The Imperial, $2065; The Crown-Imperial, $2195. All prices f. o. b. Detroit subject to current government tax. Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler Six enclosed models. All models equipped with special design six-ply, high-speed balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of Maxwell Motor Corporation
MAXWELL-CHRYSLER MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT.

CHRYSLER SIX

The Adventures of Old Things

By FAIRFAX DOWNEY

Repairing Furniture in One of the Six Salvation Army Industrial Homes in Greater New York

ONLY a small part of the answer to what becomes of old things can be found in the dusty dungeon of the junkman, the gloomy hold of the secondhand dealer or the sumptuous salon of the antique shop. Before articles once bright and new lapse into junk or used goods, or develop into antiques by natural or unnatural stages—yes, and after that—they may have passed through whole cycles of adventures. Romance, comedy, tragedy all may have played a part in their fate. Dust to dust ultimately, but in the meantime of their aging, they live full lives, do old things.

Would you recognize your old square piano as a signboard? Can you visualize the space bar of your debilitated typewriter ultimately turning up in the nursery as part of an ingenious toy? Would you expect to meet in after years the contents of the waste-paper basket beneath your desk as part of the hovel of a frugal Chinese? Don't be surprised; you may

Surely the deacon found some later use for the wonderful component parts of the one-hoss shay when it collapsed with such convenient completeness. That, as Doctor Holmes would say, is logic. It is also good salvage.

We Americans are a wasteful nation. As an English visitor observed, consider the astounding number of trash cans and that sort of thing to be noted in the United States. But it is a comforting thought that the more we waste the more we salvage of the waste.

The Economies of Hotel Men

AS TO what becomes of much of our household goods, furniture, and so on, some of which we have possessed only a few weeks and some that has grown rickety in our service—let that be answered by the single bold statement that we are a nomadic people, prevalent scientific classifications to the contrary notwithstanding. How many of us, like the world, do move! In that process goods and chattels by the score are left behind, given away, fall by the wayside or fail to fit in the new abode. Among the guilty on those counts are Old Man Rent, the Form-Fitting Flat and the disappearance of the Great American Attic

The Arabs can be forgiven a lot, even sheiks, when we reflect that it is they who fold their tents when they are preparing to move, and silently steal away. Anybody who can carry through a moving day silently is worthy of admiration. So is their thrifty habit of folding their tents. This article does not include what becomes of old Arab tents. They last so long.

Our bulkier and more fragile furnishings suffer from the wear and tear of many movings. Many of our citizenry who are the victims of housing conditions and other factors in the national wanderlust conserve their possessions by sending them to storage. What is their destiny then?

There are more than sixty storage warehouses in New York City, and they are usually filled to overflowing. From month to month, crated caches of furniture and miscellaneous bric-à-brac remain in those repositories—that is, if the rent is paid from month to month. If it isn't, by law the goods are sold by the storage companies for what they will bring. Often those returns fail to cover the back rent. Above the pressure of housing conditions, the companies place sentiment as the chief reason for the storage habit, and they tell stories like that of the old lady who, again and again, visits her storage compartment to gaze on a little iron bed she keeps there. About every third year the volume of storage increases, and more is added to the tons of heirlooms, the stacks of photographs by the trunkful, the works of art blushing unseen and the cases of loving cups, prizes and trophies. In every city every month treasuring keepsakes is costing us a lot of treasure.

As in the case of our centenarians, some of our oldest standing furniture might be asked to explain the method by which it attained such a ripe old age. And it might reply simply, if it could talk, "I furnished a hotel."

Presiding over the furnishings of a group of big hotels is a gray-haired executive whose face bears the mark of both artist and efficiency expert, an unusual but not incompatible combination. As he talks he illustrates with little sketches on a scratch pad, and conveniently at hand are heaps of blue prints showing all the rooms of the hotels with their furniture and the exact location therein of each piece. He traced rapidly and concisely the history of those articles which contribute to your ease in your inn.

"The soap is bought in large quantities, each cake in its wrapper," he said, "and after a cake is used by a guest it is replaced by a reissue, of course, and the old piece goes back to the linen room. The accumulated old cakes are seasoned again and boiled down in a vat into laundry stock. Or they are employed for cleaning and scrubbing.

"Now the bedding. Large sheets which get torn are cut down into small. As they are worn they become cleaning cloths for the housekeeper's department; after that they go in with the cloth and paper waste to the paper mills. Blankets are handed down to the employees' department and finally are reduced to rags for polishing and so forth.

"When a piece of carpet is due for replacement, often its position in the room may be changed so that the worn place is not exposed. Strips from various rooms may be pieced together. Thus if the sun has changed the color of certain strips, they are transferred to other rooms where they form a harmonious whole. Badly worn strips are sold as waste. The cuttings and trimmings of new rugs go to the renovators, who use the yarn for reweaving into other rugs.

"The upholstery of furniture is replaced in the way the carpets are. So are the draperies, the sunburned hangings being matched up. Finally they go to the cloth-waste bins. So do the net curtains after they have been preserved as long as suitable by darning and repairing

"Pieces of furniture, chairs, and so on, have an extended life. Discard comes through breakage beyond the point of repair in the cabinet department. Whole parts are often useful salvage for repairs. Springs are constantly being remade, and so are mattresses, which are restuffed, as are pillows."

Salvage

"NOW for the steward's department," he continued. "Utensils in the kitchen have a long life Copper is constantly retinned New bottoms are made for pots and pans and the cut-out parts sold as metal. Chipped china is removed for the service of employes' dining rooms. There is no further salvage for broken dishes or glass. Paper rubbish is gathered, baled and sold. Grease is collected in the scullery traps, congealed and sold to rendering plants. Silverware is continually being replated and kept up to standard. When it isn't worth while to repair it any longer, it is sold just as scrap metal, for practically all the real silver in it was in the worn-off plate."

The saving lies, the executive concluded, in prolonging the life of the ultimately unusable. It is the large scale that makes it pay.

A busy port of miscellaneous old things is the Salvation Army. Thousands of householders know it as a relief organization in the sense that its trucks and wagons gladly call and relieve them of stuff that is cluttering up the house. In the following manner, the old clothing, furniture and assorted what nots carted away are devoted to the aid of the poor. Salvation Army stores in poverty-ridden sections of many cities maintain settlements by the proceeds of those goods. In the area called Hell's Kitchen in New York City is such a settlement, from which seven large motortrucks and a wagon answer collection calls averaging two hundred a day. Sorting and refurbishing goods received means hard work, but they emerge in attractive form. Heaps of shoes of all sizes, shapes and conditions of servitude are cobbled. Cabinetmakers piece together, varnish and examine furniture consignments for possible antiques, of which more used to turn up than do now. Cleaners and pressers renovate garment cast-offs, which helpers store in bins, for mostly out-of-season apparel is given. The settlement storekeepers replenish their stock from the workrooms—phonographs, mahogany beds, crutches, organs, vases, pictures, toys and false teeth. The market for the last-mentioned item is not bad, either. Among gifts have been a horse and wagon; also a hearse There is always a quantity of waste paper, old magazines and newspapers coming in.

"Anything has a commercial value if only you get enough of it to handle," the cheerful adjutant in charge declares.

The settlement is given a weekly average of 160 pairs of shoes, 55 hats, 150 pieces of furniture, 850 articles of bric-a-brac and 1200 pieces of clothing. These, from the territory of Manhattan and the Bronx, are sold to the poor at the following prices: Shoes, twenty-five cents up. shirts, ten cents up; coats, twenty-five cents up; overcoats, seventy five cents up; chairs, fifty cents up; hats, ten cents up collars, two for a nickel, with a necktie thrown in.

Continued on Page 79

The Olympian
THE RENOWNED
CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE
AND ST. PAUL LIMITED

FULL VISION

All-Steel

Everyone knows that the engineer must have full vision of the road ahead. Otherwise, the lives of people on his train and along the way would be endangered.

Full vision is provided in the Budd All-Steel Body. The slender steel corner posts remove the blind spot in the driver's vision. Yet they are much stronger than the bulky wooden posts, in other bodies, which they replace.

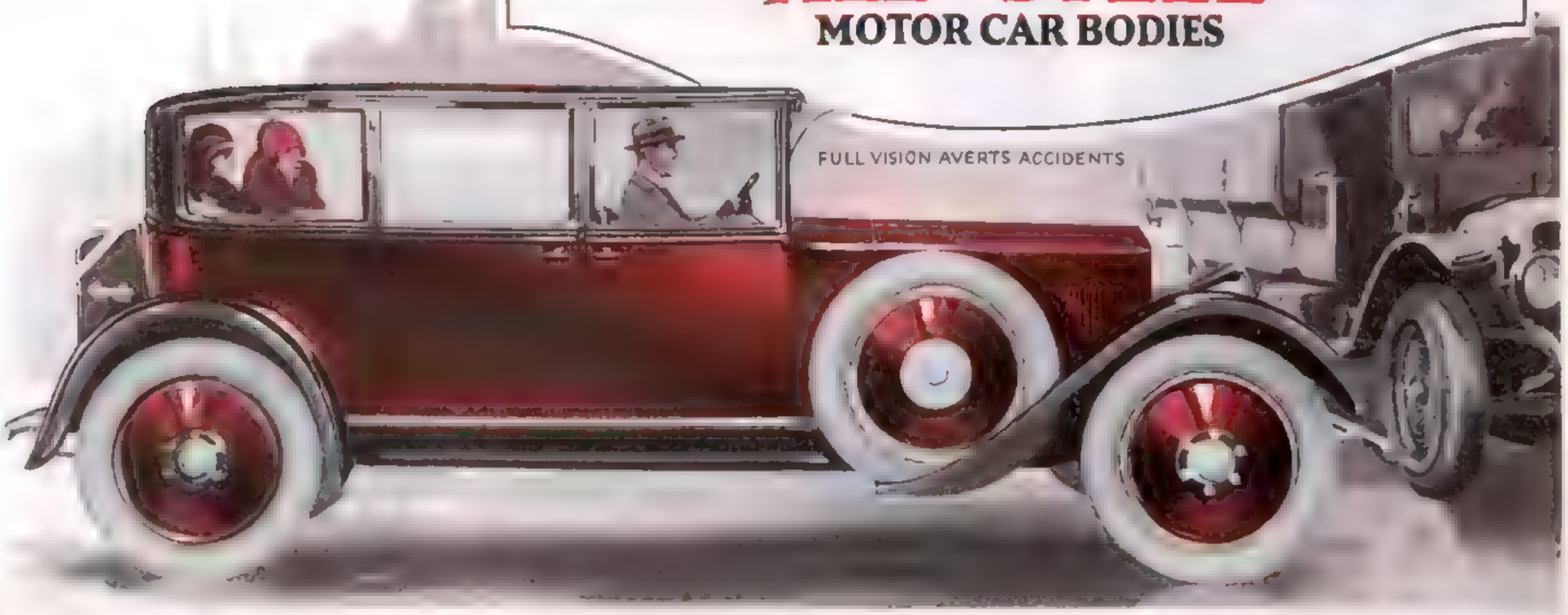
But this is only one point in favor of the All-Steel Body.

The strength of steel provides additional security. There is no wood to break or burn. And to safety is added the beauty of the enduring lustre of the baked enamel finish, thereby increasing the pleasure and satisfaction one derives from motoring.

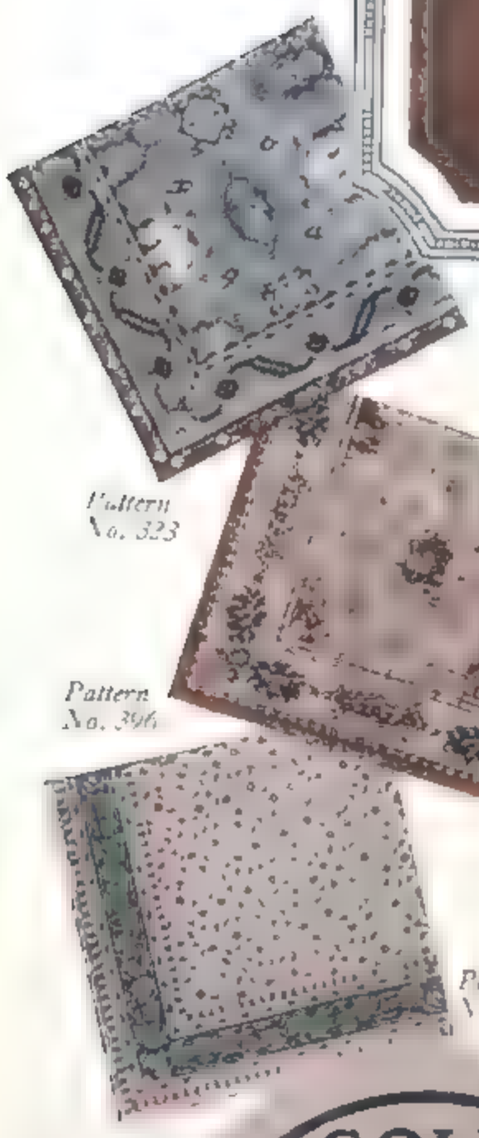
When motorists recognize all the advantages supplied by Budd—the pioneer and only builder of All-Steel Bodies—all motor car bodies will be All-Steel.

EDWARD G. BUDD MANUFACTURING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUDD
ALL-STEEL
MOTOR CAR BODIES



Above is shown Congoleum Rug Pattern No. 544



Pattern No. 323

Pattern No. 396

Pattern No. 379

House cleaning made easier—

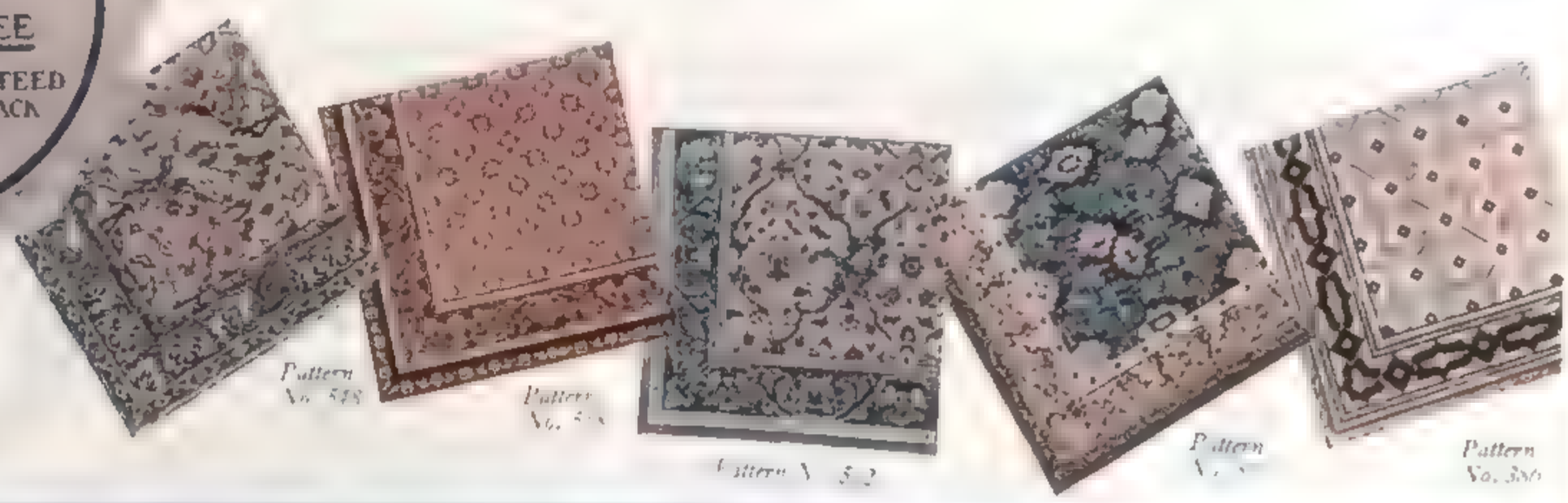
"*I would rather move than clean house.*" How many times have you heard women say that? But both these bugbears lose half their terrors if there are no heavy woven rugs or carpets to clean and beat. That unpleasant task you avoid when you have Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs on your floors.

Spotless, sanitary cleanliness with just a few strokes of a damp mop—what a saving of energy and time! No dust or dirt to beat out, no unsightly spots to remove; for nothing can sink into or stain the smooth surface of Congoleum Gold Seal Rugs. All year long, your floors have that same fresh beauty you so admire after house-cleaning time.

Congoleum Art-Rugs cling tight to the floor without a single fastening yet never turn up at the edges, never wrinkle. And they can be taken up and moved to another room or another house with a minimum of trouble.

GOLD SEAL
CONGOLEUM
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH

Look for this Gold Seal when you buy!



Pattern No. 528

Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 382

Pattern No. 386

CONGOLEUM

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

GOLD-SEAL ART-RUGS

There are ever so many lovely patterns

No matter what room in your house needs a new floor-covering, you are sure to find a most artistic and appropriate pattern in Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rugs.

For instance, the attractive bedroom on the opposite page has a taupe and mulberry Congoleum Rug that sets off the furnishings beautifully. And could anything be neater than the kitchen below with its glistening blue and white tile design? There are many other equally charming patterns for these two rooms.

Then, for living or dining-room, you can choose from many rich, glowing Oriental and floral effects. The hall, pantry or bathroom, too, can be made attractive as well as easy-to-clean with an appropriate Congoleum Gold Seal Art-Rug.

You can always very easily identify genuine Congoleum. For on the face of every rug is pasted a Gold Seal which reads, "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Back." Look for it when you buy. The Gold Seal is your absolute assurance of complete satisfaction—everything you demand in a floor-covering.

Note These Very Low Prices

6 x 9	ft. $9.40	Patterns No. 386 and 408 are made in all the sizes. The other patterns are made in the five large sizes only.	1½ x 3	ft. $.60
7½ x 9	ft. 11.70		3 x 3	ft. 1.30
9 x 9	ft. 14.05		3 x 4½	ft. 1.95
9 x 10½	ft. 16.40		3 x 6	ft. 2.60
9 x 12	ft. 18.75			

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Write for free booklet showing all the patterns

CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

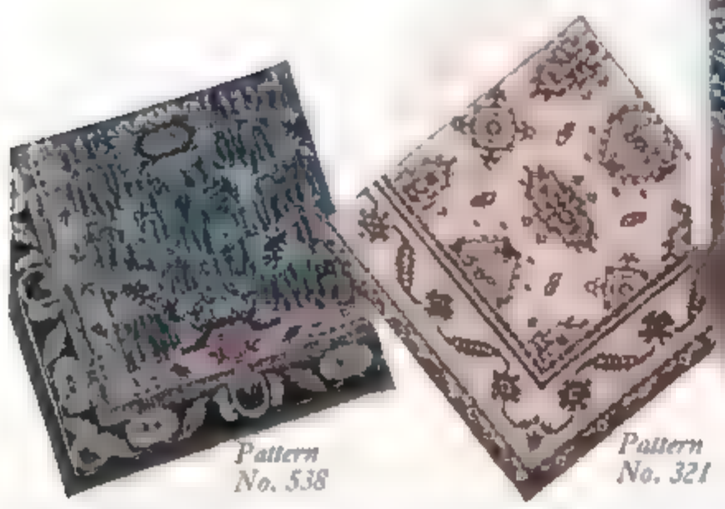
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco Dallas
Kansas City Minneapolis Atlanta Pittsburgh New Orleans
Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal

$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a Red Label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal.



On the floor above is shown Gold-seal Congoleum Rug No. 408

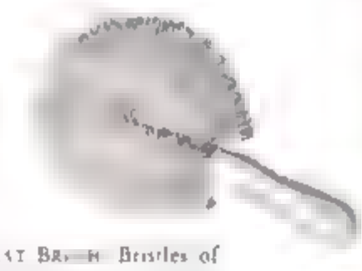
Keep your clothes looking their best

When the Fuller Man next calls, ask especially to see the Fuller Clothes Brush. Feel the life and spring in the bristles. Note the specially designed curves, which fit every contour of every garment. . . With but a light touch you flick away every speck of dust and lint, and the bristles are firm enough to pick up the nap of the fabric and freshen it amazingly. . . . By *keeping* your clothes looking new, the Fuller Clothes Brush helps them last much longer, and gives you the comfortable certainty on every occasion that your clothes look their best. .

FULLER BRUSHES

If you want to see the Fuller Man before his next regular call, telephone The Fuller Brush Co. Branch in your city, or write us at 1058 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn., asking for the "Handy Brush Book." (In Canada, Fuller Brush Co., Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.)

CLOTHES BRUSH. Lasts a life-time and never sheds a bristle. Black with shell Fullerex handle or white with ivory Fullerex handle.



HAT BRUSH. Bristles of just the right cut and spring to brush felt, velour, satin —or any kind of hat material. . . . . .

DRY MASSAGE BRUSH. For facial massage. Stimulates circulation. Its lively bristles are a vigorous tonic for the skin. . . . .

MANICURE BRUSH. Keeps hands and nails in perfect condition. Cleanses and brushes back the cuticle.

FULLER HAND BRUSH AND COMB. A different hair brush. No back to collect dust — it's all brush. The brush and comb in ivory Fullerex are indispensable for the well-appointed dressing table. Also in shell Fullerex. . . . .

Fuller Men are identified by this lapel button. Fuller products are identified by this tag.

THE FULLER MAN who comes to your door lives and works in your community. He is a home-owner, business man, taxpayer, a citizen who is interested. Every time you see him he shows you many uses for each of our Fuller Products. He brings you new uses for those you now have.

(Continued from Page 74)

More women's clothes are received than men's. Yet women purchasers, no matter how poor, simply will not buy an out-of-date gown or coat for their own wear. They will buy them only for the material, which they make over into garments for the children. Many men are in the habit of selling their discarded suits to old-clothes men, where they find a ready if not very remunerative market.

It is not unusual at this settlement and others throughout the country to receive more in gifts than is meant—cases of gifts without the giver, but not very long without him. He will be along hotfoot to make recovery. A man hid his wife's Christmas present of a piece of jewelry in an old shoe which she unwittingly turned over to the Salvation Army collector shortly afterward. The husband recovered it after a frantic search through a large pile of old shoes. A mother gave away an old wardrobe of her daughter's; it was being replaced by a new one, which was moved in at once. But the old one, as given, was full of most of daughter's best gowns. They, too, were recovered. But the person who left a roll of bills sandwiched between old newspapers given to the Salvation Army was not so lucky. Not a few valuables are lost in that manner.

By mistake a donor sent in a heap of phonograph records for the teaching of Spanish. He hastened to seek restitution. Apparently he needed some more lessons. Occasionally there is a windfall like that from a Pittsburgh man who presented the entire furnishings of his home. "My wife and I split up," he told the adjutant, "and I don't ever want to see any of this stuff again. I want the Salvation Army to get all that's left of the wreck."

To tragic incidents such as that, to the paucity of New York attics, to small apartments, and largely to the American habit of prodigality, the adjutant attributes the gifts which flow in to his settlement. "It couldn't be done in England," he says.

It is by these old things that he supports his settlement and all its activities. And that means covering a yearly budget of $90,000.

Old automobiles are too large a problem from the commercial as well as other aspects for detailed treatment in this article. Every year the new, with alluring improvements, not the least of which may be given as ability to stand up, crowd hard on the old.

The problem of disposition is not seldom solved by reckless drivers, aided sometimes by locomotives at crossings. There are various spectacular methods of scrapping, such as shoving the old machines over cliffs or setting them afire to roll down a steep hill. At times when a motor car is pretty far gone, it is sold by a dealer, who probably has taken it in trade, to a farmhand for fifty dollars or so. In his spare time in winter he potters over it and overhauls it, until by summer he has a fairly mobile machine to gad about in. When he's through with it, it's scrap metal.

The Cycle of the Piano

Here and there a dump heap of dilapidated cars may be encountered. You may be sure, however, that the owner of the heap has performed autopsies to remove all parts of any use, it matters not of how old a model. Those parts may lie on the dealer's shelf for years, but sooner or later will arrive a motorist with an ancient bus requiring some part that is not made any more. Then it's a sale.

Full of incident and anecdote is the cycle of the piano, and one of the most striking things about it is the parallel it furnishes with that of the automobile. That is more than a matter of comparison between the roll footage possible per unit of energy with a 1925 player-piano and the mileage per gallon of gasoline of the various models of motor cars.

"We ship from 2000 to 4000 used pianos out of New York City every year, most of them to foreign countries," stated a member of a big wholesale firm dealing in secondhand pianos. "If we did not get rid of them at that rate, what would happen to the New York market? Somebody really ought to get the same idea on used autos. You can get one of them now for fifty dollars, and the thing will run. And just look at our traffic conditions!"

Piano styles change—witness the drift from square to upright to grand—just as do automobiles, although of course a great deal more slowly. It is often the improved model that sells the car. Not so with the piano. It has had many centuries of that from clavichord, spinet and the pianoforte invented for a Medici prince to the present concert grand piano, in which the instrument is acknowledged to have reached its highest point of development. The piano gives way to a younger generation of its kind, not a newer model. Yet the path of the used piano and that of the used motor car are strangely similar. When you turn in your old piano you receive an allowance on the purchase price of your new one, quite in accordance with the practices of Automobile Row. The old is rung out to a repair shop, where, if there is any salvation for it, it is rebuilt, revarnished, repolished and resold. It may pass through the hands of three or four brokers, each one taking a small profit, before it enters on the life work of its reincarnation, perhaps one of several. It meets its doom only when, like the automobile that will not move, it is stricken dumb; when it falls apart or when its sounding board cracks and it becomes, as they who love the instrument say, "a piano with a broken heart."

Jennie Lind's Piano

The lot of not a few old pianos is this: they become wedding gifts. Though not many new pianos are to be found among the nuptial takings, a veteran instrument of the family often thus descends to the younger generation. "The children are all gone out of our home now," mother and father mourn, "so why should we keep the old piano with us still? It would seldom be played. We would just gaze at the empty bench where little Ella sat and practiced through her girlhood, and it would make us sad. Why not give the piano to her for a wedding present? What a perfectly splendid idea. Ella shall have it for her new little home and she will be tickled to death. She and her children and her children's children shall play on it."

The thought makes the old folks so happy they fail to note that they are overestimating both the piano's longevity and little Ella's delight. She would a sight rather have a check.

Piano dealers insist that it thereupon frequently happens that the old folks discover that they not only miss their little Ella but are lonesome for the piano too. Of course they couldn't think of taking it back.

There is nothing for it but to trot down to the store and buy a new piano to fill the gap in the old homestead. When daughter and her husband drop in for a visit there, her eyes fall on the purchase. "Why, you've treated yourselves to a new piano!" is what she exclaims at the time to her doting parents, but her observation to her husband on reaching home is, "Well, what do you know about that?"

Some used pianos are prized more than new instruments of the same quality. It is a matter of the company such pianos have kept, their associations, the famous fingers which have touched their keys. Thus pianos played by Paderewski and Caruso are cherished. There is a company which recognizes that form of hero worship and capitalizes it as a scheme of clever advertisement. They make a practice of furnishing instruments of their make to opera stars, lending them for the season. At its close, it is understood that the star will turn back the piano bearing his or her autograph. The grands, thus embellished, are put up at the company's annual operatic sale, and though they are sold at a reduced price, the loss may well be written off as profitable advertising.

A commentary on hero worship is the history of Jenny Lind's famous concert piano. When P. T. Barnum brought the Swedish Nightingale to this country for her memorable tour, that prince of showmen provided for her accompaniment a splendid piano of San Domingo mahogany, "enameled in ivory, embellished in gold," which cost $5000—and that was in 1850. It was stipulated no duplicate of it was to be made while it was in use. It saw Jenny Lind's romance, was with her on tour when she married her accompanist, Otto Goldschmidt, who had caressed its keys. Ensconced in the Crystal Palace, it was rescued when that edifice burned down in 1857, and was sold to the late Allen M. Cosgrove for $1000 at a private sale. He kept it in a back parlor of his home near Middletown, Connecticut, and after his death it was found there, become a stand and shelf for old tools, hoes, scythes and axes, its once golden notes mute. For twenty years it remained a white elephant in an antique shop, finally being sold as a curio in 1919 to a New Haven collector.

The rejuvenation and reselling of old pianos may be well worth while, such a sale having been made at as high a figure as $2000. Wealthy persons with an eye to economy will sometimes pay as much as $700 for a used instrument, when an outlay of $100 or so more would give them a new one of very good quality. But the bulk of the business of the firms which term themselves piano exchanges is in pianos at bottom prices, pianos which the poor can afford.

Prices run as low as twenty-five dollars. The sales are largely on a cash basis, but even for those small sums, as sums go nowadays, installment payment is accepted. To obtain a piano, the starved in melody are willing to become for a time the starved in body.

Aged and embattled piano veterans, re built and given a new lease on life of from two to five years, go not alone to tenement rooms. They find their way into less respectable company—into speak-easies and dance halls. Surely it was just such a box around which a bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute Saloon that time Mr. Service's Dangerous Dan McGrew was pumped full of lead at the conclusion of a recital by an unknown composer.

Resorts where more or less rhythmic noise and revelry are the prime considerations find the most decrepit old rebuilds good enough. It is not the part of wisdom for them to invest in an expensive instrument. On that part of its surface where player or patrons have not parked lighted cigarettes, some varnish-eating beverage has been spilled. And an informal visit by a raiding squad with axes is always a possibility of the program. The way of a piano in the underworld is hard.

Tone Preferences

Barter in used pianos has made a cynic of one dealer who moves sadly about a large office-shop-factory amid the sound of continual tuning and trundling. He is fond of telling the story of a banker who bought from him a good upright, then returned it and insisted on exchanging it and $300 besides for a worthless grand of more imposing appearance. Another favorite anecdote describes the visit of a mother with a grown daughter.

"I tried to sell them a good piano, but they wanted a special tin-panny one," he sniffs. "They wouldn't hear of anything else. They said that was the only kind that would do for jazz. So I sold 'em a thing I would have chopped up to get out of the way, only they gave me thirty-five dollars for it. Where do you think I delivered it? To a seventeen-room apartment on Park Avenue!"

There are plenty of people, this dealer ruminates, who understand the tone of pianos. "But pianists like to suit their own hearing. Everybody's is different. A man comes in and he won't take the piano I think has the best tone in the shop. He picks out another one that has a tone he is used to. You see, he has played for his friends on an instrument like that, and every time when he finishes they clap and say, 'That's good.' Maybe it wasn't, but they said so. Anyhow, that's the kind of piano he has to have."

Rebuilders know no more difficult task than the reconditioning of pianos which have been through several hard seasons of campaigning with a jazz orchestra. Such pianos have endured night after night of pounding and thumping. Theirs has been an experience like the 'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'ighway that 'urt the 'orses' 'oofs. Finally they have collapsed under it. Sent to the shops, they undergo a diagnosis which may turn out to be an autopsy. If any hope is held out for them they are treated and perhaps are given two more years of life.

In a section of uptown New York a Scotchman is in the business of renting pianos to stage people and the corps of students who invade New York every year to study music. Some of the latter meet obstacles to their careers—unfeeling landladies who are unwilling to listen to the hours of practice, vocal, instrumental or both. For aspiring souls the Scotchman has pianos in rooms of his own quarters where singing and playing are entirely in order, albeit at the capacity of lungs and sounding board. He owns the building.

ANSONIA SQUARECLOX FAMILY

Bang! Out stretches a groping, sleepy hand—and another old-fashioned alarm clock has fallen and lost a leg.

But the new-day Squareclox alarms—solid on their flat base—they don't fall over—and they don't mar your furniture.

Smooth and handsome—Squareclox sound a new note in an old story. Just the right one is waiting for you.

Squareclox may be had in antique gold finish at same prices (listed below) as platinum-like finish.

Square Simplex. *The only 10-day automatic alarm clock;* 5¼" high x 4¼" wide. Alarm stops and automatically resets . . . $6.00
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Square Racket. *Time, alarm and gong strike;* 5¼" high x 4¼" wide. The only alarm-clock striking the hour and half hour. Runs 30 hours $5.00
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.25 extra.

Square Service. Intermittent alarm. Silver dial with Jade hands and numerals; 5¼" high x 4¼" wide. Runs 30 hours $3.50
Silver dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Square Pirate

Square Rascal

Square Pirate. Continuous alarm; 4¼" high x 3½" wide. Runs 30 hours $2.50

Square Rascal. Continuous or intermittent alarm; 2⅞" high x 2⅝" wide. Runs 30 hours. $3.25
Black dial, radium hands and numerals, $1.00 extra.

Prices in Canada are a bit higher.
(Patents Pending)

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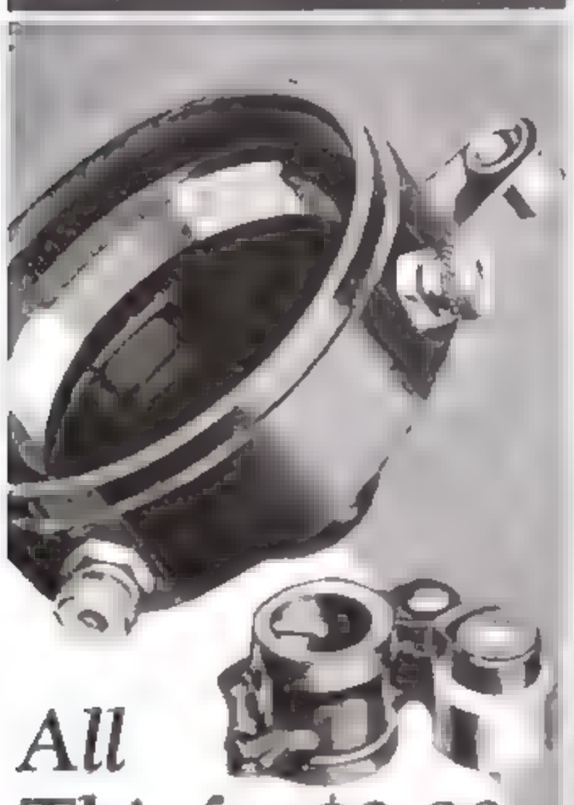
Makers of Fine Clocks for Half a Century
99 John St. Dept. P New York

ANSONIA *means* CLOCKS



All
This for $2.00

EXTRA POWER—easier starting—quicker pick-up—more speed! All for the price of a tankful of gasoline, or a windshield wiper, or a rear view mirror.

Extra Power—and speed to zip your Ford over steep hills in high.

You try out no new principles or freak ideas when you install a *Milwaukee* Timer. You simply change to a better-built, higher-efficiency, longer-lived timer. You improve your Ford at a vital point. You release the *full* power of its marvelous motor—by giving it *better ignition.*

Easier Starting—to save your battery, your time and your temperonchilly m[illegible]

Quicker Pick-Up—to shoo your Ford out ahead of clumsier cars in traffic jams.

Good buying—when you get all this for $2.00!

MILWAUKEE MOTOR PRODUCTS,
Incorporated
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

MILWAUKEE
TIMER *for* FORD

Garage men, hardware and auto supply stores everywhere recommend and sell the **Milwaukee** *Timer—in its new short proof case of handsome Bakelite.*

Price $2 *in Canada* $2.75

More Speed

Of the eventualities of pianos, the vice president of a guild of blind tuners relates these anecdotes.

"A tuner runs into queer variations in the ideas of piano owners. I have one customer, a vocal teacher. Her piano is so old the sounding board is nearly pushed out of the back. She wanted to have it repaired. I made an estimate of fifty dollars. She didn't have the money, so she stuck to the old box, and her pupils stand for it. On the other hand, I have another teacher customer who not only keeps her piano tuned to concert pitch but insists that the pianos of all her pupils be the same. Every six weeks I tune the piano of a certain musician. When he is out at a musicale or some affair and is asked to play, he will absolutely refuse if the piano is out of tune. One of our men went to a public school to tune its piano, and when it was completed the teacher who had ordered the work done objected. She said she liked it better the way it was before. She preferred the waver and the greater volume of the imperfect tuning. But if our man had not done his job accurately the music teacher would have objected and payment would not have gone through."

He mentioned two common fates of old pianos. Motion-picture theaters are the last port of many ancient tumbledowns. Then there are the pianos which, so to speak, are thrown to the lions. They are abandoned to children, not to play on but to play with—instruments beyond hope of reconstruction and not worth the labor of salvage. The wrecks are thrust out into the streets and the children of the neighborhood are given a free hand. What vengeance for long hours of practice is exacted!

A firm which ships carload lots of rebuilt pianos to points throughout the United States also exports largely to Canada, Australia and Argentina, all good markets in spite of a duty which may run as high as 50 per cent. The firm asserts it makes a profit of from eight to ten dollars a piano on its exports.

This invisible epitaph appears on old pianos not infrequently nowadays:

THEY COULDN'T GET ME IN THE FLAT

In the plans and specifications of some of the more svelte flats, space for pianos has gone unspecified, or if there is room it is sometimes found an impossibility to introduce through door or window even the most babyish of baby grands. That is why piano movers prefer to survey the field of endeavor in advance. To carry a piano up four flights of stairs and then be blocked by several hairpin curves in the narrow thoroughfare of the hallway is annoying.

Non-Piano-Keeping Apartments

A veteran boss mover tells a story of an encounter with a modern non-piano-keeping apartment in which he was repulsed at all angles of attack. The family just had signed a lease on a flat in a newly built apartment house in the suburbs. They had neglected to take its measurements for a piano; few people remember to take that wise precaution. The regular movers failed miserably in attempts to insert the small grand into the flat by any avenue of approach. The instrument stayed outside and the boss piano mover was called in as an expert.

His reconnoitering showed him sharp turns in the straits of the hall that would halt any piano not made of rubber—an innovation which he thinks will be needed in the near future. All the windows were too narrow or too low. Permission was obtained to remove some of the masonry under the sills, but investigation proved that the construction of the building at that particular height prevented. The boss mover may have prospected the dumb-waiter and the chimney, for he is a thorough man, but finally he acknowledged defeat. The family and its piano were parted for the space of a one-year lease.

In Atlantic City, New Jersey, a few years ago, piano dealers assembled for a convention hit upon this scheme to clear a glutted market and collect a lot of comparatively inexpensive publicity. Hundreds of old squares which had played their swan song were gathered and heaped in a huge pyre on the beach. A torch was put to them; they blazed and as far as possible went up in smoke. The bonfire was gratifyingly reflected in the news.

But the squares with cases of rosewood and other rare woods do not perish so utterly. Furniture makers and restorers of antique furniture find use for those woods. And sometimes, as with the harpsichords and spinets that have been remodeled into desks by dealers in antiques, the rosewood square pianos are converted into tables.

Considered from the point of view of the present enthusiasm for early American furniture, some of the American-made pianos which date back to the 1820's and thereabouts have become quite valuable. They rank as period furniture and are winning such esteem as is vouchsafed early English piano cases in the Sheraton manner.

Instruments produced by the oldest firm of piano makers in the United States formed part of the cargo of our clipper ships making the South American voyage, mahogany filling the holds on the return. The clipper ships were swift, and trade was brisk. Which should solve the mystery for travelers who may not have been able to account for so many 1840 pianos in Buenos Aires.

There is at least one instance of an ancient and useless square piano being lettered with a piano dealer's name and telephone number in glaring white and placed strategically at the roadside, an infinitely more effective medium than a billboard, and more sightly. Lettered piano crates have been used for the same purpose.

The Bicycle of Yesteryear

But seemingly all the uses to which old pianos have been and are being put are insufficient to take care of the discards. Several years ago the Board of Education of the City of New York tried to dispose of a batch of squares which had seen long service in the schools and were pretty well done for. An offer of free pianos was made, but there were no takers; they couldn't be given away. In contrast was an appeal for a piano that would play, published in a newspaper at the request of a New York hospital. There was a prompt and rapid response, twenty-six pianos being offered. All were accepted, and twenty-five other hospitals shared the benefaction. The chances of disposing of an old piano are in ratio to the number of its notes that will still sound.

Perhaps the saddest fate ever suffered by old pianos was undergone in the heatless days of wartime. May it not have been shared by any instrument cherished by its owners long past its usefulness, as many of them are? Thus the sad fate—utilitarian-minded persons, lacking coal, fed pianos to the boiler fires in their factories.

One last curious and romantic purpose for which old pianos are sought—and the older the better. They may be treasure-troves. Far pleasanter and possibly more productive than digging in a hot, sandy Caribbean isle for pirate gold is searching through the nooks and niches of a musty rosewood or mahogany case, perhaps to find—there have been incidents of it—some small store of riches or a secret that death had taken and kept.

To pass to another musical instrument—if the comparison is not too odious to piano folk—consider the radio and its worldly career. It might be thought that there are no old radio sets, since the contraption is so newly with us. But already there are many ancient battle-scarred specimens. That's the way the radio affects people. Not that they attack it. They experiment with it, particularly the youth with the mechanical bent.

Starting in with a crystal set—one that contains no tubes—the inquiring youngster will read how to build one with tubes. Forthwith he trades in his first set for something or other in the way of raw material, and goes to constructing something bigger and better. His father never interferes—unless it is to help in the procedure. If the original equipment is abandoned *in toto* it probably is passed on to invalids or the poor. If it is dismantled there is no salvage from the panels. They must be new. One concern made $3,000,000 worth of them in a year.

Dismembered radio sets and sets in all stages of construction are scattered through the length and breadth of the land. Boys under twelve, attic manufacturers, form firms to build 'em. How many children that has kept good and quiet is a blessing the extent of which we cannot compute.

Bearing in mind that this is the day of the radio—and you can't very well help doing that—it is interesting to trace the history of another mechanical device which had its day of enthusiasts every bit as wild-eyed as the radio bugs—to wit, the bicycle. Its heyday was 1897 when 2,000,000 of them were manufactured, including presumably the renowned "bicycle built for two," looking sweet upon the seat of which Daisy was besought to give her promise true. Double bikes are not being made any more, but that the day of the bicycle is anything but done you may know from the production of 1924, which was, roughly, 450,000; from the fact that some 5,000,000 of them are estimated to be in use in the United States today, and the fact that our Army used 29,000 in the A. E. F.

There are not only war-veteran wheels but pleasure veterans, and the latter vehicles have seen hardly less arduous service. Their habitat is the resorts, such as Bermuda and Florida, where they are rented out to all, from the novice who treats the steel mount with easy contempt until he has fallen off numerous times, to the erstwhile bloomered—and now knickered—lady cyclist of the nineties who pedals away grandly, calling up auld lang syne and many aching muscles. The wheel flourishes particularly in Bermuda by grace of the law forbidding automobiles on these islands. Tourists and inhabitants alike cycle extensively there.

The life of a good wheel in constant service is from three to four years. However, some are used today which were ridden twenty-five years ago. The bicycle continues as a firm friend of boys; also of commuters, who make the rural end of their daily dash on it and have far less difficulty with the parking problem than the motorist. Some golf clubs provide wheel racks for transportation which is used by their players, who may come to riding around the course when it dawns upon the American mind that golf is a pretty leisurely game for us to be playing. Schools have such racks too.

Clubs of wheelmen, with memberships amateur, racing and social, continue to function and make their century runs, some of them doing their twenty-mile-a-day clip. It was the forerunners of those clubs that were such an influence for good roads as far back as the eighties.

At the Typewriter Auction

Though the increasing number of children who ride tricycles tolerate the encroachments of baby carriages, cyclists are urging more cycle paths. The autos hog many of the roads now, but it is only a question of time, cyclists say, before the auto will drive itself off. The bicycle was on the other end of the controversy in 1899, when the buggy interests brought suit to have those horse-scaring bikes ruled off the road. But the Supreme Court was moved to declare that the bicycle was a vehicle and as such had the same rights as other vehicles. The cyclist of today wisely does not always try and get 'em.

A short life but a busy one is the rule with the typewriter. According to estimates, a machine will last five years on four hours' use a day. Then, as in the case of the used automobile, it may be turned in and credit allowed on a new one. There is, however, this difference in the method of disposition: The automobile dealer must get rid of the old car himself. The typewriter firm, in some instances, turns over the trade-in to a subsidiary company of the original manufacturer. That company rebuilds and sells the machines of its manufacturer's make. After use for about ten years a machine usually is not worth further rebuilding and is broken up for scrap metal.

Several years ago the Government advertised an auction of a quantity of its war typewriters which had fought hard through the Battle of Washington. The big typewriter firms at once dispatched representatives who bid in the machines, each man his own company's make, at from $1.50 to two dollars apiece. One representative proceeded with his truckload of purchases to a swamp near Washington, hiring two husky darkies with sledge hammers to smash every old machine and sink it in the swamp. Every one was demolished and sunk in spite of the plea of the darkies for souvenirs. The other representatives also caused their own makes to be finished off without hope of redemption. The action was taken so that unscrupulous dealers might not obtain the worn machines, nickel them up and sell them to customers who would be certain to blame the original manufacturer for the unsatisfactory service given by the decrepit old mill. It is also to avoid such a contingency that you may see the basements of typewriter companies heaped high to the

Continued on Page 82

Actual photograph of stock Cleveland Six during its sensational record breaking ascent of Mt. Wilson

A revelation in power, speed and smoothness!

No other car has ever given such spectacular proof of performance supremacy.

No other car has ever amassed so impressive a group of performance trophies, cups and records.

THE new engineering principles with which Cleveland Six revolutionized inexpensive car performance gave a new trend to automotive design.

These principles are basic in all Cleveland Six models—as evident in the new $895 *Standard Six* as in its famous companion, the *Special Six*.

Beauty, dependability, enduring construction, supreme roadability and the simplified maintenance provided by the famous "One-Shot" Lubrication System—all these have contributed much to the sweeping success of the Cleveland Six.

But *spirited, flashing, dashing* performance has been the keynote of that sweeping success!

Take any hill in any Cleveland Six and we promise you a revelation in power, speed and smoothness the like of which you have never experienced in *any car* before!

"One-Shot" Lubrication System

Nothing more clearly indicates the calibre of the Standard Six than the fact that it, too, offers the "One-Shot" Lubrication System. On thousands of Cleveland Special Sixes this revolutionary feature has been eliminating squeaks, rattles and premature wear—and at the same time eliminates all inconvenience and bother of using either grease gun or oil can. *You step on a plunger* instead.

(The "One-Shot" Lubrication System is licensed under Bowen Products Co. patents)

Cleveland builds quality Sixes ranging in price from $895 to $1725
Four-wheel brakes optional on all models at a moderate extra cost

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CLEVELAND SIX

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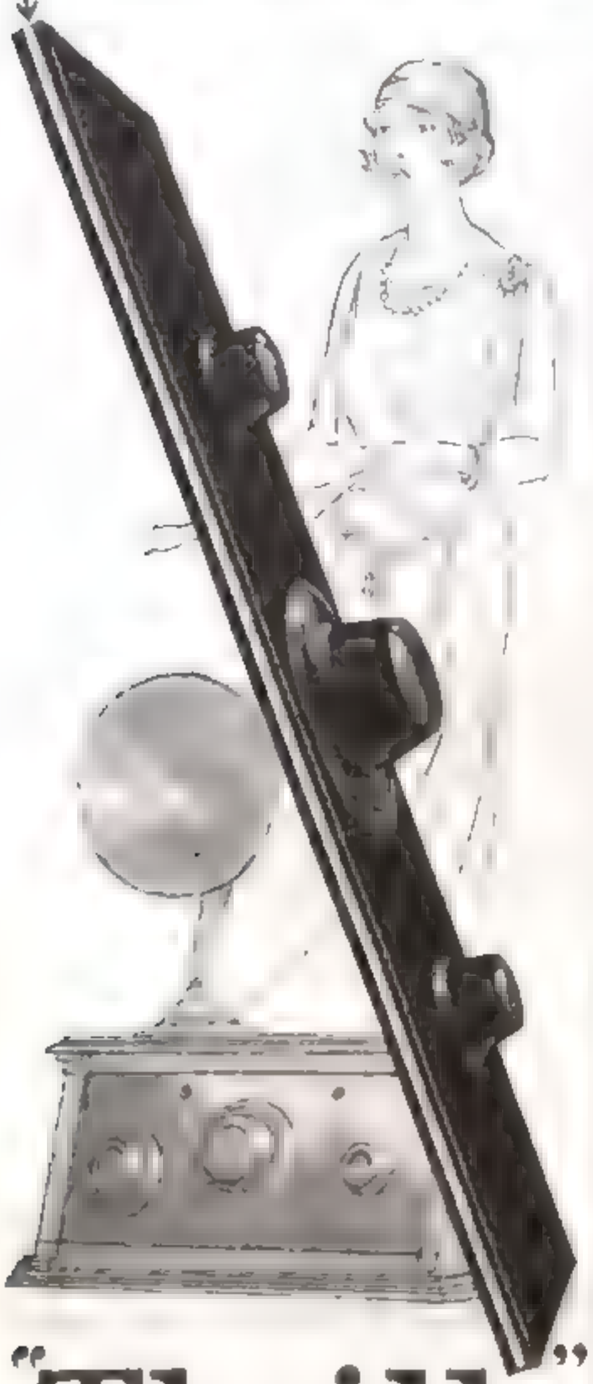

"Thrill-

to the soul singing melody of an aria that comes to you on the wings of the evening air.

Buy a radio. Don't let a day pass without enjoying the thrills of a radio concert—

But when you buy a radio set make sure the panel is DILECTO—(look for the red stripe that runs along the edge) and you can rest assured the set is the best that can be built.

Dilecto has been used by the U. S. Navy and Signal Corps for the past nine years—endorsed by experts.

THE CONTINENTAL FIBRE COMPANY
Factory: Newark, Delaware

Service on Dilecto, Conite, Contex and Vulcanized Fibre from:

New York	Woolworth Building
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San Francisco	75 Fremont Street
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Seattle	1041 Sixth Ave., South
Pittsburgh	Farmers Bank Building

(Offices and Agents throughout the world)

Dilecto

(Continued from Page 80)

ceiling with old machines smashed by sledge hammers and fit only for the junkman.

There is a mechanically minded father who obtains parts of dismantled typewriters and adds them to the supply on the shelves of a cabinet in his home. The cabinet is full of all manner of such odds and ends, from tacks to doorknobs. From that material the father constructed a complete toy railroad station for his children for last Christmas. The typewriter ribbon shift indicator made a splendid block signal; another part, a crossing gate. The space bars became waiting-room benches, and the ribbon cup covers, wheels. Lots of fun for father, lots of fun for the children. It is not too early for any parent with a mechanical bent to begin considering this idea with a view toward taking some of the cost out of next Yuletide.

By way of contrast and with the proviso that the commercial, not the poetic viewpoint will be taken, it might be well to shift from man-made things and dwell for a moment on the brief span of cut flowers. The retailer invests sparingly in them from day to day, which means the whole 365 days of the year, for people insist on dropping in for bouquets on holidays. The wholesale florist stocks up with a margin which is almost as narrow, and those flowers that wilt on his hands are the loss of the greenhouse man, who is the chap who holds the sack. Consequently, cut flowers are cut as late as possible and as close to the line. Flowers which have lent their charm and fragrance to functions, such as weddings or funerals, often are distributed among the poor or to hospitals.

Already have been mentioned the paper mills, the destination of a group of old things comprising rugs, carpets, rags and waste paper. The story of waste paper is too detailed and technical for relation here. Its collection and conversion into new paper occupy a large and busy industry, which has grown fast since first men achieved that transformation in 1695. Now the dealers are wont to assemble in national convention and call for more conservation and more skilled labor in sorting.

Sorting may be brought down to a fine point, there are so many grades of paper, but the labor costs will soon become prohibitive.

The Salvation Army makes its paper collections pay. It sorts only to three grades—book, news and other grades. Other collectors may sort in greater detail as labor costs permit. From the newspaper plants come tons of waste paper every month—the heavy wrappers of the big rolls, their cores, defective strips, over-issues, and the miscellaneous scrap that would soon be knee-deep if it were not cleaned out. The contents of the scrap baskets of big office buildings are quick to accumulate large quantities of mixed waste paper, the cheapest grade. Then begins the laborious salvage business of sorting, if feasible, baling, trucking, rebaling, pressing perhaps, more trucking and shipping to the maws of the paper mills. The mills turn most of such stuff into cardboard for case linings, shoe boxes, and so on.

A big New York City firm that specializes in newspaper waste and handles 50,000 tons of it a year, cuts and winds miles of waste news stock, which has not been printed upon, into store wrapping-paper rolls. Its cheap waste it bales under pressure of from 500 to 1000 tons' pressure, and this—old newspapers, frazzled magazines, crumpled memos, carbon copies, and all—goes to the mills to be manufactured into a cheap grayish paper. That is used by Orientals to mix in with the mud of which their huts are constructed, and it serves to close up cracks through which vermin would enter. Not so bad for former waste paper. Imperial Cæsar's clay was mentioned as a possibility only for keeping the wind out.

Thus run the varied adventures of old things. The general junkman is not the figure in their careers he once was, for he functions mainly as a collector or in a small way. Specialists, big salvage firms and direct transactions have superseded him. The scrap must go fast to the crucible these days. The phœnix must shake a leg about rising from his own ashes. Nevertheless, let the old general junkman have the last word here.

"I buy anything," he proclaims. "Anything you can turn into money. And you can turn anything into money if you wait long enough."

THE OLD WAR HORSE

(Continued from Page 58)

Patsy's chin raised just a little.

"What did they say?"

"They don't want anyone like you. They want old Miss Potter."

"But that woman's terrible!"

"Don't tell me. I've been sitting opposite her for two hours."

"She hasn't any influence."

"They say she has—among the plain women that the society women like you antagonize," he teased.

"Are you trying to get me excited?" asked Patsy suspiciously. "Why, that old Miss Potter is dreadful! She makes interminable speeches. She sends out letters full of phrases about 'clarion calls to battle' and 'the duty of all those who have borne babes' and that sort of palaver. And they they fall for it!"

"Do they really?" asked Tony with interest.

"Yes—and it's disgusting. It's trading on all sorts of emotional excitements. I hate it."

"Well, it's a kind of political psychology."

"Nonsense! It's unwholesome. Women need to use their brains, not their sloppy emotions."

She looked like a very pretty and mental Joan of Arc as she said that, and Tony kept the admiration in his eyes keyed down with difficulty.

"Well, she has the inside track. She's the one whom they expect to give out the woman's point of view in committee. . . . I've heard some vague talk about continuing the publicity bureau for the party with Miss Potter in charge. How about that?"

"But that's unbearable," said Patsy. "Of course they should continue it. Women aren't half informed. But they ought to get a real live newspaper woman like Delia Hayes to run it. She's got the kind of brains they need."

"But Miss Potter wants it and is likely to get it none the less. That's the way things go. Is she honest, Patsy, do you think?"

"I don't know. I've never heard that she was actually dishonest, so far as that goes. But she's not the sort of woman who ought to be running things. She's the kind that does just what a man tells her, I think."

"And they say she's desperately poor and needs money."

"Then she's probably utterly corrupt," said Patsy.

"One can be poor without being corrupt," laughed Tony. "Look at me."

"I doubt if she could."

"It means that our Evans has everything his own way. That's what I don't like about it. He'll have the women as well as the men."

"Not all the women."

"Oh, here and there a few shy off. But this isn't campaign time. This is peacetime and people are willing to leave things to a small crowd. That is always the trouble. People like you work their heads off and get up a real interest during a campaign, and then when the smoke clears they are all off it and don't want even to hear about politics for the next couple of years. The machine politicians capitalize the results, and there you are."

"Well, what can a person do?"

Tony shrugged.

"I wish you were in that Potter woman's place. I wonder if you couldn't possibly get some influence over her and work through her."

"Oh, come!" said Patsy. "That's a bit too much, Tony, to ask me to work through that ancient wreck. Besides, I don't want to work through anyone. I don't want to work at all. You know the world will get on all right—and the state and the county—if I don't get any more gray hair over its rulers."

"Well, maybe you're right. It's an awful game to ask you into."

Patsy reflected. The fire leaped and cast its flaring light on her nose, which stopped just short of impudence in its tilt, and on her chin, so soft and yet so determined in its definite line. As Joe Mackay used to say, if Patsy got an idea ——

"Who was it who especially didn't want me?" she asked abruptly.

"Why, it makes you sore, doesn't it?" answered Tony in amusement. "You shouldn't mind a little thing like that. They practically kick me out of every meeting."

"But you don't go out."

"I mean to go," he told her, his amusement fading into grimness, "but I can't. I can't quite make up my mind to leave the game to them. I don't know whether I can explain it to you without seeming like a sentimental jackass, but it goes back to the war. The reason that so many ghastly things keep happening in governments is because so many people work and play and make love and don't care about the machinery which governs them. The only people who seem to care are the few with great ideas and the many who see a chance to get a little occupation and a little money out of it. Lots of them aren't so bad and some of them are really decent, but too many of them are stupid—wickedly stupid.

"I slipped into politics when I got back from the war partly because of some legislation that interested me then for disabled soldiers, but mostly because wise government seemed the only possible way to get things going. I felt that if your government wanted you so badly in war it must have some use for you in peace.

"But I found out that the politicians all thought I had my own ax to grind, and when they were finally convinced that I hadn't, they thought even less of me than they had before. They decided I was crazy, or, in their own none too accurate vernacular, Bolshevik. Still, I find it hard to let it go. Every now and then I get a chance to make a gesture anyway, and it's a fundamental and fascinating business to watch, even when it goes badly."

"It's really that," said Patsy. "I'll admit I was lost after the campaign was over. But of course I don't want to get tied up ever again. . . . Who did you say it was who didn't want me on that committee?"

Tony laughed outright.

"Still at that, are you? Well, who would it be but Fred Evans?"

"I thought it might be Dicky Sloane. He avoids me."

"No, Sloane isn't showing up much now in politics. He's more interested in local issues anyway. This is state stuff—not county—and Fred Evans is the boss."

"Who is he, anyway?"

"I don't know where he came from. He's been on deck for a long while. He has a nominal office in the Benton Building—insurance or real estate or something like that. It doesn't mean anything. He spends all his time in politics."

"But where does he get all this power?"

"He's only Granger's mouthpiece, of course. It's the Granger influence which dominates the state in politics."

"I heard that over and over again in the campaign," said Patsy. "It doesn't seem to make good sense to me. The Grangers have enough money surely, and they are always traveling and hardly ever here. I don't get it, honestly, and I was always afraid to say I didn't."

"The Granger interests are tied up with lots of things—mills and railroads and promotions. It isn't just their personal interests. It's the interest of the group which

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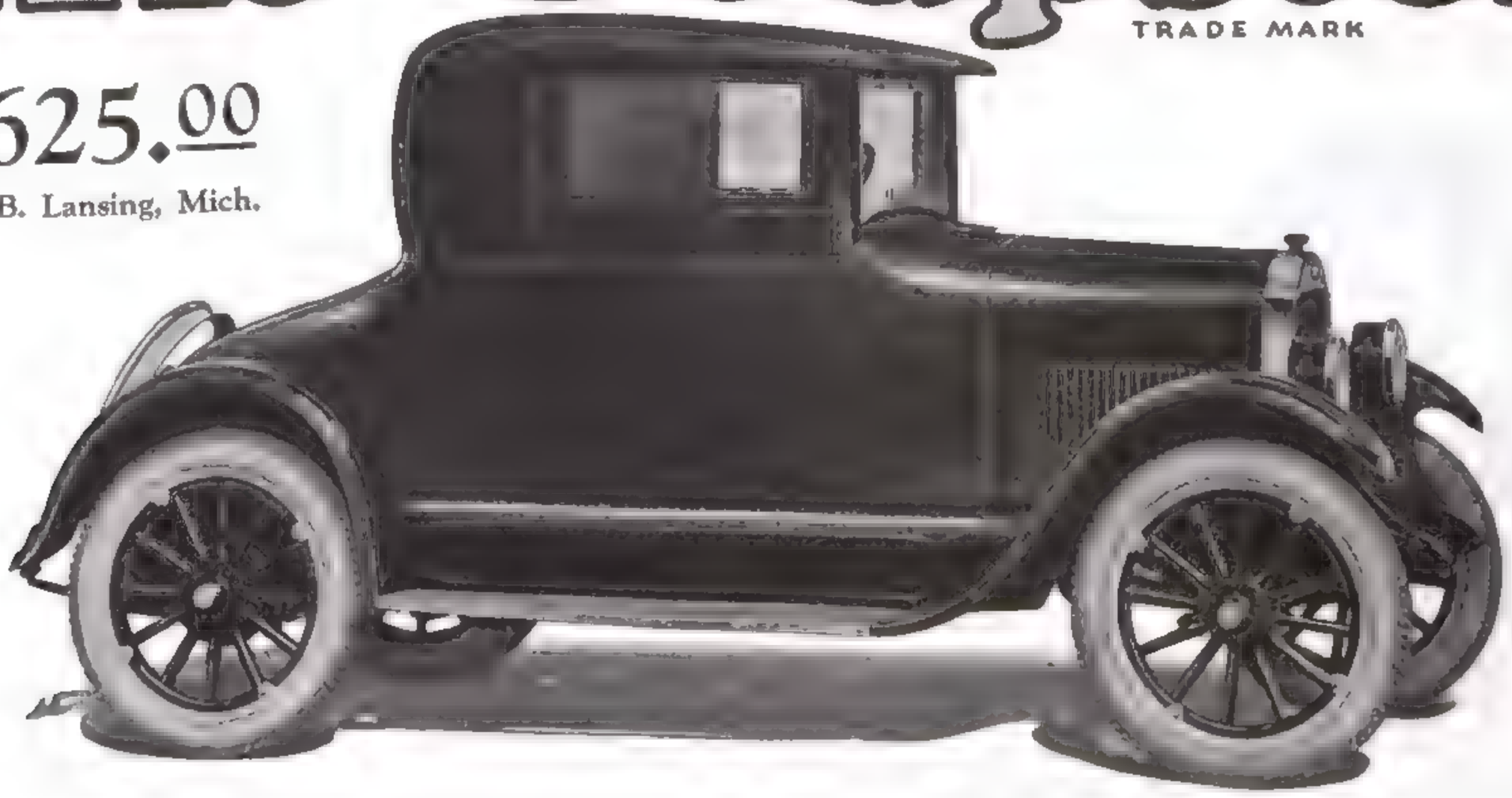

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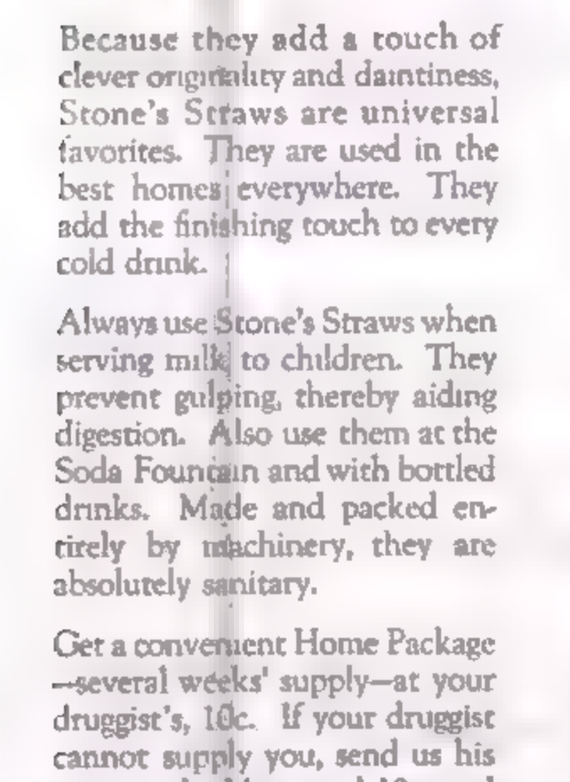

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circles around them. They need to have their hands on the reins—Theodore Granger and G. H. Livermore and half a dozen others like that."

"Then why don't they come out to political meetings if they're so interested?" asked Patsy. "I never saw one of them at a single meeting"

Tony grinned.

"You're not so innocent as all that. You know that's not how they play it"

"I know it's not. But my point is that it's all right for them to be interested. They developed the state. The Granger fortune did a lot to build up the state as well as prospect it. I can't see why they should be ashamed to admit that they are interested in its government. They ought to be out making speeches, telling people what they did in the past and what they want to do. And the Livermores are awfully fine people. They have endowed no end of things."

Tony shook his head.

"It's not in the rules. Politics is a shady business and the big fellows usually leave it to the shady, keeping their tools thoroughly cowed."

"I'd like to tell Mr. Granger what I think of him."

"I shouldn't. He keeps his political light well under a bushel and wouldn't like to have the bushel disturbed."

"But what reason does that man have for not wanting me on that committee?" reverted Patsy—"not that I want to be on it. But the point is, what good does he think that Potter woman will be? It just nullifies all the work we did, Tony. I don't want to be on the committee, but there are a dozen women whom I could name who would be exactly right, and who've been ignored—like Mrs. Vancil."

"I'm afraid that you won't be asked to name them. The only chance, I tell you, is either to fight Miss Potter or absorb her. Those are the only ways of managing that. And a fight wouldn't be so easy, for the first thing that would be said was that you were jealous of her."

"I—jealous of her!" cried Patsy. "For heaven's sake, let's stop talking politics, Tony! I'm beginning to see red, and that's a fact."

Tony left her an hour later. He was in the tingling state in which he usually said good-by, made up of warmth from having been with her and of pricks because Patsy was so sweet and so alluring and so friendly and so terribly rich. He found his radiator frozen and drove home in a cloud of steam which seemed to accent his poverty. Better-made cars did not freeze up like that. He couldn't imagine Patsy swaying beside him in the tinny little car surrounded by steam.

But Patsy went upstairs humming. She had unconsciously chosen a defiant Irish tune.

The newspaper in the morning gave Miss Potter her headline. It had been a dull night and there was plenty of space for her, even for a picture which had been brought out from the files. It represented the Miss Potter of the days when she had lived in the State House rather more than the one of the moment, a picture of a queenly young woman who, said the caption, had been paid high tribute for her political work. The article underneath laid it on rather too thick for Patsy's taste. Miss Potter had been put on the executive committee of the state committee because of her unusual ability and splendid effectiveness. It rehashed Miss Potter's gubernatorial connection and the work she had done in the past campaign.

Patsy, who had never known jealousy, felt such intense irritation that it worried her. How dreadful it would be if she was getting like that, objecting to praise of other people! But it wasn't for herself, she said reasonably. She wanted praise for woman's work which was not faked which had no strings attached to it. She thought of the publicity which Miss Potter had sent out during the campaign. Patsy had never passed it on. It had been inspirational pamphlets, trading on women's emotions, bringing little facts about candidates to their attention which were designed to interest the home maker, the mother, the sentimentalist specialized woman stuff such as Patsy despised. She used to read them with derision, aloud to some of the women who had worked with her in that exciting campaign. All that publicity, she used to say, was designed to aggravate the purity complex most women had, which was bad enough already.

Patsy tossed the newspaper in the wastebasket to be rid of it permanently. It wasn't her business, she told herself, but it was hard to rid her mind of the fact that she had been shelved by the people who were in charge of the political machine. As if there was something against her, when all she had done was to enter the campaign most reluctantly, prodded into it. Then, having entered, she had spent her time and strength trying to get women out to vote and to think about their voting. She hadn't told any lies and neither had her organization, but they were to be ignored. If Fred Evans had come to Patsy a week ago proffering her distinction, she would have refused it with great definiteness. But this—this being pushed out of a place where she had not asked to enter was different.

There was a bundle of mail to distract her, which Inga had just brought in. A letter came from Mrs. Vancil, recuperating in Florida from the strain of the campaign. "Keep your eye on things, Patsy," she wrote. A letter from Hot Springs, where Patsy planned to go in a few weeks if she gave up her idea of seeing the English springtime. It was hard to get much pleasure out of the vision of these lonely trips and there was no one to go with her whose company she wanted greatly. So from week to week she had put off her departure, somehow preferring the house where the memories were loving, even if they were shaded with sorrow.

Bills — announcements — letters from friends—a notice of a club dance and a square white envelope which was doubtless an invitation to some large party or wedding. Dinner at the Ormsbys'—eight o'clock—honoring Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Granger. That would be a regular party, thought Patsy, if they sent out such cards for it. The Grangers were back then from some point that was remote and were to open their town house for a month or two. The Grangers—the connection snapped together. Theodore Granger was the influence back of Fred Evans.

"I think I'll go to that dinner," Patsy decided. "I don't exactly know why, but I think I'll go. Now what have I to wear? I haven't been to a dinner like that since —— Oh, I don't think Joe would mind my idea in going to this one."

She went over the clothes in her wardrobe critically for half an hour. Dresses with memories now, most of them. The soft little lines around Patsy's mouth began to droop with pathos as the memories rustled and slipped out of soft silk folds. That was the dress she had worn to the last big dance she had gone to with Joe, only a week before he had been taken ill. She had surprised him with it. It was soft silver *lamé*, tight-bodiced, and with a full skirt that only accented slimness. She had carried a stiff lace fan, and that had been the night she had danced so many times with Jack Hemingway. When they had come home, she remembered the way Joe had asked her if she was sure she was happy. Dear Joe, it was all he cared about. As if she hadn't been a million times happier with him than with one of those selfish young fly-by-nights like Jack Hemingway, who got their cocktails and kisses all mixed up!

The silver *lamé* was out of style; so was the pink with the ostrich hem. That had been a pretty dress. So was the rose velvet, the one she had worn at the stag dinner she had given for Joe when she had presided at the table set for thirty men. They had a good time that night. How Joe had loved it! The dresses were all out of style. She must have a new evening gown or two, and the thought made her a little sad, because to this function, at which she would wear her new dress, she would go as a widow, not on Joe's fond arm.

She called Dot Ellis to go shopping with her. Dot had taste, and it was no fun to buy alone. In the old days she and Dot had had many a shopping bat. Today she stopped for her at eleven o'clock and Dot, a mankin of fur coat and clever hat, came gayly down the steps to join her.

"Nothing that I like better," she announced, "than to spend other people's money when mine is all gone."

"Yours ought to be gone with that coat. Is it summer ermine?"

"From the cost of it, it must have been some extinct animal," said Dot. "You know, I haven't a thing in the world to wear. I'm glad you're coming out in the world again, Patsy. I got sort of sick seeing your name in the paper with all those terrible political women. Why didn't you enter a convent if you had to be different?"

Patsy looked at Dot quickly and away again. Dot had been a very good friend of hers not so long ago, but this kind of talk was so stupid.

"Did you vote, Dot?"

"Sure I did! Bill dragged me to the polls and told me where to put the X. At that, I'm not sure I remembered, and I probably voted for all the men he didn't want me to. I voted for crowds of men, and then there was a sheet with laws on it that nobody had told me anything about."

"Those were amendments -and they were important. Why didn't you read the papers?"

"Oh, I don't think my one vote made much difference. Anyway, I tell you what I did do. I wrote 'Suit yourself' across the page and put it in the box. Somebody got a laugh out of that."

Patsy didn't, evidently. She made no comment. She was thinking of how steadily dozens of women had worked for weeks and weeks sending out information about those amendments and advising women which were sound and which were not. Dot's husband's business was affected by one of those amendments. Her home was affected by others—and she had made a joke out of it. No, it didn't seem very funny to Patsy, and yet she had a queer feeling that a year or two ago it might have made her laugh.

"Well, of course, a terrible highbrow like you would think I'm perfectly dreadfully dumb," went on Dot, as if secretly vain of dumbness.

Patsy switched her talk to styles and fabrics.

But she was reminded again of politics only a few blocks farther as they drove on toward the shopping district through the shabby residential districts which lay on the way to the city. It was very cold, and even in the cleverly built car, and with their fur coats, the girls felt it. On the street corners the people stood unrelaxed, stamping cold feet, turning their faces from the wind. Patsy glanced at them pityingly. She hated to see people cold and miserable. Then a familiar figure caught her eye. She had seen it during the campaign—a tall woman in a brown coat and a hat trimmed inexpertly with a brown lace veil under which surprisingly yellow hair showed. Patsy stopped her car and lowered the window, yielding to an impulse to show that woman that she didn't care about what happened last night, and smiling invitingly.

"Let me take you down, Miss Potter," she called.

Miss Potter accepted the invitation. Her lips were blue as she got into the car.

"Such a cold morning," she said in her heavy formal tones, acknowledging the introduction to the surprised Dot.

"It is," answered Patsy brightly. "Well how is everything in politics, Miss Potter? I see you've had further distinction thrust upon you."

Miss Potter smiled.

"That's very nice of you, Mrs. Mackay. I was pleased, of course."

"Miss Potter is very much interested in politics," said Patsy, explaining aloud to Dot; and Dot's nod in return indicated that it was what you might expect.

"Are you?" asked Dot formally.

"I have been in politics—I might say, for a generation; when you young women were learning your alphabets, I imagine. Long before women were granted the rights of suffrage, even before many of them thought of asking for it, I studied politics. My father was governor of this state, you know, formerly"

"Yes, I know," said Patsy "I don't see what made you so interested, though, Miss Potter It must have been a thankless business for women then"

"It's always thankless," answered Miss Potter unexpectedly, "it always will be. It's too human a game to be anything else" Her touch of realism came out like the thrust of a sword, to be muffled again in a scabbard of patitude "But I have always felt that women are the guiding influence of the world, that they should somehow exert all their arts and their finer natures to make this world a better place to live in It is the women who are the hope of the world, because they are the mothers and the wives ——"

She ran on until Patsy choked it off.

"What are you doing now in politics?"

"I hope" said Miss Potter, "that our publicity bureau is to be continued as a permanent thing We find that the women of the state are eager for the good word which we can send out to encourage and

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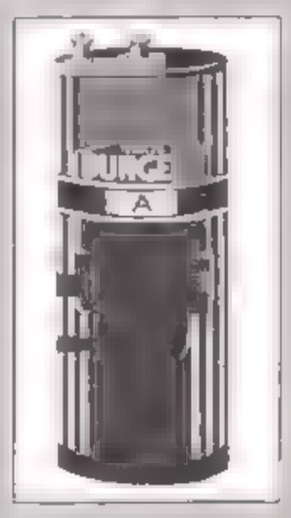

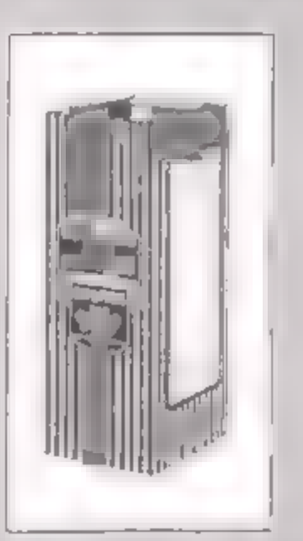

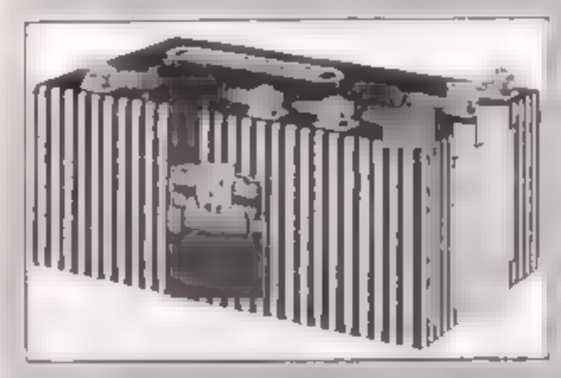

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inform them. It should be a continuing force not only in time of campaign but all through the year. Women need political education."

"They certainly do," agreed Patsy; "but, of course, it has to be the right sort of education."

"That is what we must be sure of. I wish," said Miss Potter, "if we are able to continue our bureau of publicity, that you would advise with me, Mrs. Mackay. You young women have your own point of view and we would be glad to keep in touch with all the younger women. In order to keep the party stable we must make women realize that loyalty to the party is the great thing—they must trust it."

"If the leaders deserve trust," said Patsy sharply.

"The party is bigger than its leaders," answered Miss Potter. "I've seen them come and go for years, good ones and bad ones. The miracle is that there still is a party. It's intangible as an ideal."

Patsy looked at her. She was somehow sorry for Miss Potter. She believed all that. What was it that Tony had said about working through this old woman? It wouldn't be hard. She was a lady and she was not cheap, even if she was inordinately sentimental. But it was absurd to let her handle the publicity. Think of the fine sharpness of Delia Hayes' mind! Something must be done. She let Miss Potter out at the building where she had an appointment and the two girls went on to the shops.

Patsy waited for Dot's comments on Miss Potter, prepared to catch her up if she was too sarcastic. At any rate, Miss Potter wouldn't write "Suit yourself" on a ballot for amendments. But Dot was surprising.

"Poor old thing," she said.

"Poor?" asked Patsy.

"Oh, well, I mean—you know it's sort of dreadful to be like that. She must have been quite a person once when her father was governor. And it was sort of sweet, that stuff about women being the hope of the world. It makes you ashamed not to take more interest in things. Because there isn't any doubt that women have finer instincts than men."

Patsy drove on her brakes savagely. So Dot was another of the people that fell for the purity-complex orations! To think that Dot laughed at Patsy's being in politics and then was actually influenced by that old scarecrow! Women were dreadful!

The dress she chose was mauve and rose color, soft drifts of chiffon. Dot picked it out unerringly from a dozen others, and when Patsy tried it on it proved to be quite right. It was young, but it had dignity as well as youth. They found slippers for it, and a wrap which suited, before they adjourned to lunch at the most popular restaurant in the city, where Dot found at least a dozen men who wanted to stop and talk at their table. Patsy found it only mildly exhilarating. She was used to Dot's line of patter.

The Ormsbys' dinner was not one to which invitations were lightly sent out. The company attendant proved that. For every guest there was a reason, one of wealth or power or beauty or great promise. The Ormsbys entertained but seldom, and when they did they made no blunders. So there were the elder couples who were dominant in the city's social hierarchy; and a few of the younger couples who would take the place of the elder couples when sufficient time had passed; and the richest and most successful bachelors; and Myra Lane, because she was a recognized painter of miniatures as well as a Lane; and Patsy, because of Joe and because of Patsy's father and because of Patsy herself.

It was the first big party she had gone to since Joe had died, and the sense of beauty and unrivaled clothes, the sweet odor of winter flowers and the sight of the men gave her again the familiar excitement of festivity. She came into the drawing-room alone, in her mauve and pink chiffon, and went straight to her hostess, with her head, on which the golden hair curved so prettily, held high. The men watched her curiously, for Patsy's political exploits had brought her to attention, even when they had not seen her; and besides, she was a wealthy and beautiful widow, a free lance now. The women, less interested in her politics than in the marvel of her dress and haircut, watched her too.

"I'm very glad you could come, Patsy," said Mrs. Ormsby, who had known Patsy from the time of her perambulator. "We've all missed you. You know Mr. Granger, of course. Mrs. Mackay—Judge Jennings' daughter."

"I knew the judge well; but Mrs. Mackay looks as if she would be a contemporary of my grandchildren," said Theodore Granger.

He was white haired, but brown skinned and lean as if he golfed or traveled obesity and old age out of himself. His eyes were tolerant and unexcited and humorous, as Joe's eyes had been. Patsy seemed to know a great deal about him. She dived into his mind with one quick mental leap. It was a pleasant, unexcited place—a wise place too. You wouldn't fake anything with Theodore Granger and get away with it.

They talked of Judge Jennings, and that gave her an opening, but it was not until dinner that she had her real chance, when she found that by a miracle of luck she was put beside him. It was not so great a miracle, for his hostess knew that Theodore Granger liked beautiful women and this company did not boast too many of them.

"What is this rumor that I hear about your being a politician? How does a beautiful woman happen to be so hard up as that?" he said lightly.

"What's the rumor I hear about everything being referred to you?" countered Patsy brazenly. "How does a man of your kind happen to be the court of last appeal?"

He did not like that very well. She could tell by the quick curtaining of his expression. But she pressed on with it. No use to be coquettish with this man. One should be beautiful—that wouldn't hurt—and wise.

"What I can't understand is why men like you aren't more direct in your influence. It's probably a good influence at its source. You have the state's development in mind. But if you knew how your influence looks after it passes from mouth to mouth and hand to hand, and then comes trailing out for action, all stained by contacts, you'd be ashamed of it."

He did laugh, and that encouraged her. He was interested now.

"What do you want me to do?"

"Why don't you go out in the campaign—write letters, make speeches? Why leave your government to cheap and tawdry people who misinterpret everything and make hostility between you and the people who work for you?"

"It's not so simple, young lady."

"No, I suppose it's not simple. But the way you're doing, it is working against you."

"I couldn't make speeches."

"Well, then watch the ones who do. Be sure it's good doctrines they are preaching, not sob stuff or sentimental stupidities. Before you ask a lot of voters to be loyal, find out if the thing you ask their loyalty for is worth it."

"'Loyalty'"—he murmured speculatively—"it's a much bedraggled word, isn't it?"

Patsy nodded. If he would talk now, she would relax. She knew better than to keep ragging men.

"Women have a better sense of loyalty than men. I've seen that everywhere in the world, though there's an old superstition to the contrary."

"You mean emotional loyalty."

"Largely. However, it has interested me to see how it will work out politically with them. I remember seeing an instance of a woman's political loyalty once that I've never forgotten."

Somebody moved their plates and Patsy sat listening.

"Years ago, when you were a child, or weren't at all, the governor of this state was a certain gentleman who needn't be mentioned, for I believe he still lives. He had a daughter, but his wife had died. The daughter was a very beautiful girl, very charming, who had great political influence, as certain daughters of Presidents have had. She had a political mind. Pity we can't pick out just those women and let them vote."

Patsy had an odd feeling at this beginning on the governor's daughter. Was it possibly the same one again?

"There'd been a deal made at the end of the governor's second term by which it was arranged that a certain man should throw his influence to reëlect the governor for a third term, on the understanding that he was to be made lieutenant governor on the same ticket and eventually succeed the governor after the third term was up. It was a commonly known line-up agreed to all along the line by everyone. During the last year of this governor's third term the state grew very restless, as it does periodically."

"How calmly and fatalistically he says that!" thought Patsy.

"There was another man with a political future who was being boomed for governor. He was brilliant, no doubt of that—was an ambassador later."

Patsy guessed the name, but let it ride under cover of anonymity.

"He was a better man than the lieutenant governor. He was also very much in love with the daughter of the governor of whom I spoke. They say she was in love with him and tried desperately to keep him out of the fight because her father was pledged to the other man. They say—it was a romantic story in her day—that it was her influence which made her father keep his pledge, for he was really a very weak man. The lieutenant governor was elected and the future ambassador defeated, although two years later he went to the United States Senate with a young and lovely bride."

"The governor's daughter?"

"No—unfortunately. The story went, and it was common property at the time, that a romance was broken in that political fight. The human part of it, the ironic part, is that the lieutenant governor was no sooner in office than he proved to be a most corrupt official. So there you are. It's a story which the years may have romanticized in my mind, but the facts are fairly straight."

"I think she deserved what she got," said Patsy; "she could have stood by the better man."

It was, of course, Miss Potter. It was bound to be.

"In violation of a political promise? It was a question of loyalty, remember."

"She should have thought of the harm to the state."

"Well, maybe. On the other hand, there is very great harm, according to some people's ideas, in not keeping to the letter of one's political promises. It kept parties alive through generations, that tradition. I suppose this lady thought she was standing by an ideal."

"Still, I think ——"

"I know what you think," chuckled Mr. Granger. "You're the new type of woman in politics. You're sure and hard and honest; honest to the point of inhumanity, honest past the point of psychology. You haven't any use for sentiment. Still, we used to use it a lot and it sometimes worked wonders."

"Women's higher influence—preserving the home, guarding the babes," said Patsy drolly.

"My dear girl, when you're older you're going to find that much of the world is still run by the old slogans. They are being discarded here and there, but there's no use in tearing them out of people's mouths."

"I'm not so sure," said Patsy stubbornly.

"Tell me what you would do."

She lit up with the flame of ideas. She hadn't even known some of these things were in the back of her head. He heard her through, glancing now and then at her as she told him what women wanted and needed and she thought could be given to them. Proper and true information, knowledge of imperfections, no spread-eagle talk, that was what she emphasized.

"But how?" he asked.

"Keep your publicity and speakers' bureaus alive all the time, not just in campaign time. Put the proper people in them."

"I've heard talk of that. It might be a way. Will you take charge?"

"I will not. But I know who could do it," Patsy told him.

"We must get together on that. I agree with you, of course. But you have enthusiasm that has died down to a few remaining sparks in me. And I never had your faith in the mentality of people. My hope has too often been in their sentimentality. I'd like to see you try it."

Mrs. Ormsby, on the other side of Mr. Granger, stopped them about there, thinking that no dinner-table conversation should be prolonged unduly, and the talk after that was in stray sentences. Patsy wanted to see Mr. Granger again; but he did not dance, and the younger crowd adjourned shortly after eleven o'clock to the billiard room, which had been cleared for dancing. And other men and girls came in, asked informally for the dancing, though

(Continued on Page 88)

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(Continued from Page 86)

they were not important enough to be asked to dine.

Patsy found that again her heels had wings. She had forgotten the sheer joy of passing from one partner to another, rhythms canting in her head. She also soon forgot Mr. Granger, who looked in at the doorway for a minute, on his way to join his wife and go home. He saw a lovely, flushed young woman who floated by in the arms of an extremely callow young man whose dancing was as sophisticated as his expression was immature. Mr. Granger's smile was speculative and curious and full of knowledge. He noted also a young man loitering near and wondered who he was. He looked unhappy and out of things.

"Who's that?" he asked his hostess.

"That man? Let me see. He's one of the extra men Geraldine suggested," said Mrs. Ormsby. "I know I've met him. I was talking to him a few minutes ago. He came in just for the dancing. Oh, yes, his name is Marlow and he's in Howard Van Brunt's office. He was in the service. That's it. It was Jimmy who suggested him. Jimmy knew him overseas. We need so many extra men when these children start cutting in."

Tony Marlow's face did not relax as it should have when he heard Patsy's voice on the telephone a week later. The more particularly should it have relaxed because Patsy was calling him up, but Tony wore a semisoured look as if deliberately getting used to that expression.

"Why haven't you called me up?" asked Patsy.

"I didn't know you wanted me to."

"Why, I didn't, particularly. I thought it might be a pleasant pastime for you. Aren't you well?"

"Oh, yes, thanks; perfectly."

"I caught a glimpse of you at the Ormsbys' the other night with Jimmy Ormsby. You didn't look awfully well then."

"It was the strain," said Tony sardonically, "of being in such swift society. I'm not used to it. Neither is my flivver."

She laughed.

"How's politics?"

"All right, I guess. I'm getting out of all that."

"Oh, you are? That's wretched of you. Who's to advise me?"

"I thought you were out of it too. If you aren't, you needn't worry about advice. You can get it by yourself all right now."

"Well, maybe. Mr. Evans has been calling me up."

"Fred Evans?" asked Tony sharply. "What about?"

"Oh, politics. He wants some advice from the woman's angle, so he says."

"Look here," said Tony, forgetting the mechanism of the telephone, "that bird isn't safe, Patsy. Don't tell him a thing! Let me feel around a little, will you?"

"He seems awfully pleasant," said Patsy innocently, with an unseen grimace; "but do find out what you can and come up and tell me about it."

"I'll call you on it."

"Why not come up?"

"It isn't wise," said poor Tony; "it doesn't do me any good. I mustn't, Patsy."

"Of course if you feel that way, there's nothing more to be said. I shan't badger you with invitations, you know."

"I know. It's all my own fault of course."

"All right. Good-by," finished Patsy with no particular relevance, and Tony sat with a dumb telephone in his hand, looking grimmer than ever.

He hung it up at last and tried to concentrate on what he was doing, but the conversation weighed on him. It wasn't only Patsy who bothered him. It was Fred Evans' possible game. Patsy was clever, but she was new at this. They might be trying to put something over. Finally, a little before noon, when he had a right to leave his office, Tony took his hat and went to see what he could find out. Meeting Fred Evans by lucky chance on the street, he was overcome with the warmth of that gentleman's greeting.

"How's everything?" asked Evans.

"Fine," said Tony. "What's happening in politics?"

"Nothing—nothing. Everything quiet along the Potomac just now. Say, Tony, we certainly do want to keep Mrs. Mackay interested, don't we? You know, we've about decided to expand that executive committee—think it needs two women."

"Why Mrs. Mackay?"

"Oh, that woman's got pohtical sense."

It was no use trying to ferret out the reason for the shift in the wind from Evans. Tony knew that he was getting his tip now that Evans was all for Patsy. He was more worried than ever.

"Going to keep your publicity bureau going?" he asked.

"Yes—yes. Got to keep up the interest in the party between times."

"Nice for Miss Potter."

"Ah," said Evans, "Miss Potter. Sure. she's a great old war horse. I don't know that she's quite the woman for the place, though. Young blood is what we need, you know, Marlow. These old-timers don't quite get the idea."

Tony went his way, marveling. He chose a cafeteria for his lunch, and as he carried his tray around its laden counters he saw, across the room, like an unlucky fate, Miss Potter, poised grandly over a bowl of soup. There was no other food near her. Tony, quick in imaginative sympathy, thought she looked very pathetic. So they'd ditched her, had they? It was a rotten business. When it came to a show-down, platitudes or no platitudes, she really cared for the party infinitely more than Patsy. He carried his lunch over to Miss Potter's table and received her gubernatorial bow and her explanation of how little she ate for lunch. Yet it seemed to him that she eyed his sandwich, and that hurt him too.

"What are they doing politically?" he asked.

The scandal of her beaten face! It seemed to him that it cried out the shame of politics.

"Are they going to keep the publicity bureau going?" he asked because he couldn't seem to help it and because he thought there might be something he could do.

"I do not know," she said; "it's a queer business—politics, Mr. Marlow. I've been in it many years and I've seen some strange things."

"What's up now?"

"It was my bureau," said Miss Potter, "but there's always the influence higher up."

"What do you mean?"

"Fred Evans was quite agreeable to my plans at first," she said; "it's back of that. And we all know who tells him what to do."

"You mean Granger?"

She did not answer, but only smiled bitterly.

Tony was thinking hard. It must have been Granger who had told Evans that Patsy was the person to consult. That was it. So Patsy now was on the top of the heap and this old woman thrown to the lions. Well, as it worked out, it was right. Patsy had the brains and the honesty. But it was hard just the same.

She went on talking till he rose.

"Drop in and see me one of these days at the office, Miss Potter," he said. "I'd like to talk things over."

It was a strange offer, equivalent to giving her a hope of something of which they all knew she was so much in need. What he could give he did not know. But surely there must be something, some secretarial job in somebody's office.

It was evening before he called Patsy. He was sorry she had ever come into politics now. It seemed to him that the worst thing he had met yet was seeing her play this hard, cruel game in the hard, cruel way. At any rate he ought to warn her a little.

"I saw Evans," he said; "he's for you all right. And I think he's had his orders from Granger to play you up strong."

"So that's it, is it?" she asked without much surprise. "Well, I'm glad I convinced Mr. Granger of something. It wasn't easy and I wasn't sure I'd done it."

"You did it—whenever or however. But remember, there's always a catch in it, Patsy. Play safe. Don't let them get you at their mercy in any situation. I saw the poor old war horse today and she looked as if she'd been ridden a thousand miles—over stones."

"Who, Miss Potter?"

"Yes."

"What's her trouble?"

"Oh, she knows Evans is through with her. He's had his tip to play with you and all his promises to her are in the wastebasket. That's Evans. He's sucked the lemon dry and he hasn't any use for the rind."

"Oh!" said Patsy in a long breath.

"Of course she didn't have much to contribute. I'm a mush. I felt sorry for her.

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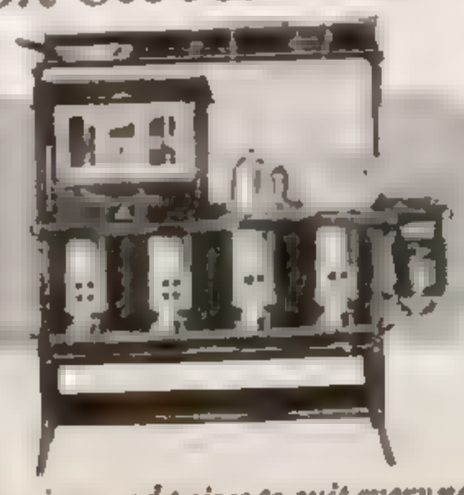

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that was all. But you can do a lot with those people, more than anyone else can."

"Will you help?"

"Oh, I'm kind of sick of it, and I've no influence. You're made. You don't need me, with Granger. Truly, I'd rather not."

"I see," said Patsy. "Well, good-by then."

And again that unsatisfied disconnection hung between them. It was Patsy who turned away from the telephone looking queer. She saw again a picture which she had carried unconsciously in her mind since that morning when she took Miss Potter downtown—of the worn finger tips of gloves turned under to hide their shabbiness, of the wreck of a face, marred by sorrow and cruel treatment. She thought of Mr. Granger's story, carried only as a memory now for recounting at a dinner table. One could imagine the governor's daughter insisting on political loyalty and later reading in some lonely room the stories of the achievements of the ambassador whom she might have married. Loyalty—that was her motive, and they paid her back now. Sucking the lemon dry. It wasn't fair. She might be full of platitudes, thought Patsy, but she did please people. Think of the way she had affected even Dot. If Miss Potter were steered as Patsy and a couple of younger women could do it, gently, so she would think she was playing it alone, it would work out. Patsy went to her desk and started a note. Then she tore it up. It wouldn't do. He might leave town at any moment. She returned to the telephone.

"Mr. Granger, please," she said. "Tell him it's Mrs. Joseph Mackay. . . . Yes, I'll hold the wire. . . . Oh, Mr. Granger, this is Patsy Mackay. . . . Fine, thank you. . . . Yes, still interested. . . . Will you do something for me? No, I don't want to go to Congress. Please be serious. You know that I asked you why you didn't do something direct? I'll forgive you everything—your light under a bushel and all that—if you'll do something now quickly before you go away. It should be immediate, because of a lot of reasons. Tell Mr. Evans to continue his publicity bureau with Miss Potter in charge—and make the salary as big as possible. I'll make a contribution to keeping the bureau going if you don't tell anyone and will let it come through you. . . . No, I don't want to appear. . . . I know she's not got the modern viewpoint. . . . No, she won't hurt things a bit, because we'll manage her gently. We'll work through her, do you see? She needs the job badly. And she cares for your old party a lot more than anyone else does; more than I do. She writes poems about it—probably she'll write a sonnet to you. Please, will you do it right away?"

She hung up the receiver, laughing this time at Theodore Granger's final comment.

"You are a politician," he said, "that's regular stuff and the way to play it. I'll do it right away. I'll tell Evans to tell her. Is that direct enough?"

From his picture over the mantel, Joe Mackay seemed to smile back at his widow, and Patsy looked back wistfully. There should be someone to share all this with, all this fun and sympathy and planning. The fire crackled and the clocks ticked. There was no one. Then outside there came a hoarse chugging, which stopped abruptly a second before the doorbell rang faintly. Patsy went to the door. She knew who would be there.

"I'm an idiot," said Tony, "but I know I sounded rude over the telephone and I wanted to apologize. I'm sorry. I'll do anything I can—always ——"

"Stop stuttering," answered Patsy, "and come in and get warm while I tell you the last episode in the story of the old war horse, which is for your ears only. I can almost hear her say to me now, 'I have been in politics many years, Mrs. Mackay. Long before women were given the vote I made my party my study—almost my religion.' Well, anyway, she makes me feel young."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Margaret Culkin Banning. The next will appear in an early issue.

RUG HUNTING IN THE ORIENT

(Continued from Page 44)

is true; but not to him," he said. "Now I will give him the proofs, first of my confidence—for no one has ever seen this little book but myself—and then of my truth, for the figures go back not only to monsieur's rugs but to rugs I bought and sold for more than two years."

There was no difficulty about it. Each rug in a dealer's shop has a tag sewed into it and the tag bears a serial number with data relating to quality and price. We looked up the serial numbers on the tags that had been affixed to the rugs I had bought, and found them all set down in order in the little book, under the date and the name of the person from whom they had been purchased. The price paid for the rug was there, and the price for which it was sold, and in every instance the details agreed with what the seller had told me. I thought it all out, and it seemed impossible to me that he could have doctored the little book all the way back, for my benefit, and I was impressed. It was impossible not to be. I did not beg the dealer's pardon, but my interest in his rugs revived a little. One morning he came to my office, followed by a porter carrying a bundle of rugs, and a very dignified old Turkish gentleman, so decrepit that he could move along only by depending with both hands upon the thick knob of his walking stick. There was such an air of importance and secrecy about the rug dealer that it was no easy matter to chase the others out of the office, as he insisted, but when we were alone he introduced me to the old gentleman with due formality.

"*Ami*, this gentleman is Mohammed Ahmet Pasha, a great name in Turkey, who was chief of the treasury in the time of Sultan Abdul-Hamid. He was very rich, but the times have changed and now he is very poor. His sons were killed in the war, and he has nothing left but his old wife and the rugs that hang on the walls of his house left him by his father. I have seen them, *ami*, and it is a true word that they are wonderful, equal to those that hang in the museum at Chinili Kiosk. When there is nothing in the house to eat he takes a rug from the wall and sells it. But he is very old, and a great gentleman, monsieur, who cannot sell rugs in the streets, so he brings them to me. I cannot buy them, because for such antiques it is not easy to find a customer who has the taste and will pay the price. In America now ah, if I had them in America "

He broke off his harangue to soothe the old gentleman, who was fidgeting in his chair and giving out snorts that left no doubts as to his impatience; and although the old gentleman was almost stone deaf, the dealer cautiously whispered, "Treat him with ceremony, monsieur. He expects it, and it is good business. Could you serve coffee and cigarettes?"

They were brought in and the old gentleman was restored to equanimity. I asked the rug dealer to tell him of the honor I felt it to be to have made his acquaintance and the pleasure I anticipated in looking at his beautiful rugs, but that it shamed me to admit my fear that my poor means would not allow me the privilege of buying them. The dealer placed his mouth against the Turk's large hairy ear and translated my speech at the top of his voice.

The old gentleman responded by an annoyed shake of his head, as if a particularly obnoxious fly had lit on it, and a few high querulous words which the dealer translated as indicating that all was as Allah willed, and that it would do no harm to look at the rugs.

They were unrolled, and indeed they were beautiful. All three were prayer rugs; one a Ladik, of a mahogany-red ground surrounded by borders of old ivory and amber, with the red and green Rhodian lilies characteristic of Ladiks set in a blue field, and a dark-green panel above the mihrab, like a great emerald.

Another was a Kulah, all dull gold and soft blues with the columns of the mihrab, or holy place, in the red of porphyry. But the *pièce superbe* of the collection was an old Ghiordes.

Its general tone was old ivory, with seven lacy borders in ivory and blue, and the mihrab of a delicate green, as velvety and tender as the first signs of the apple leaves in spring. It was so lovely that it brought tears to my eyes.

"Ah, monsieur," cried the dealer, noting my emotion, "in America what would not a rich collector give for that piece! I only wish we had it there. One could not ask

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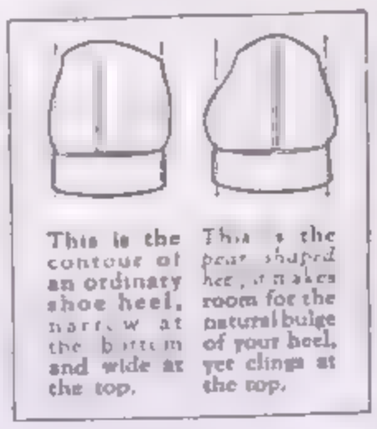

This is the contour of an ordinary shoe heel, narrow at the bottom and wide at the top.

This is the pear-shaped heel, it makes room for the natural bulge of your heel, yet clings at the top.

The ordinary heel is so narrow at the bottom that there is no room for your heel to expand. It is no wonder that pressure from your weight makes ordinary shoes gape at the top.

The *pear-shaped heel* has room at the bottom for your heel to expand, and it clings at the top. It makes fine-fitting, good-looking Walk-Over shoes fit better, feel better and look better.

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(Continued from Page 90)

less than a thousand dollars, and it would be worth all that one could find a collector willing to pay. But here, who would give so much? I do not know the old man's price, but if he does not ask too much it is for monsieur *une occasion, une bonne chance!*"

I had no doubt that the dealer well knew the price the Turk hoped to get, and that he had already arranged for his share of it. But the obvious question produced an explosion of language which, for a time, seemed to threaten them both with dismemberment. Reduced to understandable terms it appeared that the Turk would part with the rugs only if the three went together, and that he would take a thousand livres for them. The dealer thought that he might be induced to take eight hundred, and I said that if he got eight hundred, or anywhere near it, it would be from someone else.

When this was repeated to the old gentleman he became belligerent at once and indicated that I might go to the devil. He pulled himself up on his stick and tried to get out, but each time the rug dealer headed him off and gently hustled the old figure back to its chair. For a couple of hours he pleaded with us both, and then the old gentleman got up again and called upon the Prophet to hear his last word. Five hundred livres, so be it, and let the peace of Allah bless us both!

I could not help being tempted, for I thought the rugs were probably worth more than five hundred livres, and my companion almost cried his delight at seeing me get such a bargain, although he assured me that it cut the commission he had expected nearly in half.

"All right," I said; "if that is the last word leave them for a few days, and then, perhaps, if I still like them I may take them."

But there was no holding the old gentleman this time. His creditors were pressing him today, he declared, and the money must be forthcoming at once, or no sale. His manner and the flash in his haughty old eyes left no room for a doubt of his sincerity. I had to give in a little, or give up the rugs, and I didn't want to do either.

"Well," I told our go-between, "I don't buy rugs without taking all the time I want to go over them, and you know it. But since you guarantee these rugs to be what they appear to be I'll take a chance on them. Tell the old man I'll give him three hundred and fifty livres, or two hundred and seventy dollars, gold, as he prefers, and take them now; or he can leave them here for three days and talk price afterward. If that doesn't suit take them out of here, for I can't give you any more time today."

The Deal Goes Through

When this was translated to the Turk he never said a word, though his eyes simply spurted hatred. But when he rose stiffly to go and the dealer took him in his arms to hold him back, the convulsive twist of the outraged old body spun my companion halfway across the room. The dealer understood, however, that the time had come for action. By sheer physical force he dragged the old man up to me, pulled his hand down underneath a piece of silk embroidery that one of the rugs had been wrapped in, held it against mine and placed his own hand over them both.

"*Voila!*" he cried. "The hands are met, and it is done. And this," he added, tossing the piece of silk at me with one hand while he wiped the perspiration from his streaming face with the other, "is your bargain token."

The old gentleman took my check in silence and tottered out. He never dreamed of further protests, for, the East over, the meeting of the hands is the symbol of a contract, no matter by what force or false pretenses it is brought about. But he seemed older and more broken than ever, as if he had been abused, and shamefully I felt that he had. The dealer was delighted with himself, cocking his hard eye into every corner of the room while the merry one shone like a fixed star, until I threw him out in the wake of the porter and the old gentleman. I wanted to be alone, to gloat all by myself over my new treasures.

They were soul filling. I threw the Ladik over the desk, and the Kulah over the divan, and the lovely old seventeenth-century Ghiordes I hung up on the wall, where I could gaze at it from every angle. They were much too worn and old for use on the floor, and their short pile, without sheen, like all Turkish carpets, showed to better advantage when used as draperies.

Soon some of my friends came, and went into raptures over them. A Briton who had spent a dozen years in Constantinople and owned a fine collection of rugs offered me for the Ghiordes what I had paid for all three, and I refused his offer. People began to ask me to help them select rugs, as if I were being looked upon as one who knew something about them, and I was, accordingly, elated. The old Turkish gentleman's financial distress continuing, I got from him, the dealer assisting, a Bergama of the eighteenth century, rather out at elbows, an Oushak of the same period, and an early nineteenth-century Kis Ghiordes, or the rug woven by a maiden as a wedding gift to her future husband. They were all viewed by people who professed to know rugs, and pronounced genuine period rugs of exceptional value. My faith in my pet rug dealer was vindicated, and I rejoiced in the good luck that had come to me out of the old Turk's adversity.

And then I returned to the United States, bringing my rugs with me. In New York I took them to the expert whose assistance had been so invaluable to me in Tiflis, for his opinion. He looked them over, commenting upon each one, generally with a fair amount of approval, but with none of the enthusiasm I had hoped for.

The Inquest on the Bargains

"You have some very good rugs," he summed up, "and some not so good. Of course you paid a great deal too much for that one"—indicating the Khorasan bought in Batum; "you could have bought better ones here for half the price. Your moderns are better than your antiques, which are real but undistinguished, and your semi-antiques a good deal better. On the whole, you have a nice collection. The only thing I don't quite understand is how you happen to have that one in it." He pointed to the prized seventeenth-century Ghiordes.

"Just luck," I said. "Isn't it a wonder!"

"Well, yes; it is a wonder of its class. Of course if it had been genuine you couldn't have bought it."

I was astounded. "What!" I managed to ejaculate. "Do you mean to say that that rug is a fake?"

"Certainly it is, my boy. Why, didn't you know it? I know the man who made it, the same man that once made three Ispahans that sold all over Europe, one for as much as five thousand dollars, before they were shown to be copies. But yours is a counterfeit easy to detect. See here."

He pointed out the evidences, and they were apparent enough when indicated by a real expert. The holes and the patches and the darnings, the discolorations and all the signs of wear had been made by an artist who had loved his labors of deception and wrought them cunningly. My wonderful rug was a fake, and I have no doubt that the old gentleman was too. If so, he was a wonderful actor, the best I have ever seen. It is an old Constantinople trick, I learned, worked upon those who are there long enough to give it time to work and who think they know a lot. For tourists and people who don't pretend to know there are simpler tricks as effective.

I have gone fully into this incident to support by unexaggerated detail my opinion that the rug lover, no matter what his general experience and the books he may have read, who goes to an Oriental dealer for antiques, without the advice of an expert, is courting trouble. What chance can a dilettante have against one of these professionals, with his lifetime of insight and daily experience in every detail of the rug craft, backed by an instinct inherited from generations of trading forbears? The deeper the amateur's feeling for rugs the heavier his handicap of stirred emotions. Perhaps he will not show them, but his acute antagonist well knows that they are there, and as easily measures their effect. Between the rug lover and his beloved there will always stand this keen, obsequiously smiling but ironic figure of the Oriental dealer, who outgrew his first love of choice weaves with his youth and can now look tenderly but appraisingly upon them, sure of his advantage and calculating just when to use it.

I do not try to explain the dealer I have been writing about; he is the Oriental contradiction. On the whole, the rugs I bought

(Continued on Page 94)

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directly from him were worth the money. A few were really bargains; the others, in the present low state of the Oriental-rug market in the United States, could be bought as cheaply in New York. Of the rugs obtained through him from the old gentleman, with the exception of the Ghiordes they were all genuine enough, but not exceptional enough to warrant any particular enthusiasm on the part of an expert. I have no doubt that the dealer made enough on them to compensate him for any inroads that may have been made previously upon his "20 per cent" profit.

Often, since, I have wondered about another adventure that I had with my friend the dealer. Two American ladies of prominence came to Constantinople with one of the great excursion ships and professed admiration for my rugs, particularly those I had acquired from the old gentleman. They asked me to arrange with the dealer to have them see his collection at the old man's house, with a possibility that they might buy the lot. But the dealer could not do that

In the first place the old gentleman loathed parting with any of his rugs, and only culled them a piece at a time from his walls when he could no longer put off his obligations. Then he didn't like Christians, especially Christian womenkind, and he would regard their presence in his house as a profanation. But my friend knew of another Turkish private gentleman who might be willing to dispose of some of his rugs. He, too, was old and in somewhat reduced circumstances, and he had a very fine collection. My friend would have to find out, though, if he would agree to receiving Christians, and that would take a little time.

It took two days, but at the appointed hour he appeared with a very handsome carriage and we drove over the bridge across the Golden Horn, beyond St. Sophia and the bazaars of Stamboul, almost to the Yeni Kapu, or Gate of the Byzantines, in the massive crumbling walls that still surround the ancient city. Here we stopped before a plain but substantial Turkish house, as usual of wood and unpainted, and were provided with soft felt slippers to slip over our infidel feet before we crossed the threshold. We thought we caught tinkles of silvery laughter as we passed the latticed windows that guarded the women's quarters, but a dignified serving man received us at the door and led us up two flights of stairs to the third story before we had time to verify the impression. That the walls and hallway were rather bare did not particularly strike us, for in the Western sense Turkish houses seem devoid of furniture.

A Well-Set Stage

On the third floor we were very graciously received, first by the son of the house, a star-eyed young man with tenderly curling black mustaches that would have made his fortune in the movies; and then by his father, a burly, gray-haired old buck of a he-Turk who looked exactly as if he had been cut from the chromo on a package of Turkish cigarettes. He had been sitting with half a dozen of his cronies, their water pipes gurgling pithily, on a sort of raised platform that ran around the room, when we entered, and after the introduction he resumed his seat, folding his legs in front of his stomach like the legs of a collapsible chair, and pulled away at his water pipe as if nothing had happened. The inevitable coffee and cigarettes were served, and then followed a calm exchange of the polite amenities.

The rugs we had been brought to see hung upon the walls. They were mostly Anatolians, a Kir Shehr, a Yuruk, two or three Akhissars, that resemble Ghiordes as a rhinestone resembles a diamond, and many Kulahs. They failed to prove interesting and we were led away into another room hung with Cashmeres and rugs from Central Asia. Here I thought the two ladies would be literally jaw-boned into buying in self-defense, for father and son, even the cronies, joined forces with our guide in his vociferous onslaught. But the ladies proved hardened specimens of the genus bargain hunter, and eventually we made our escape with pockets intact, promising to come, perhaps, another day when we might be better able to agree on prices. Perfectly at home and hospitable to the last, the Turks ceremoniously aped their departing guests, even to the forcing of little gifts of sweets and candies into our hands at the door.

A few days afterward, a little more interested in some of the carpets than I had thought it wise to admit, I sought out the house without confiding in my friend. The house was there, just as we had left it, but the people living in it were not the ones we had met on the day of my visit with the ladies. Nor had they any such carpets as we had seen, for I made it my business to find out. At the time I said nothing to the dealer, for I thought it possible that I might have mistaken the house. But I never really believed that, and as the perspective sharpens with the distance I seem to perceive clear confirmation of the artificiality that hung about it that day. In the light of subsequent revelations I am wondering if our guide did not hire the house and the host, his son and his cronies, too—and, if our ears did not deceive us, the tinkling voices behind the lattice work to put on a show, for our benefit. He is quite capable of it.

These experiences of mine in picking out Oriental rugs in Oriental lands are so contradictory that they rebel against any attempt of mine to converge them toward a logical set of conclusions. The impression they have left on my own mind is, however, that I don't know anything about Oriental rugs and am never likely to know much more. And this in spite of some rather uncommon opportunities.

Washing and Doctoring

If the reader is ready to agree, I will then ask him to ponder my conviction that he himself isn't likely to know much more, if he is of the common or ordinary run of mortals, and that he will be better off in the long run if he stays at home and buys his Oriental rugs from his local dealer. Let that acute gentleman match his craft against the East, and, if plunder is your game, try your hand at plundering him. You will at least have the advantage of a contest on your home grounds.

Roughly speaking, all rugs are divided into two groups, antiques and moderns, though the term semiantique is often applied to rugs forty or fifty years old which have not been treated in any way and which, although going through the natural aging process, have not quite attained to the beauty of antiques. Antiques must be at least fifty years old—that is, they must have been made prior to the introduction of aniline dyes—and, except for patching and the toning down of the colors which comes from time and usage, they must not have been altered since they came from the weaver's hands. Because of the excellence of the wools used in the old days, the harmony of their colors, the enduring quality of their purely vegetable dyes, the original nature of their designs and the exquisite sheen imparted to the pile by the subdued light of Oriental interiors and the gentle kneading of bare feet over a long stretch of years, antique rugs generally are much superior to moderns, and command higher prices. Naturally this gives rise to many imitations.

Modern rugs immeasurably outnumber all other possible classifications combined, and vary all the way from rugs almost as good in every respect as antiques, to the most horrible concoctions of aniline dyes and the German loom, turned out to meet every phase of Western taste. Modern rugs form so completely the body of the rug trade that, with the exception of an odd piece here and there which falls into the hands of the antique dealers or private collectors almost immediately, it may be said that only modern rugs are now imported into this country.

Practically every piece brought into the United States goes direct from the customs house to a chemical bath, where it is treated to the process called "washing" by the trade, and "doctoring" by the public in general.

However—and this should be emphasized—the use of this process is not primarily for the purpose of making antique rugs out of new ones, nor would any reputable dealer attempt to pass off one of these

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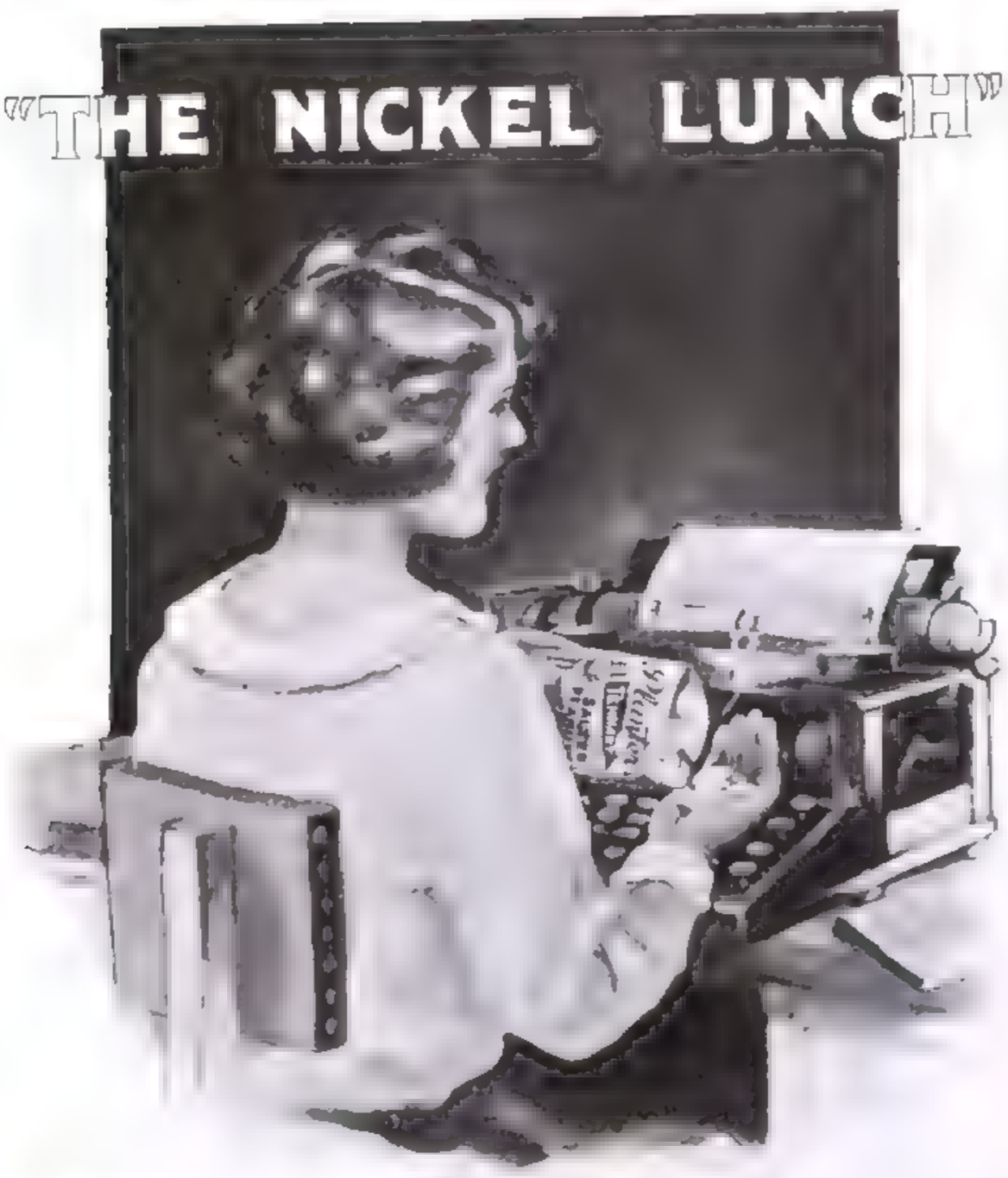

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PENNANT
SALTED PEANUTS

(Continued from Page 94)

washed rugs upon a customer as an antique. The rug is bathed in a weak solution of oxalic acid or some other chemical, to subdue its naturally bright sharp colors to the blended tones more in harmony with the furnishings of our modern homes, and to give its pile the soft silky gloss that the trade demands. But there are dealers of no repute, and many thousands of customers who do not know the difference between the shine of the washed rug and the sheen of the pure, or untreated one. The temptation, sometimes, to allow the customer to think what he pleases must be very great.

It does not require any considerable skill to tell the difference between the gloss of the washed rug and the luster of the natural one, however. They resemble each other as paste resembles a pearl. An untreated rug, especially an antique, appears light and glossy, but with the contrasts between the colors clearly marked, when the nap runs away from you; rich and dark, and without luster, if you view it against the pile. In a washed rug the sheen is excessive and silvery, and the colors seem all mixed up, as indeed they are to a certain extent. The artificiality is apparent, like rouge instead of rose on the schoolgirl's cheeks. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the artificial sheen and colors all messed together of washed rugs is preferred by most people with little taste or knowledge of Oriental rugs, to the natural beauties of the pure rug.

The faked or doctored rug is an entirely different matter, a product of the Orient fabricated with the deliberate intent to deceive, and should be carefully distinguished from the washed rug as referred to here, although the Oriental washes rugs too. There may be some secret methods of faking antiques, but the known processes are childishly direct and, however effective, involve hardly more than infinite patience and a naïvely cunning hand labor. The most primitive method is to expose the rug to strong sunlight, dirt and hard usage for a period extending over weeks and sometimes months, in the streets. The traveler in Tiflis or in some parts of Constantinople can, if he has a mind to, walk or drive for days over a succession of carpets laid out upon the stones in the dirty little byways of the bazaar. Camels and goats add their mite to the contributions of the passing throng, which gives of its best to further the aspirations of the dealer in the aging of his all too patently new weaves. When man and creature and weather have done all that could be expected of them the owner takes his rug inside and cleans it up with coffee grounds, chloride of lime or lemon juice, runs it between hot rollers anointed with wax or glycerin, and finally buries it in the moldy earth beneath his floors to mature, against the day of the expected customer.

Tricks of the Fakers

A rug treated so, looks common, and it is common. Nobody is fooled but the veriest greenhorn, but there are lots of him always running around loose in the rug bazaars. Look at the selvage and the fringes; you can see that they are new. Look at the back, and at the overcasting along the sides, and see where and how much they have been worn. Nine times out of ten these rugs have been dyed with anilines, and if you will part the pile you will find down next the roots a different color, or a pair of colors, instead of only a darker shade of the one at the surface. Vegetable dyes, when new, fade in sunlight and water quite as surely as anilines, but they do not disintegrate into their composite colors as the anilines do. For instance, an old rug of rose color will have faded to a lighter rose at the top than at the roots, but it will be rose all through, while the aniline rug will show rose at the top and, underneath, stains of purple and red, or even a ghastly blue. As all old rugs are vegetable dyed, this is one of the stock tests.

The sign manual of the amateur is the test he invariably applies, and his faith in it. Put vulgarly, he spits on his handkerchief and scrubs at the rug with all his might. Then he is worried to discover if what comes off is a smear of color or wool fibers. And if he finds a stain on the handkerchief or the salivated spot has an acrid smell he is off that rug for life. The stain may indicate aniline and the smell chemical treatment, but I never found the test conclusive and I never saw a professional apply it. At best it is only a rough guide, or of real value in the hands of one whose knowledge is such that he doesn't need to use it. A better way is to scrub the rug with soap and water where some brilliant color, such as red or green, adjoins the white, and let it dry. If the white shows a pink or greenish tinge your rug is aniline dyed, and you needn't bother any more about its age.

A modern rug made with vegetable dyes and untreated is more difficult to tell from an antique, and there is no real test except your knowledge of design, of weaving methods, and what your eye may tell you from experience. It greatly helps to know of Shirvans, for instance—though many others possess kindred characteristics—that in antiques both warp and weft were always white wool, while in moderns the warp is usually gray or brown wool and the weft wool or cotton. Burning the pile with a lighted match may tell you whether the wool is good or mixed with some other fabric, but it won't tell you much about the other values in the rug unless you are possessed of so much supplementary knowledge that you don't need the match. If you know that in the old days the weavers could not obtain black from vegetable dyes and were reduced to making it, when natural black wool was not available, from iron filings steeped in vinegar, which rots out the wool fibers much more quickly than vegetable dyes, you will doubtless look upon the excessively worn blacks, compared with the other colors in your rug, as proof of its antiquity. That was my hasty conclusion in the matter of the big Khorasan I got in Batum, and my knowledge was of no more use to me than yours will be to you if the wicked old man who made the rug has used a piece of pumicestone to grind down the blacks.

The Helpless Amateur

Painting with deft touches from a camel's-hair brush, weighting to stiffen the weave, tearing out irregular pieces in the new fabric and putting old patches in are all favorite devices of the Oriental for the undoing of his innocent Occidental brother, and I do not know how to tell the innocent of any rule that will enable him to detect the cunning artificer, except by the acquisition of that understanding which in trained hands turns him into a fool for his pains.

The one successful way of faking antique rugs, and the one most practiced where there is sufficient skill and the reward promising enough to make it worth while, is to weave the new rug of wool unraveled from an old rug whose decrepitude has put it past commercial value. Such a rug will have the natural sheen attained only through long usage, and all the earmarks of a real antique. To gild his lily maybe the maker will rub it down in spots with pumicestone, and maybe he won't. Or he may punch a hole through it with his fist and patch it gratuitously with torn bits from another ancient wreck, or darn it with cunning appreciation of the crudities of old barbarian hands. Whatever he may do, no mechanical or chemical tests will detect his fraud. To see through it the expert must call upon his knowledge of the peculiarities which characterized the weaving of rugs of the period and kind which the specimen before him purports to represent. And if they have been carefully preserved by the artificer, the expert may himself be deceived and years pass before the fraud is found out. Of such a nature was the spurious Ghiordes passed off on me by the old gentleman, of unforgettable memory. I forgive him, but I shall never forget him.

It is because, then, that I think the dividing line between the false and the true in Oriental rugs too uncertain of detection by simple tests in the hands of the layman that I counsel him to enlist the help of his local dealer, rather than search about on his own, in his quest for the rugs of his fancy. The dealer knows; that is the point. It is the business of his life to know, while the amateur, however much he studies the books and the comparatively few rugs that may pass beneath his hands, can rarely equip himself to cope with wits at least as sharp as his and twice as unscrupulous. His knowledge in any given case is likely to be general, while the dealer's is expert. It is the amateur's business to pick his dealer, and to pick him first upon his reputation for honesty and truthfulness. And you really cannot know that about him unless you have lived in the same town, or near by, with him.

Editor's Note—This is the last of two articles by Mr Strand

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THE NEW

FRA

THE LAUGHING DEATH

(Continued from Page 50

"Personally," he said, "I believe I'd just as soon have a burglar around the house."

Mr. Bradley nodded.

"You're right, Joe," he agreed; adding rather irrelevantly, "you know you've got a right to shoot a burglar—the law says so."

Mrs. Bradley looked thoughtful.

"Mr. Bellows," she commented, "was indeed a very, very nice young man, though a burglar."

III

IT WAS two weeks before Paul felt that it would not be foolhardy to call again at the Bradley house. He had seen Cynthia twice in Manhattan, and had almost sobbed his regret at whatever he had done.

"I erred," he pleaded, "and I rue it. But please, dear Cynthia, do not sever our relations."

"It was just unfortunate, Paul," she smiled in spite of herself. "We were feeling so bad, so terrible, and—and—and your coming in to tell us that—that 'hoy' was a ship was just out of place. I understand, Paul; don't worry. Wait a little while."

She had been in low spirits, and his own heart ached at the thought of what she was having to go through. The payment of the money Mr. Bradley had spent on the ridged table knife was due the following week, and as yet there was no indication at all that it could be met. Neither she nor Joe earned enough to save much, and all this little had been in the sum Mr. Bradley had turned over to the pewter magnates.

Paul's first visit after the fuss brought him to the Bradley home shortly after noon on Saturday. He had just reached the gate of the little house near the edge of the woods, when through it flashed a blurred gray figure. It cut across the street and stretched out into a tremendous gallop across a stubble field.

Transfixed, Paul stared and identified it finally as Mr. Bradley. As he stood there, Joe followed, but stopped at the gate. Cupping his hands he shouted after his father.

"Step on it, pop! Don't be late!"

He turned around then and saw Paul.

"It's Uncle Cedric," he explained. "He's dying again."

He went with Joe into the house.

"Who is Uncle Cedric?" he asked Cynthia.

"He's grandfather's brother," she explained. "He's a queer old Englishman, very sweet in his odd way, but he has a down on the world." She waved vaguely toward the woods. "He has a little hut out there in those woods that he built himself. He cooks his own food and never comes out and never has anything to do with anybody."

"Ah," Paul said, "an anchoret, or recluse!"

"He scratches a good deal," Joe volunteered. "He's great on scratching."

"Acne," Paul diagnosed the trouble. "That's a postular eruption." He turned to Cynthia. "Before I took up cross-word puzzles," he said brightly, "I didn't know that at all! Acne—postular eruption." He looked around inquiringly. "Where's Mrs. Bradley?"

Cynthia answered.

"She's gone to see Silas Gallup to beg for a month's extension on the mortgage." She spoke without hope. "Perhaps something will turn up."

"And what did you mean," Paul asked, suddenly recalling Joe's curious statement, "by saying your Uncle Cedric was dying again?"

Cynthia smiled.

"Oh, Joe is unkind," she said. "Uncle Cedric is nervous about himself Alone out there, he gets an idea every so often that he is about to die, and sends word for dad to come to him."

Joe sneered.

"It's like a fire house," he explained. "People rush in here all hours of the day and night with word that Uncle Cedric wants pop to come at once. Pop springs into his clothes, slides down the brass pole and lights out across the fields. So far," he added, "we've had nothing but false alarms."

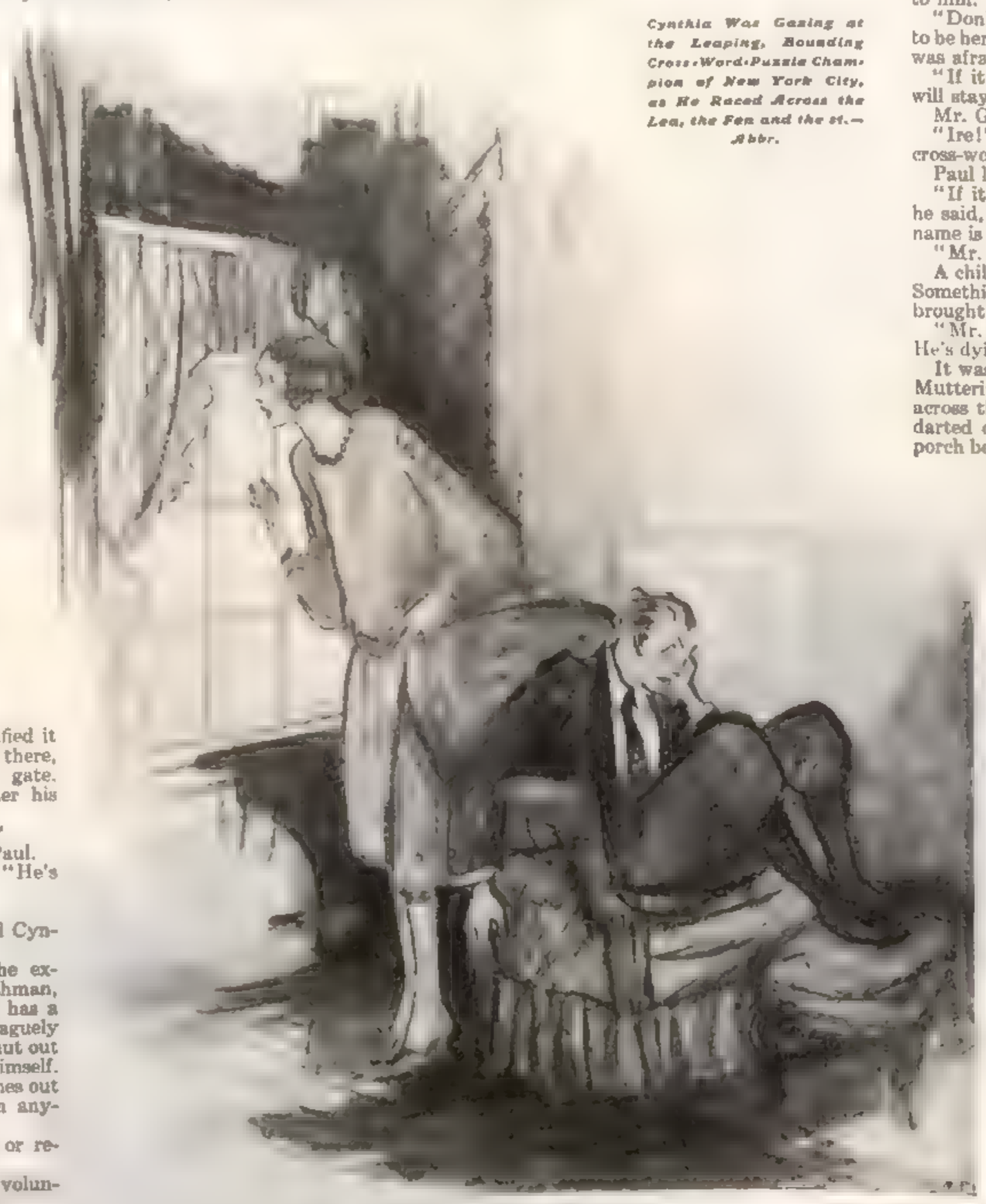
"And does he dote on his Uncle Cedric so much?"

"Dote!"

"Yes; is he inordinately fond of him?"

The Bradley boy laughed sardonically.

"Uncle Cedric's got a lot of jack salted away out there in those woods," he said. "He's a miser. He's told us so. He's told Cynthia. And when he dies, we get it. And when he sends word that he's dying, we have to hustle. We can't afford to be late. There are a few last words we want to hear—they'll tell us where this money is."



Cynthia Was Gazing at the Leaping, Bounding Cross-Word-Puzzle Champion of New York City, as He Raced Across the Lea, the Fen and the St.—Abbr.

"Joe is cruel," Cynthia declared. "We—I love Uncle Cedric, but ——"

"But just now," Joe broke in, glaring for some unaccountable reason at Paul, "we need money!"

The door opened and Mrs. Bradley entered.

She said "Oh!" when she saw Paul, and then added soothingly, "Now, Paul, you just be quiet. We're all your friends. Be quiet now." And she sidled nervously around him. Joe laughed oafishly.

"I'm not the only one that thinks it," he jeered at his sister meaningly, and Cynthia flushed angrily. Paul's face bore a blank expression.

Mrs. Bradley sat down with a sigh.

"Silas Gallup is a hard man," she said sadly, shaking her head. "It's no use, children."

"You mean he would not hearken to your plea?"

Paul's voice showed his concern, but Mrs. Bradley looked at him suspiciously. Joe refused to take this news of her failure seriously.

"Keep your head up, mom," he said, with a significant jerk of his head. "We got another alarm from the woods a few minutes ago. Pop's answered it full steam ahead, dog-gone the torpedoes. The Hermit of the Yosemite Valley claims to be breathing his last again."

"Joe," Mrs. Bradley murmured, "you mustn't say dog-gone; it isn't nice."

"It's argot, or patois, Mrs. Bradley." Paul was anxious to fan any spark of camaraderie. "It is not banned by all society."

Both Joe and Mrs. Bradley showed their bewilderment, and Cynthia shot Paul a glance of warning and shook her head for him to remain a nonparticipant.

"If I have erred ——" he began, when Joe, after a glance out of the window, interrupted.

"Here's pop," he announced. "He doesn't look any too frisky; Uncle Cedric must have pulled through."

Mr. Bradley entered the house. He saw Paul and ignored him.

"Uncle Cedric," he said to the others, "is very low. He had about given up hope, but he picked up a little and told me finally that he wouldn't need me, that he felt all right again." He shook his head. "I don't know," he added in a voice that may or may not have held sorrow.

"A man of his age and status," Paul commented, "has generally reached the nadir of physical resistance."

Nobody understanding, nobody replied to this. Mr. Bradley sat down and looked questioningly at his wife. She shook her head.

"Mr. Gallup is a hard, hard man, father," she said. Pain shot through Mr. Bradley's eyes. "He's coming ——" She glanced toward the window as footsteps sounded on the porch. "That may be him now."

Cynthia answered the knock and followed Silas Gallup back into the room. He stood for a minute looking around silently before he addressed the father.

"Well, Bradley," he said, "your missus called on me this afternoon with bad news. I hope it isn't—I hope it has been exaggerated. The situation in the realty field at present is such that I couldn't afford to disregard the letter of an agreement or a contract."

Paul rose uncomfortably. He did not feel that he should remain during a conversation so personal.

But Cynthia got up also and went over to him.

"Don't go now," she said. "I want you to be here with me." Her eyes pleaded; she was afraid.

"If it will allay ire," he murmured, "I will stay."

Mr. Gallup caught his words.

"Ire!" he said genially. "So you are a cross-word puzzler too!"

Paul looked self-conscious.

"If it does not seem to manifest ego," he said, "I might introduce myself. My name is Paul ——"

"Mr. Bradley! Mr. Bradley!"

A child's voice rang outside the window. Something in the note, something exciting, brought them all to their feet.

"Mr. Bradley! The hermit says come! He's dying again! He says hurry!"

It was the regular bearer of the tidings. Muttering to himself, Mr. Bradley leaped across the room, snatched up his hat and darted out of the room. He reached the porch before stopping. The next second he thrust his head in the door and spoke excitedly.

"Don't go, Mr. Gallup!" he gasped. "Stay here until I get back! I—I may be able to fix this little thing up all right!"

He was off again, and a second time word came back, in a shout from the sidewalk. It was obviously a message for Joe.

"Don't let him get away! Keep him there until I get back, you hear?"

Mr. Gallup observed these hurried maneuvers with some astonishment.

"I say ——" he began, and Paul sprang to his feet. Some sudden impulse to be out of so much personal matter moved him to take advantage of this opportunity to leave.

"I'll follow in Mr. Bradley's wake," he explained hurriedly. "There may be so much ado in yon woods that I'll be needed. Hope I may see you anon."

He dashed out of the room and followed the elder Bradley across the stubble field.

IV

HE COULD not overtake Mr. Bradley. Nobody could have. The nephew of the hermit, grasping at a last straw, sprinted madly across the field and down the path through the woods. He had made up his mind suddenly to beg Uncle Cedric, provided he was still alive, to allow him to have some of the bequest at once, to stave off this calamity that lurked in Silas Gallup. He meant to insist on it.

But a hundred yards behind, Paul panted in hot pursuit, scarcely conscious of the fact that he had little or no purpose in racing thus to the possible deathbed of a hermit. But there being, on the other hand, no reason why he should turn back, he kept on.

He came at length to a clearing in the woods. Facing it was a rudely built one-room shanty, seemingly all small boards and patches and cloth stuffings, which he identified at once as the old Englishman's castle. Gathered about the door, peering in cautiously, was a group of small boys, barefooted and wide-eyed. Paul took charge.

"Disperse!" he shouted at them. "Disperse, gamins! You are harassing an ill man! Disperse!"

Baffled by his utterances, they did not move at first; but there was no mistaking his menacing gestures. They withdrew to the edge of the clearing, apparently as

(Continued on Page 103)

Inside of canoe, the paddles and fish rods finished with Clear Valspar.

Outside of canoe finished with Valspar Gray and Vermilion Enamel.

Valspar—the Sportsman's Friend!

An enthusiastic fisherman is Mr. W. E. Harrington of Brunswick, Maryland. One day while making for a favorite ground on the Potomac, his canoe tipped over. To the bottom went all his tackle and three rods. Of the rods, two were salvaged on the day of the mishap, but

> "Not till five weeks later did I recover the third rod," writes Mr. Harrington. "It had been in the water more than a month, yet was still perfect . . . Even the silk windings had kept their natural color. The rod was Valsparred and I know this varnish preserves the life of a rod and keeps it true and straight."

Not only fish rods but all kinds of sport equipment will last longer and look better if Valsparred:—golf clubs, tennis rackets, canoes, boats, sleds, toboggans, gunstocks, shoes, etc. Waterproof and weather-proof, Valspar gives lasting protection and "never turns white" in spite of prolonged exposure to water, wear and weather.

These same qualities make Valspar the supreme varnish for household use.

Send for a sample of Valspar—more than enough to finish several fish rods, golf clubs, tennis rackets, etc. For full instructions, send 15 cents for the Valspar Book. It contains helpful suggestions and the Valspar Color Charts. Use the Coupon.

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York Chicago Boston Toronto London Paris Amsterdam

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This Coupon is worth 20 to 60 Cents

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The Varnish That Won't Turn White

The famous Valspar bathing beauty

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I enclose dealer's name and stamps—20c apiece for each 40c sample can checked at right. (Only one sample each of Clear Valspar, Varnish-Stain and Enamel supplied per person at this special price.)

Valspar Instruction Book with Color Charts, 15c extra.

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Clear Valspar	☐
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Choose 1 Color . . .	
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Choose 1 Color . . .	
Valspar Book	☐

S. E. P. 4-25-25

A Junior First Aid Kit for every Boy and Girl who joins the Junior First Aid Legion

Simply send enrollment coupon with membership fee (12c). Bauer & Black will send you membership button, book of First Aid instructions and The Junior First Aid Kit.

Foreword to Parents:—

More than half the accidents happen at home.

So, EVERY member of EVERY household, from grandparents to children, should know this vital fact: *Infection is more dangerous than accident.* And infection is the result of unclean handling.

Most minor accidents happen to children. Yet children are prone to conceal their minor hurts. Hence, Bauer & Black believe a great service can be rendered to the homes of America by teaching children how to give First Aid to minor injuries when mother or father is not at hand.

Therefore, in the public interest, Bauer & Black have sponsored for the nation's boys and girls *The Junior First Aid Legion.* To belong costs but a trifle, 12c—a small part of the cost of postage and materials needed in conducting the Legion. Bauer & Black will bear the balance of the cost.

Every boy and girl joining the Legion will receive a membership button, a book of plainly written and illustrated First Aid instructions, and a compact kit of sterile First Aid dressings, so each may learn, by practice, the things to use and how to use them in caring for common everyday cuts and bruises.

Parents are invited to send enrollments for each child in the family. Send 12c for each—and a separate First Aid outfit will be sent to each child.

The coöperation of parents in the work and objects of the Junior First Aid Legion, particularly in reading the First Aid Lessons to their children, may save serious accident-consequences in thousands of families and reduce the menace of infection throughout the land. *Simply sign and send the coupon with 12c in stamps.*

Bauer & Black

OVER 30 YEARS OF ETHICAL SERVICE TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION AND THE PUBLIC

BOYS · AND · GIRLS · FIRST AID · WEEK · APRIL 25 to MAY 2

500 $10 Gold Pieces to the 500 Juniors who perform best First Aid Service in 1925

BOYS AND GIRLS: Do you know that it is a very risky matter to touch an open cut or scratch with soiled hands or an unclean cloth?

Even the tiniest wound may become a serious injury if dirt and infection get into it.

Anything that comes in contact with a wound must be clean. Clean, as your doctor knows the word—which means "germ-free" or *sterile*.

When you get a cut or wound, do not cover it with a handkerchief. For even a freshly washed handkerchief may not be "germ-free." Water itself is not always sterile.

4 First Aids for a Cut or Wound

First, sterilize the wound with an Iodine Swab.

Second, cover it with a piece of Sterile Gauze, being careful not to let the fingers touch the side of the gauze which goes over the wound.

Then put a soft and downy Gauze Bandage over the gauze, to protect the wound from rubbing and pressure.

And finally, fasten the dressing with Adhesive Plaster to hold it in place.

First Aid knowledge should not be confined to grown-ups alone. For in boy-life and girl-life, Accident often comes when Grown-ups are not within immediate reach.

Founded on Scout Ideals

We've taken a leaf from the creed of the Boy Scouts of America in organizing the Junior First Aid Legion.

You know the two big hobbies of the Scouts. Preparedness and doing good things for others.

Every boy or girl should be prepared for accidents—even little scratches and bruises. Not just for self-help alone. But to be able to give First Aid to a comrade, when he is suddenly hurt and neither parents nor the doctor are near.

That's why we're inviting you to join the Bauer & Black Junior First Aid Legion. First, so you can learn, through the First Aid Lessons sent to every member, just what to do in any accident emergency, when medical or other adult help cannot be reached.

And second, so you can become acquainted with the right First Aid dressings and materials for safe First Aid application.

500 Awards to Boys and Girls

To promote the study of First Aid by Boys and Girls, Bauer & Black will give $5000.00 in cash awards to the boys and girls who perform the best First Aid in 1925. The award to be divided into 500 ten dollar gold pieces.

500 Boys and Girls will each get one of these ten dollar gold pieces. With your First Aid Kit, we will enclose some Accident Report Sheets. Whenever you do a First Aid service for any friend, write it down on the report blank (or use any sheet of paper if you are not a member of the Legion). Your doctor, school teacher or druggist must approve it, before it is mailed to us.

The 500 boys and girls who, in the opinion of the Award Judges, render the best First Aid in 1925, will each get a ten dollar gold piece. Any boy or girl may compete for one of these awards whether a member of the Legion or not.

THE JUNIOR FIRST AID KIT

CONTAINS

- Bauer & Black First Aid Book
- 1 B & B Sterile Gauze Bandage
- 1 Pkg. B & B Sterile Gauze
- 2 Bauer & Black Iodine Swabs
- 1 Roll B & B Adhesive Plaster
- 1 Pkg B & B Picric Acid Gauze for Burns

1 JUNIOR FIRST AID LEGION MEMBERSHIP BUTTON

Praise from Eminent Authorities

In all parts of America, public-spirited authorities, interested in boy- and girl-welfare, are enthusiastically endorsing the plan of the Junior First Aid Legion. Uncle Dan Beard, Staff Commissioner of The Boy Scouts of America, writes: "The Junior First Aid Legion to teach boys and girls how to give First Aid in the emergency—when adult help is not available—is a splendid idea. Many trivial accidents result in serious consequences when not given First Aid. Every boy and girl in the land should be glad to study the Bauer & Black course of instruction in First Aid. First Aid is one of the things we emphasize in Boy Scout work."

And Dr. F. J. Monaghan, the Health Commissioner of New York City, says: "You are doing a big fine work in organizing the children into First Aid Classes. If children knew what to do when accident comes, or if today's full grown men and women had been taught First Aid when they went to school, you'd see fewer people in hospitals."

Join Now—Only 12c

To join the Legion, simply send the coupon below with 12c in stamps. Mail to Bauer & Black—or if you prefer you may enroll at your local druggist's and he will forward to Bauer & Black.

By return mail, you'll get the course of First Aid Instructions and the attractive little First Aid Kit.

Today is always the best day to do a worthy thing. So may we suggest that you mail in your membership coupon now or have your druggist do it for you?

Awards Will Be Made by a Committee of Nationally Known Men

ANY boy or girl, unless connected directly or indirectly with Bauer & Black, is eligible to compete for one of the 500 ten dollar gold pieces to be awarded for the best first aid service rendered in 1925. But to receive consideration, reports must be in the hands of Bauer & Black, Chicago, on or before December 31st, 1925. Awards will be mailed March 1st, 1926.

MAIL YOUR ENROLLMENT NOW!

(or, if you prefer, enroll through your druggist)

MEMBERSHIP COUPON

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, Illinois.*

I'd like to join the Junior First Aid Legion. Send full First Aid Instructions and the Junior First Aid Kit. I enclose 12c.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Town . . . . . .

Druggist's Name . . . . . .

* In Canada address Bauer & Black Limited, 96 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada

B

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

VALUE

Chevrolet provides a fine appearance—construction typical of the highest priced cars—durable Duco finish—latest improvements in design and equipment. Here quality and comfort combine with great economy.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

The Touring Car
$525

Roadster—	$525
Coupe—	$715
Coach—	$735
Sedan—	$825
Commercial Chassis—	$425
Express Truck Chassis	$550

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

QUALITY AT LOW COST

(Continued from Page 98)

willing to stare at him as at a dying hermit. Paul surveyed the situation and, finding it faultless, started to enter the hut. And at that moment the door was barred -barred by the appearance of Mr. Bradley, who, with eyes staring blankly and brow knitted, stood there a full moment before speaking

"He's dead," he said finally.

"Dead!"

"Yes, dead." Mr. Bradley's voice was almost as extinct as he added, "He died laughing —laughing!"

"But," Paul objected "that was inane. Demises don't arouse risibilities."

"He died laughing," Mr. Bradley repeated. "He was pretty nearly gone when I got in there, but he recognized me. He tried to speak, tried to tell me something and then he laughed."

"What was there to laugh at?" Paul insisted. "Surely you did not select such a time to narrate a comic mot."

"He died laughing," Mr. Bradley repeated monotonously. "There was no laughter in his eyes, or on his face at all; but he looked directly at me and said, 'Ha-ha!'

"Said what?"

"He laughed, 'Ha-ha,' and that was all."

Paul shook his head.

"It was inane," he repeated. "Such an antic is not apt."

Mr. Bradley recovered something of his aplomb and, at the same time, some of his antipathy to Paul. He glanced about briskly and saw the small boys.

"You stay here," he ordered Paul, "until I let Rabenold, the undertaker, know. I'll stop by his place on the way home."

He started down the path. Paul called after him.

"Tell me again, Mr. Bradley—the old man actually laughed at you?"

Mr. Bradley repeated his story.

"He just looked up at me," he said, "and laughed, 'Ha-ha,' most mirthlessly."

Then he was gone. Paul sat down on a stool at the door of the hut, very, very pensive, and then he walked over to the boys and began talking with them.

The older man went slowly down the wood path, cut across a field to the street and stopped at Rabenold's tiny office. Then he continued down the street to his home. His heart was heavy. He thought of Silas Gallup, that hard, hard man, waiting in his home, and of his wife and children. Nothing short of a miracle could save them from the fate that Silas Gallup had in store for them.

Crossing the street, he looked up and saw Silas Gallup pacing up and down impatiently on the front porch. He gave a little cry of glad surprise when he saw Mr. Bradley and leaped from the porch to meet him at the gate.

"Where's the champion?" he demanded.

"The who?"

"Mr. Paine, the cross-word-puzzle champion—where is he? Is he coming back here?"

"Oh, him!" Mr. Bradley answered sourly. "I suppose so. My Uncle Cedric died. Paul's waiting down there for the undertaker."

Mr. Gallup tapped his fingers together.

"I'll wait for him," he said. "I'd like to shake hands with him and talk to him about something."

"Each man to his taste," Mr. Bradley said, and went on into the house. His wife and children looked up anxiously as he entered. He shook his head slowly.

"What do you mean?" Joe asked. "No death or no money?"

"No money."

"What?"

Almost panic-stricken at what this meant, they were all on their feet.

"No," Mr. Bradley said. "He died laughing. He never said a word. He was almost gone. He just laughed—that was all."

"But he had some money!" Joe was angry. "He said so! Did you look?"

Mr. Gallup stepped in the door and spoke genially.

"The minute I saw that young lad," he said, "I knew he was a keen one. Just imagine, meeting the city cross-word-puzzle champion way out here in Staten Island! I'll wait until he comes back."

Joe lowered his voice for his father.

"Another one," he explained, jerking his head toward the door. "The minute Cynthia told him who her cuckoo boy friend was he began frothing at the mouth. Wants to meet Paul Paine! Wants to shake hands with him! Wants to shake hands with the champion!" He snorted with disgust.

Mr. Gallup paused at the window.

"I want to ask Mr. Paine about a five-letter word I ran against last night," he explained. "It doesn't look right, but he'll know."

He withdrew his head and resumed his nervous pacing up and down the porch.

Mr. Bradley whispered to his son.

"Has he forgot about the mortgage?" he asked. "Has he said anything about it?"

Joe shook his head.

"Not since he learned who Paul Paine was," he replied.

There was nothing more they could do. Cynthia stood at the window, looking out thoughtfully toward the woods. Poor old Uncle Cedric! She was sorry, always had been, for his eccentricities, for whatever it was that had driven him out of the society of people. A mean, crotchety, old misanthrope, and unfortunate.

Somehow she did not blame him for laughing, as unloyal as it sounded in her thoughts. They had stood around so obviously in wait for the money he was supposed to have. And yet whatever emotions her father might have had at the death, as slender as his would have been at the death of a man so remote in traits and understanding, could scarcely have maintained themselves in the confusion of these more personal calamities.

An hour passed, and then Silas Gallup came into the room again. He had his watch in his hand. His fever of cross-word-puzzle excitement apparently had worn off.

"Well, Bradley," he said, "we'd better get back to business. The champion evidently is not coming here again. I'm sorry; but business is business, Bradley. Have you the payment or not?"

"A hard, hard man," Mrs. Bradley commented, picking up her 1901-model sweater, now nearly half finished.

Mr. Bradley rose wearily.

"I haven't, Mr. Gallup. I have been unfortunate. I was ——"

Mr. Gallup clucked his tongue.

"Don't go into it," he said. "Yes or no is enough. I don't want to seem mean, but business is business. The time is up today. You knew that three months ago. I can't feel responsible. A week from today I'll have to offer the place for sale."

"Mr. Gallup!" pleaded Cynthia pitifully.

Mr. Gallup raised his hand.

"I'm sorry, young lady," he said, "but business is ——"

"Mr. Bradley! Mr. Bradley!"

Joe was at the window.

"It's Paine," he said; "he's running across the field." He sat down again, disappointed. "He probably wants to tell Cynthia that the three-letter word is 'sol.'"

But Cynthia was oblivious of the jape. She was gazing at the leaping, bounding cross-word-puzzle champion of New York City, as he raced across the lea, the fen and the st.—abbr.

"He's got a box under his arm!" she said suddenly. "He's got news!"

The Bradleys were crowding to the door excitedly. They met the champion in the hall. Unable to speak, he pushed the tin box he carried into Mr. Bradley's hands.

"The money!" he gasped finally. "Uncle Cedric's money!"

The old man wrenched it open. As large as a shoe box, it was stuffed with one and two dollar bills, packed in bundles, filling it to the top. For a second no one spoke, and then Joe and Mr. Bradley began a hasty count. Then they stood up.

"One thousand three hundred and fifteen dollars," Mr. Bradley exclaimed. "Enough and more!"

He counted out six hundred dollars, the amount due Silas Gallup, and handed the bundle to him. But Mr. Gallup was talking with Paul.

"I saw that puzzle you did in seven minutes sixteen and eight-seventeenth seconds, Mr. Paine," he said admiringly, "and I tried it myself. Really, you must be a genius! I couldn't make it in less than two hours and a quarter."

He felt a touch on his arm

"The money, Mr. Gallup." Mr. Bradley was saying

Silas Gallup, without looking up, without counting, accepted the money and thrust it unnoticed into his pocket.

"I'd like for you to come to dinner at my house sometime," Silas Gallup continued. "I'd like to show you a collection of first-edition cross-word-puzzle books that I've got."

Then, with affable farewells, he took his leave.

v

IT WAS not until all had sat down for dinner that anyone was allowed to ask, per orders of Mrs. Bradley, how the dazzled cross-word-puzzle champion had found the money.

"No," Mrs. Bradley had said, "leave Paul alone now. Don't you people bother him. Let the boy rest, and then when we get a nice hot dinner on the table, and he is feeling all right again after his run, he can tell us. Don't any of you try to rush our Paul."

Mr. Bradley slapped him on the back and Joe called him old man. And then they sat down.

"I opine," he said finally, "lest you think it savors of gas, that I owe it all to cross-word puzzles. I. e., it was a word I learned in a cross-word puzzle that donated the clew to me. The moment that Mr. Bradley ——"

"Pop," corrected Mr. Bradley. "Call me pop."

"When pop told me that the recluse had laughed during his demise, it occurred to me, as I averred to him, that it was inane. Demising people don't laugh. Also there was no comic mien to his visage. It seemed to me that he must have been essaying to tell Mr. Bradley—pop—where the moneys were cached.

"Then it flashed on me where the moneys were. I queried the gamins, and they told me of a hedge running across the lea abutting the woods. The lads and I trekked over to this hedge and found a kennel, a sort of small house, adjoining the hedge; but the lads told me that no canine had ever lived in it, that it was believed to be a possession of the anchoret.

"I pulled the refuse from its entry and groped within. Almost interred in mire, I found this box. I opened it—and there the money was."

"But how," Cynthia insisted, "did you know enough to look there?"

"That," explained Paul, "was where the cross-word puzzle helped me. Uncle Cedric was not laughing at—at pop. He was essaying to tell him that he should scan the haha."

"The what?"

"The haha. H-a-h-a, haha. It is a word of four letters meaning a hedge, seldom or never used in this country, except in puzzles, but familiar enough in England, Uncle Cedric's early home. It sounds like a manifestation of risibility, but it is actually a hedge. I ——"

Joe spoke up admiringly.

"There may be something in those cross-word puzzles, after all. There's no telling," he said to his father, "when a case like this will come up, is there? Can you imagine!"

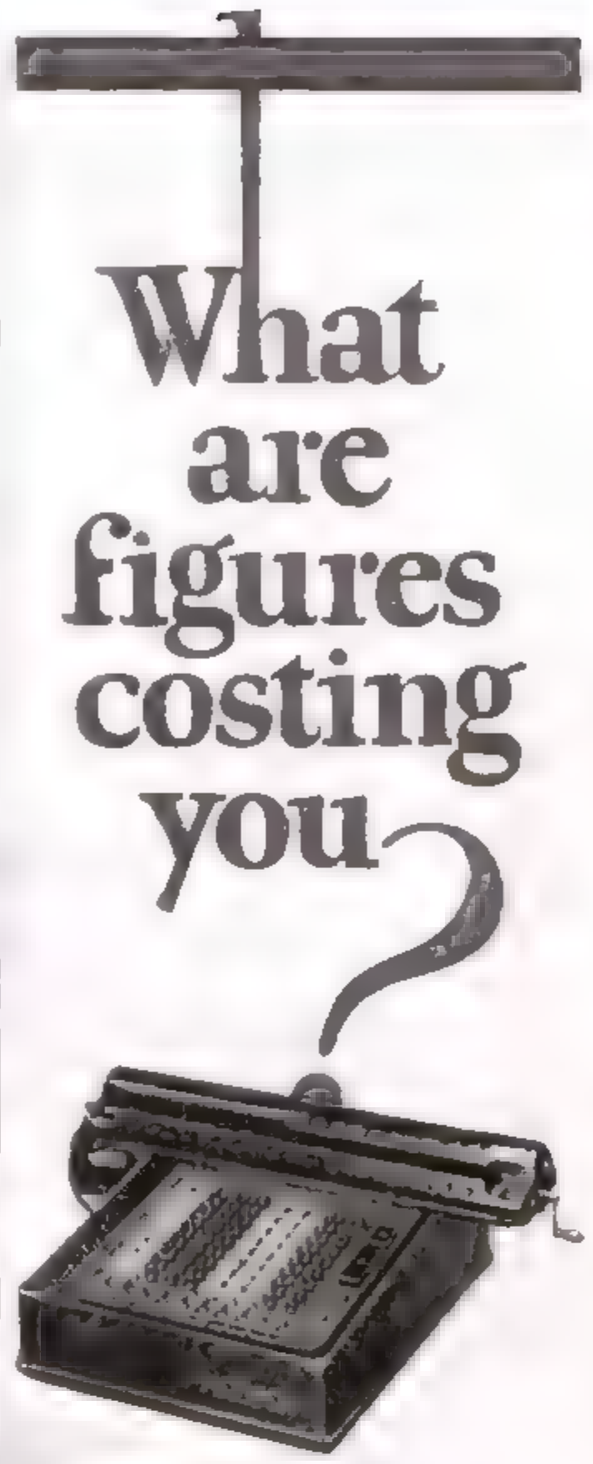
"Paul's a mighty smart boy," Mr. Bradley agreed.

Cynthia looked across the table, her eyes laughing, and winked at the smart boy, an incident that so unnerved him that he tried to cover his confusion by passing his plate.

"May I have another dram of water, Mrs. Bradley?" he asked.

Mrs. Bradley looked at him fondly.

"Don't call me Mrs. Bradley, Paul," she said. "Call me mom."



What are figures costing you?

NOT only in clerical salaries, but in delays, confusion, risk and worry—how heavy a price are you paying for figures? Most business men are astounded when they find out.

How much time does an error cost?—rechecking?—pointing off the answer? What does afternoon fatigue cost? Is speed dependent upon the operator—is it sacrificed for accuracy? What price are you paying for *accurate results?*

Scores of thousands of business men have discovered through a free trial of the Monroe Adding-Calculator that these extra costs can be eliminated.

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MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

How small is a woman's foot?

THE shoe shop has its mirrors, focused on the floor line, to remind its patrons that there is more to choosing the right shoe than the mere matter of size. The right shoe, at any season, is the shoe that shows the foot at its trimmest and best. Between two shoes of identical size there is all the difference in the world in the vital matter of effect upon the appearance of the foot. Here line and pattern enter the picture—and the *material* of which the shoe is made.

And here, in this new season, the creators of footwear fashions have scored their greatest triumph—in choosing for their trim, new models the rich leather, Vici kid. Vici kid molds itself to the foot as smoothly as a fine glove fashions itself to the hand. For Spring the smartest models, in shoes for every occasion, are made of Vici kid in black and soft colors—good news for every woman versed in the art of putting her best foot forward.

Regardless of your price requirements, you may have Vici kid

The vogue for Vici kid starts with the most expensive of the new shoes, to be sure. But fashions are made for the majority, and the majority prefer to be fashionable at reasonable cost. Vici kid presents the new modes in footwear just as accurately in shoes of moderate price. The new models in Vici kid are obtainable at the price you want to pay.

This will help you recognize the correct new shoes

The makers of fashionable footwear are placing the Vici kid trade mark inside the models made of this voguish leather. Look for this trade mark. You may select the shoe in which it appears with all confidence that it is an authentic representative of the new modes in footwear.

Look for this mark—the Vici kid trade mark—on the shoe of your choice. There is only one Vici kid—there never has been any other.

The three-strap model in rich black Vici kid represents a style of shoe no well-dressed woman can do without—a shoe for business, travel and general purpose wear. Models with one broad strap are also being shown.

This model shows the popular two-tone treatment at its best. The vamp and quarter are Oak color Vici kid with a covered heel and applique trimmings of Caramel color Vici. Similar combinations of Oak and Sudan and Sudan and Cranberry color Vici kid are equally smart and effective.

Nothing could be smarter for this new step-in pump with its severe ornament buckle. It is being shown in black mat (dull finish) Vici kid, and in the voguish soft tone colors.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA

Selling agencies in all parts of the world

VICI kid *for the foot aristocratic*

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

FRIEND HUSBAND

Continued from Page 52

"Trying to get a few floors higher up, to where you are."

"That's easy," he said.

"What do you mean, easy?" I jested.

"Take the elevator, and ask for me." He took on an attitude confidential and more serious. "I've got a little cranny up there, and exercise a little authority within its partitions, although they don't reach as high as the ceiling. I'll give you a job." He glanced about at the lovely glass cases arranged with the importeds, and at the baskets laid out flat with the bouquets after the manner the foreign street venders adopt for displaying their products. "Of course I may have to reduce your salary. Can you run a typewriter?"

"No," I answered.

My college course contained practically nothing necessary for getting a start except a bowing acquaintance with John Pollock, but I now thought it worth the four years it took.

"You see you can come up with me and do the small things round the office while you're learning about type and a lot besides."

I resigned that afternoon from the artificial flowers. Through the few days following only three typewriters hammered between my desk and John's. But I knew anything as restless as modern business would never permit so perfect a situation, romantically and economically, as that to stand. At opening time one morning word crept round the department that he was going to resign. He had a better job. Girls went running about the office clasping their hands together in front of them, and in glowing admiration tinged with regret they were saying, "Isn't it grand for him to succeed so? Won't the girl be lucky that gets him? Won't she though?"

He came in late, whereupon men from other departments hurried in to congratulate him, and stood round in subdued groups afterward, as at a funeral. They were making the admiring comment that he was going to be a twenty-thousand-dollar-a-year man.

Smart Though Becoming

When he came to tell me good-by he said, "I never want to see a department store again or anything connected with one."

He spoke confidentially, conveying in his message the place which I held in his hopes and dreams. There was nothing more sentimental between us than that.

During the weeks following I accomplished more in my business than I had done in my romantic career. And besides, he did come back sometimes; every day at first after luncheon because he felt restless and lonesome in his new office. It was a part of a big advertising firm downtown, and they put him in the department handling textiles, since he had previous experience in writing about these. In those days I began, in the words of the psycho-analyst, to find myself. I took courses in ad writing outside the office, and under the clarifying influence of learning how to present everything, from electric belts to the argument against buying diamonds on the installment plan, I took one of my first steps in life that was not dictated by necessity. I bought a really good tailored dress. "Softly tailored," the department calls them, and they are coming to take the place of those hard correct things of ours, expensive though without charm. The seams are the seams of America, but the goods is the goods of an insinuating foreign nation. "Smart though becoming," the buyer for the department wittily calls them.

Of course the men on the floor danced a war dance round it, as they always do when a girl comes into a place of business with anything on that is new. Who ever originated the theory that men do not notice things? My next purchase after that was a lovely evening dress. Some time in the weeks following, a director whose daughter's wedding two years previously had set a pace in spectacular extravagance—crossed over to our department one day and held a *sotto voce* conference with the head of the advertising, on the subject of whom they could send to a smart home to do a little piece of writing for a charity bazaar, the chairman of which was a friend of the president of the company. They agreed that they would send me.

Hidden Talent

"Miss Katharine Arthur will get up something classy and not disgrace them while there," they said.

I was mighty glad I had that evening dress. I never wore it except for occasions connected with my work, and I do not think anyone ever connected me with work when I wore it.

One of the men in that little conversation said—so both of them later told me: "She's got taste in type."

The other answered, "Why do you limit it to type? I think she's got taste in everything."

I made a place for myself. And yet I had immortal longings in me and was not quite happy. The head of the advertising commented that I knew how to choose sketches and place them. This made me almost unhappier than anything else he could have said, because it seemed to define my limitations, and what I longed to do was not to choose other people's sketches, but to make them myself. There was a hidden something inside me which psycho-analysts would have found a name for. My father had it before me, and the story of it was told in the fragmentary sketches he had made on pieces of blotting paper that strewed his lawyer's desk while he was waiting for clients. He had a talent, but he had a hidden something that made him afraid to try to live by it. How many of us have; or at least are plugging away at one occupation when another would interest us more. I at least was emancipated one step beyond him, for I meant to live by this little faculty of mine some day, although I had been afraid to start with it in the first place. At any rate I presently left off taking lessons in advertising and began going to classes at art school three nights a week.

On the evening after the first one John dropped in to take me to dinner, as he did frequently now. We went to the most unexpected dining places. It was not one of those that are rich and gilded, where we sometimes sought distraction, nor was it an imitation Latin Quarter restaurant. It was a dining room in the basement of an old-fashioned house, conducted by an old-fashioned, white-haired woman, who hovered over her patrons, calling them "dear"

The Wife: "Now Look What You've Done! Ruined the Only Decent Shade Tree We Had!"

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS

Another 'Bull' Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

Those Two Boys Chauncey and Will

I JUST saw a nice write up and Chauncey Depew's picture in all the papers where he told of his first watch which was an Elgin. Said he kept it for years and somebody stole it on a New York Central train. (That's what he gets for riding on his own Railroad.) What does he need a watch for anyway, time means nothing to him. He was in The Follies the other day, and I introduced him and made him make a speech, he said: "I have been entertaining audiences for 91 years and have never found it necessary to use a Lariat yet". The old rascal hung one on me.

Now the moral of his story as I could gather it is don't have an Elgin Watch, somebody will steal it. So my story is carry 'Bull' Durham, they may borrow it, but nobody will steal it.

Now, after looking at this, I don't know whether it is an ad for Elgin Watches, Chauncey Depew, The Follies or 'Bull' Durham. Well, they are all good.

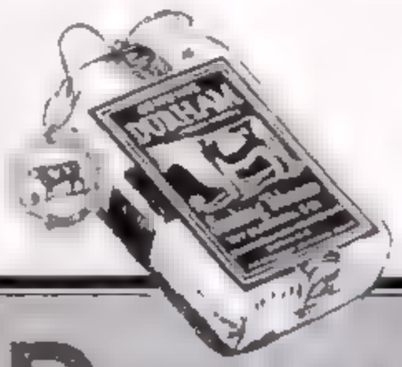
Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

MORE OF EVERYTHING

for a lot less money. That's the net of this 'Bull' Durham proposition. More flavor—more enjoyment and a lot more money left in the bankroll at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents



BULL DURHAM

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

National Loose Leaf *and* Bound Books

Thousands of business and professional men use Aladdin Keyless Ledgers to save time and money

ZIP! Expands at a touch

ALADDIN LEDGER has no key. Simply push in the thumb lever and the cover springs up. Insert or remove sheets in a jiffy. Another thumb press—and Aladdin locks. Saves valuable minutes.

The Aladdin opens flat. It is simple, sturdy, sure-working. The sheets, in convenient rulings, are of Hammermill Ledger. The index has red leather tabs. The price is unusually low.

You can have the Aladdin in heavy, handsome corduroy, with red Texhide back and corners—or full Texhide—or serviceable blue slate canvas.

The Aladdin comes in two sizes, complete outfit, cover, 200 sheets and index, $6.00 up.

Aladdin is but one of the thousands of National Loose Leaf and Bound Books for all kinds of record-keeping. Ask your stationer for Nationals—"the Right Books to Write in."

This folder shows the full line of Aladdin ledgers. Mailed free on request

NATIONAL BLANK BOOK COMPANY
123 Riverside, Holyoke, Mass.

Chicago, 620 W Jackson Blvd — New York, 54 Duane St
Philadelphia, 1003 Market St. — Boston, 163 Devonshire St.

NATIONAL

© 1925, Natl. Blank Book Co.

For the small business

The Radio Ledger is small, compact, convenient for the merchant professional or business man having up to 300 accounts. A thumb lever opens it to add or remove sheets. It looks just as easily. The Radio opens flat. You can get at every part of the page. 4 extra long prongs hold sheets firmly. The Radio is bound in black Texhide and has nickel plated back. Sheets may be had printed for D E Ledger, Balance Ledger, 2 Column Journal Cash Receipts or Cash Disbursements. Outfit No. 08603A, sheet size 6 x 9½", $3.50.

Ask your stationer—or write us for illustrated folder.

and urging them to take another helping of biscuits. She served suppers such as we used to have in our Middle Western homes, and we must have gone there by unspoken mutual consent, in answer to some mute appeal from our inner selves.

I should certainly not have denied that I wished a home. But I had no hankering for a little one-horse affair in which I washed the dishes. I should have been grateful for someone like the old woman, to take such details from me while I helped support the home by some occupation more remunerative and exhilarating than doing all the offstage work. I wished to perfect myself in the little art with which I had been endowed by some power greater than I was, so that while helping I should be expressing something inside me that cried out to be recognized. I wanted to know when I looked in the shop windows that I could buy anything they displayed if I liked. I could not understand why everybody thought it virtuous for a woman to cultivate a talent before her marriage, but a demerit to give it a preference over drudgery after that—nor why it was considered such a wrong to a man to try to help him earn some money.

John was radiant that evening because he had just risen in his job. Heretofore he had only written advertisements, but a few days previous they had asked him to meet a big textile man on his way to France. The two had worked so congenially together that the man had given a large contract to the firm, and John was made contact man for the future, with the privilege of continuing in his work of writing advertisements. He mentioned what he was to receive and asked whether I thought it would be sufficient for two people to live on in the suburbs.

"I don't know," I answered rather haughtily, "as I cannot stand the suburbs and have never investigated them."

I think I have reflected on these two sentences between us as much as on anything in our lives. For that is the evening when we decided to be married. If we had found each other earlier, before business and a career opened before me, I wondered whether we should have gone out to the suburbs and been happy. Undoubtedly we should have gone, like many another young couple, but I doubt whether I, at least, should have found happiness there. A woman does not actually have to experience the exhilaration of seeing a career or even remunerative work coming to her to know that if she misses it something is lost out of life for her. I should have been one of those repining in the suburbs who wished to do something if they but knew how to get started. Only necessity, it seems, can teach one that. John would have grown to be the leading citizen of his community, acting on school boards and commissions for boulevarding. Possibly he would have got to be rich and we should have worked our way up to a large estate, like a park in a wealthier community. I should have enjoyed the kind of life that would have made possible, and was going to do all I could to help him to skip the grinding, irksome stages by which most men rose to something similar to this.

Married to John

At any rate, sometimes people do not get engaged any more. They just decide to be married, do so the next day, and announce their act a month later. That is what we did, the wedding taking place in a little church that was invested with the solemnity of perfect emptiness. The man from the parsonage acted as one witness, but the maid who usually served as the second was out.

"Would you like to have Madge Hewlitt?" John asked, and it seemed very strange that in all our acquaintance he should mention her for the first time on our wedding day, although I had sometimes spoken of stopping in to see her.

I thought it rather unkind to ask her, because she had not carried out that announced plan of hers for making domesticity a career, on account of not accomplishing the first requisite, which was a husband, and I knew she was sensitive about it. I also knew that John was one of the men she had practiced on. She had a small job on a side street, running a little greenhouse for a man whose wife took a long time dying in Florida. Isn't it strange how often those very popular girls just fail to put it over matrimonially? Do they tap a gentleman once too often on the shoulder, or maybe a shade too confidentially? Usually they do better than Madge, for though they fail to secure the *grand parti* they succeed in marrying.

I fancy Madge was the girl that a great many men thought of afterward as the other one. They remembered little dissertations on domesticity, and wondered how it would have been at times when their own wives were behaving undomestically. She was the woman that the wife so often envied when the husband proposed bringing her out to the country place for a week-end. I called her up and she came, enacting the rôle of being awfully glad and breathily, spontaneously happy over the thrilling news, when I knew she was terribly self-conscious. Anyway, I was sure she would not tell, and we wanted our marriage kept secret for one month—why, I know not, except that we moderns do it that way.

A few days before we announced it John came up to the office looking as helpless as any infant when he approached me with his pay check in his hand. He did not know how to use the money, his attention always having been on making it heretofore. Mine was to be the task of spending it intelligently. Perhaps the greater responsibility fell on me.

"Oh, John!" I exclaimed with enthusiasm. "The Maitlands have their four-hundred-dollar flat that they will let go this summer for two hundred. It's wonderful! Let's take it and see what the feeling will be like when we are able to own one of that sort."

He brightened at the prospect, and I think of the period following as so very significant. As soon as we moved in, his manner expanded to encompass his new possessions. He was like the lord of an estate as he roamed about inspecting locks and plumbing. He turned on lights under the paintings and viewed them with the manner of an owner who was also a connoisseur. He walked up to the magnificent lamp in the dining room, to which I kept an electric iron attached, and he said, "I wouldn't do that."

A Modern Arrangement

Needless to say, a New York flat of this caliber had almost reached the vanishing point before it got as far as the kitchen. What there was of it was next to my bedroom, and the iceman had to cross from the front entrance to reach it. He did not previously go through with the formality of cleaning his feet. One day when John was at home with a cold he saw him.

"Look here," he almost shouted, "these are magnificent rugs, and you see that you treat them as such."

For the first time John was experiencing a pride in possessions, and it did not blight in his naïve satisfaction that they were but rented. They suggested to him the ideal of a beautiful home to work toward.

We relied on the house service of the building for the bedroom work, and I practiced a form of modern light housekeeping. I washed my husband's handkerchiefs and stretched them on the looking-glass. The electric iron with which John's hotel maid had kept him valeted was always too hot or entirely cold under my manipulation. I bought his socks and later puckered up the holes in them with cotton thread. I went a long way to a fine delicatessen to buy things for my luncheon and occasionally for a cold dinner for the two of us. At other times we often cooked chops and canned vegetables, and John always helped. We compared notes to see who had bought the most economically, and invariably it was I.

We got John's breakfast at night and he warmed it in the morning. I could hear him lift the top of the ice chest so very gently to set in the quart of milk and the little bottle of cream which he took in from the front-hall door. Then he opened the lower part of the ice chest, and the next instant I could hear the chocolate pour out of the quart milk bottle into the blue stewing pan to warm. I could hear the match scrape so very gently over the iron of the stove, after which the gas popped and spread in the broiler, where he made his toast. Then there was the faint explosion of the top burner lighting. The water for boiling the eggs had been drawn the night before into the stewing pan. I was not under any circumstances to be disturbed.

One evening Madge Hewlitt dropped in while we were cooking John's breakfast. When she had the facts explained to her she fashioned her lips into a horrified "Oh!"

(Continued on Page 109)

Uniflex Balloons are GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

UNIFLEX CORD—the secret of long wear

MILLER Uniflex Cord construction makes most serviceable the low pressure tires demanded today. The very thing needed to give balloon tires the greater flexibility required under the new standards. Uniflex Cords, flexing in unison, reduce friction heat and virtually eliminate ply separation. No burning out from the inside.

Improved GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD Tread

Tread, made of toughest rubber, flexes in harmony with the carcass, making a tire of extraordinary strength. Eliminates noises from running and makes steering easy. Insures positive traction, greater safety and riding comfort. The most tire value for your dollar.

"I am penalized if one comes back"—Miller Man

The Uniflex Cord principle, the greatest of the many contributions Miller has made to the progress of pneumatic tire building, makes the Miller Man safe in his assertion, for today Millers are recognized as having set a world standard for tire quality.

Original equipment on popular cars and trucks

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD Tires—whether regular passenger car cords, full and real interchangeable balloons, or truck and bus cords, are all built to the same standard of excellence.

Look for the Sign of the Miller Dealer. Start saving on tires today—buy Millers.

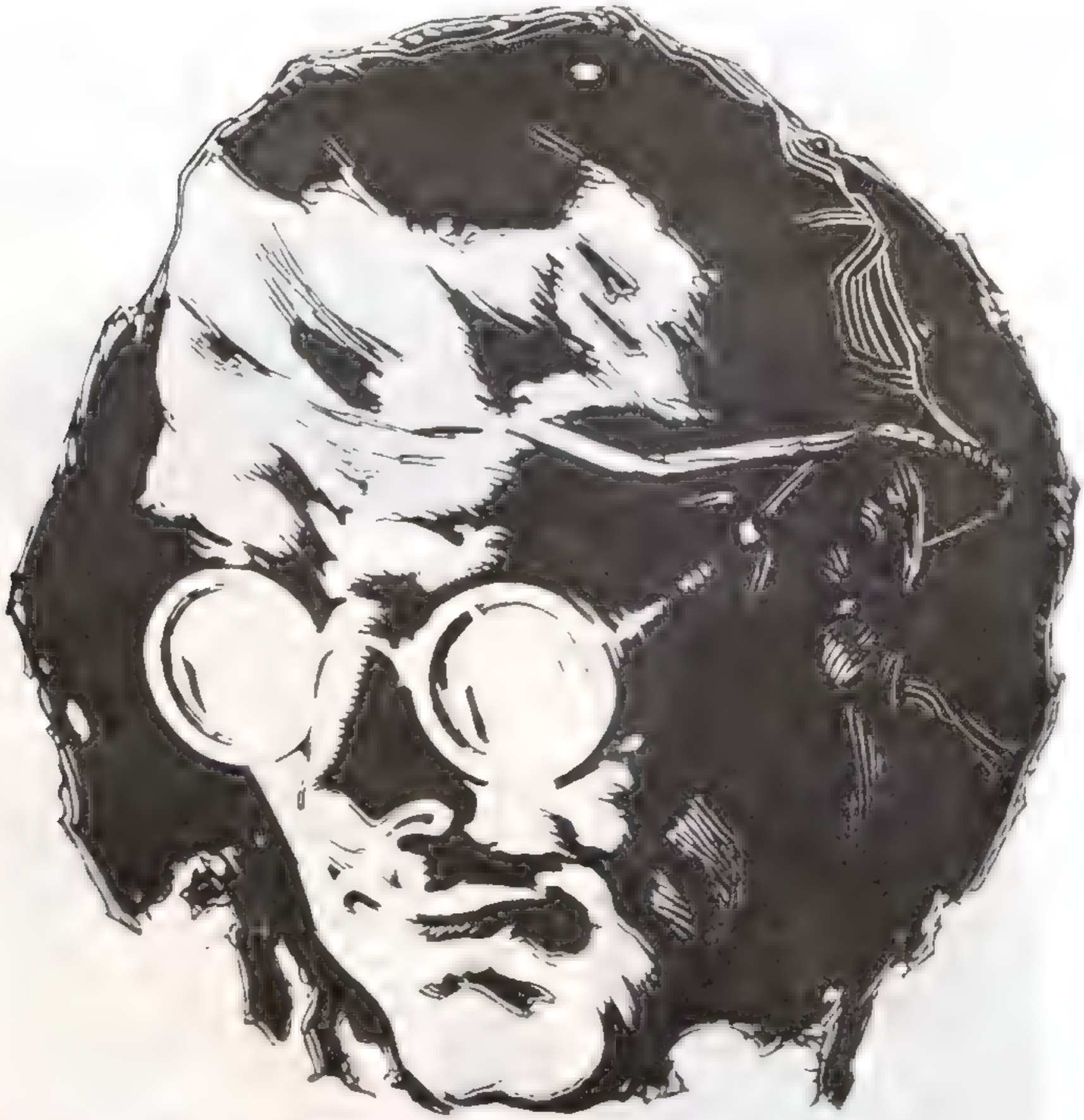
Manufactured by THE MILLER RUBBER CO., Akron, Ohio

Miller

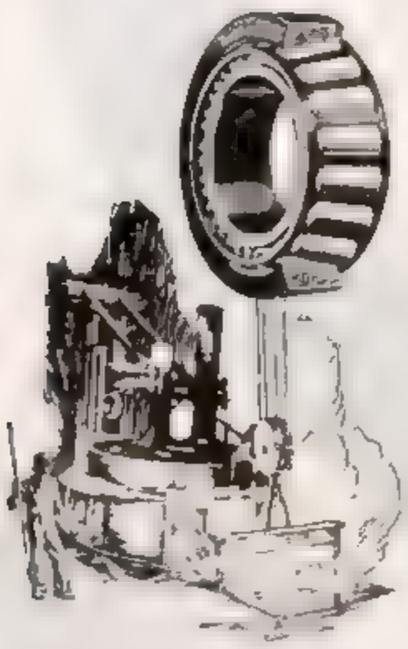
GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD UNIFLEX CORD

© The Miller Rubber Co. of N. Y. Akron, O.

BUY MILLER HOUSEHOLD RUBBER GOODS



It's in the Steel, too!



THE one bearing company fully making its own steel is the Timken Roller Bearing Company.

In its own electric furnaces Timken produces the special Timken Bearing steel, compounded in its own metallurgic laboratories, from knowledge gained in successfully applying over 120,000,000 Timken Bearings to machinery of all kinds, including motor cars.

So the very steel itself assures an overlong period of attentionless operation from Timken Bearings, even though Timken adjustability is available to offset wear if it ever becomes noticeable.

From raw material to operating principle, therefore, Timken Bearings offer advantages which make them a potent economic element in the life of our time.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., *CANTON, OHIO*

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

(Continued from Page 106)

She was almost ostentatiously shocked, and took on a manner which said that men found out their mistake too late. As she talked she seemed to throw out an invisible life line to my husband, and although he appeared not to see her I was a little bit distressed; so much so that when he took her home I waited up for him, and I was glad that I did. For he came rushing back to me and pressed me to him, almost breathless. Then he had he had noted that a force outside ourselves was trying to separate us, and he had wished a thousand times to assure me how absolutely he was mine.

We talked a long time and I told him what the girls in the store had said about the woman being lucky who married him.

"Why, pray," he questioned, "is anybody lucky to marry me?"

"Oh, because you're so responsible looking, if for no other reason."

"I should always wish to be responsible for you," he answered, and looked deep into my eyes as he smoothed my hair.

John was interested in my work. And if I were not giving him the treatment that a good wife should, at least I never saw him look more staple, more satisfied, more anchored to something that was guiding him out into the lighted path of a complete and happy life. He always had food that was of the first quality, and I fancy far wholesomer than much that is cooked by the vaunted housewife whose life work consists in preparing meals.

And he had a point of view. A certain look of seriousness was coming into his face. Madge noticed it. She said that I was losing my old aspect of seriousness which became me, and he was taking on a grinding, plodding, worried air that suited him not at all. She even thought he stooped a little. But if so it was not because he had to spend vast sums for me. He merely felt the responsibility which every human being must feel who takes on another to care for and support. I doubt not that the very sense of it led him to promotion, for he received one soon.

Meantime, if I was not behaving as the ideal American wife should, at least I was not acting as the typical New York one does. All the while I was going to art school and conserving my morning strength, not for afternoon bridge parties but for my work. The store had often asked me to come back to my old job, and one day when I finally took some drawings in to them they said, "Well, you did put it over. Come on back and do your old work—and this too." They mentioned what I thought a wonderful salary—more than John's for the moment, although he would of course eventually distance me. But at least he would have to stoop and plod and look serious for me no more!

Breaking the News to John

It was the most wonderful moment of my life thus far. I would have a job and be economically a help to someone. I would get to exercise a little gift that I was endowed with. Thousands of women in the suburbs which I had spurned would envy me for either of these good pieces of fortune. John could skip the strain and grind of most young men of twenty-eight, and we could enjoy the joint income of well-to-do people of past forty. I was ecstatically happy and wanted someone to talk to, so I stopped in to see Madge.

At first I hesitated, but presently realized she would not mind my triumph because it was not of the sort she cared anything about. If it had been connected with John, that would have been different. But with my going back to work it might almost seem as if we had been through trouble, and she would be pleased. It was just as I suspected, and she kept me a long time, pretending she was glad. She made me late getting home, and when I arrived John was already there. He was in the kitchen with a mop in his hand.

"What do you suppose?" he hurled at me. "That old fool iceman has been leaving too much ice since I called him down for spoiling the carpets, and now it's melted and I found water flooding everything."

He had been doing some marketing. A package of meat lay on the table. I could tell by the soft damp of the brown paper with the red showing through. There was a head of lettuce and a can of corn sitting beside it. I had been having us dine out a great deal lately, being bored with no outside work, and John was evidently planning to get a dinner himself. He had helped me so often that he had learned how. He loved his home and dabbling in domesticity.

"I hope it hasn't leaked through."

"John, I've got wonderful news!"

He listened while I told him, mop in hand, and held his expression as if afraid he would betray some emotion inappropriate to the occasion if he let it change. At length he could control it no longer, and his look flowed into one of subtle sadness, as if he had heard something that brought him exquisite pain. I took the mop away from him, drew my arm through his, and led the way toward the day bed in the living room. He had bought some yellow flowers and put them in a glass on the table. We sat down, and from the gaze with which he tried to cling to me, he must have thought I was ebbing away from him.

"Why, John, it will be wonderful. A man and a woman working together can accomplish wonderful things. Neither of us will ever be a drag and we can rely on each other. When one is weary or disappointed or has an unreasonable employer he can always know the other is there to relieve him. We can make a short cut to fortune and can retire."

"But what could I do, retired?" he answered almost with regret. "And I never have any trouble with employers. There's that old grouch, Atwell, but I never let him get the better of me." A gentle melancholy had settled over him.

Back on the Old Job

"Why, I thought you wanted me to go on with my work and succeed at it. I thought you did all you could to help."

"So I did," he answered regretfully, as if both I and my work were taken from him. "So I did."

"It is for you," I answered tenderly: "all for you."

He reached out his arms and pressed me to him and held me, looking at me deeply as if something inevitable, like death, were intervening between him and me. And I knew perhaps before he did that this was because he was being deprived of an important birthright, which was to inch his way up the long climb of his own career. We sat holding hands in the silence which followed, until I could stand it no longer. Turning in my seat, I looked toward the kitchen.

"Going to get dinner?" I asked.

"I had meant to," he answered, rousing himself. "But we'll have to go out in honor of so large an event."

"No; I'll get it in honor of the event," I said.

I rose and went out to the kitchen in evidence of my sincerity. He did not answer and did not follow, as he customarily did, but settled down into the couch as I passed him. Even up to time to announce dinner he had not come out, and when I went to fetch him I thought he would be lost in melancholy reflection. I found him reading the evening paper instead. During dinner we talked about trivial impersonal things and details of the new arrangement. I would have to get up earlier than he.

The next morning I went into the kitchen to prepare my toast and coffee. But John would not lie in bed when I was up. He had planned the night before to rise when I did. Presently he came out fresh and shining to talk to me while I worked. He stood up close to me, almost following my movements, and chatting. Then he went to the front door and brought in the paper. He did not return to the kitchen, but sat down at his place in the dining room and sang out the headlines to me. I got his chocolate and warmed it and cooked his eggs. After I had brought in both of our breakfasts and we were eating them he burst out boyishly with "I'll tell you what I like in the mornings -oatmeal!"

"Why haven't we been having it?"

"It isn't good warmed over, and I wouldn't have had time to cook it."

"I'll get it for you."

"You wouldn't have to get up any earlier, would you?"

"Not a minute," I answered, triumphant at winning him back even momentarily from his regretful sadness of the night before.

We had a gay early morning visit and I liked it much better than when I let him go away without seeing him.

The maid of the building could not find the key to our flat that day with us both gone. I got home a few minutes before John, to discover the beds unmade and the dishes dirty. As I in my capacity of a wife of

Across twelve states

New York Central Lines reach 174 cities with a population greater than 10,000.

The first ten produce one-fourth the country's manufactures.

The first seventy produce one-half the country's manufactures.

This great industrial region is served by 12,000 miles of New York Central Lines main tracks, carrying a tenth of the rail-borne commerce of the country.

NEW YORK CENTRAL LINES

BOSTON & ALBANY – MICHIGAN CENTRAL – BIG FOUR – PITTSBURGH & LAKE ERIE
AND THE NEW YORK CENTRAL AND SUBSIDIARY LINES

Restaurant in the Idan-ha Hotel, Boise City, Idaho, showing its Blabon floor of Linoleum—pattern 352 Inlaid.

A cleanly appearance invites customers!

The success of any establishment is linked closely with its appearance. This is especially true of restaurants, cafes, clubs and hotels—where pleasant surroundings are quite as necessary as wholesome food.

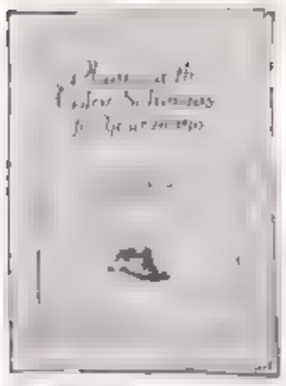
Blabon floors of linoleum, with their bright, cheery colorings, help to make such places spick-and-span. No dirt can get ground in. Crumbs dropped or liquids spilled do no harm to the smooth, waterproof surface. They are easy to clean and keep clean.

The facts that Blabon floors of Inlaid or Plain Linoleum stand hard wear and are economical to maintain, are important considerations. The patterns and colors go through to the burlap back, and never wear off while the linoleum lasts. An occasional waxing and polishing preserves their freshness and mellows their tones.

The right way to lay linoleum is to cement it over a layer of builders' deadening felt paper, which should first be pasted to the floor with linoleum paste. This overcomes bulging and stretching, makes the seams watertight and practically invisible, and prolongs the life of the floor.

Blabon Rugs of genuine linoleum are beautiful, sanitary, and mothproof. They lie flat without fastening. Made in various standard sizes.

For genuine linoleum look for the Blabon label, and ask for Blabon's Linoleum by name. It is sold by good home-furnishing and department stores. Our illustrated booklet, "The Floor for the Modern Home," will be sent free, upon request.



Everyone interested in furnishing a home should have this 32-page 8" x 11" booklet, by Hazel H. Adler. Beautifully illustrated in colors. It explains the correct use of floor and wall materials. Sent anywhere in the United States upon receipt of 25 cents.

How genuine linoleum is made

Blabon's Linoleum is made of finely ground cork and oxidized linseed oil intimately blended, and firmly attached to a canvas base. In Inlaid and Printed linoleum the patterns and colors extend clear through to the burlap back. In Printed grades the patterns and colors are printed on the linoleum body with heavy oil paints.

The George W. Blabon Company
Philadelphia
Established 74 years

Look for this label on the Blabon Rug

BLABON ART Linoleums

BLABON'S Linoleum

leisure had opened the doors on my husband the night before when he was mopping the floor under the ice chest, so this evening he came in to find his economically independent wife making beds. He stood beside me, chatting, and when I got as far as the dishes he idly moved out to the kitchen with me, absorbed in his narrative until I flung him the tea towel and said, "Here, wipe." He did so buoyantly.

Madge Hewlitt dropped in while we were thus working. Through the medium of banter she used to console him for having a wife who slept when the rest of the world was up and active. This evening she chaffed him for having one who was up and active too—a wife who merely worked and brought in a substantial income; yet she did not mention this phase of our relationship. What she got across was that men of this generation would never know what they missed in the passing of the old-fashioned domestic woman. As usual John had to take her home.

Such was the first day of the new life we drifted out into together. Already a little change must have come about in his soul. His first reaction toward our altered relations was to treat us as equals. He never tried to spare me anything again. On the other hand, some of his own weariness and gravity seemed to slip from him. His seriousness was more like that of other days when he had merely the college weekly to be responsible for.

Only when I mentioned the new flat I wished to provide for us did he become self-conscious. Something inside him seemed to resent my giving us a home. I had set the ideal for him to strive toward in guiding him to the lovely furnished residence of someone else. Now I was cutting in under on a short road to achieving one before he could do so. Maybe I should have made a home for us, but not given one. I never could get him to act as joint owner with me, but when I asked his opinion he gave it as an outsider.

And I made a bad beginning when we moved in. Only the front room was completed. In the rest of the house there were but two beds, some cooking utensils, a long looking-glass built in the white bedroom paneling, and a little one in the bathroom to shave by. But the living room was a dream and John was happy over it. There was a lovely Italian blue brocade over the center of the long reading table, and a Chinese lacquered chest in the same colorings, which went beautifully with the walnut of the furniture. I never told him what was paid for, what was charged, or what anything cost.

Our First Entertainment

On the day we moved in I went round and ordered some clusters of hothouse flowers—including a bunch of orchids—which I had arranged on mantel, table and window ledges by the time John buoyantly rang the bell. I threw open the door and he stood there smiling, and what should he hold in his hand but a modest bunch of yellow common flowers! He had bought them from a street vender.

I took them from him and put them in a high tumbler of water on the reading table in the very center of the room. "They are so much better selected than mine are!" I exclaimed, greatly pleased that he had brought them. "See how lovely they are with the brown furniture."

But he was crushed with his first glimpse of my flowers. All my coaxing could not win him back to assurance. I suppose he thought I had not only cut in under him in the matter of installing our home but now was overstepping his conceptions of how it should be kept up. At any rate the dedication of it was almost a melancholy occasion. He looked defeated—licked, as they would have said back in college. I thought of his attitude then, so confident and independent, and later in the department store when he gave me the job with easy assurance. I wished to win that manner back again.

Presently a client of his came to town with his wife, and reversing the usual formalities for such situations they asked him to dinner.

"Why don't you bring them down here?" I suggested. "We could swing back the couch against the wall and pull out the gate-leg table. I would come home early and get dinner. They would think it a lark. And besides, they could see how beautifully you were going to live."

He brightened and later in the day telephoned to say they were coming.

"Would you like to have Madge too?" I asked.

"Why, if you would," he answered; and I do not think such indifference could be assumed.

The dinner was a great success. Madge left off criticizing and resorted to self-depreciation accompanied by eulogy of me. How wonderful to have a superwife who held a job and created a home too. It was evident our other guests were impressed.

"Why, Pollock, you live pretty well!" I heard the man exclaim to my husband, and I saw my husband expand to accept the implied compliment.

I was an anonymous factor in that situation and went down in the memory of our guests as the good wife who cooked the dinner. But from that hour John's assured manner returned. He spoke of the flat and everything in it as "ours," and I was pleased.

He took Madge home and I waited up to discuss our first entertainment with him. Surely he must have been satisfied. Did he not know now that he had not lost his wife, but had doubly gained her? She was going to make a home and a hostess as well. She was going to be like the rich ladies of fashion in her attitude, yet she was going to furnish some of the riches too.

Warmed-Over Spontaneity

He came in and threw down his hat. I waited for him to make the first comment. He looked about absently, and presently reflected, "Madge Hewlitt is a pathetic little thing." There was no comment about our dinner!

I had expected to go up to him and embrace him, but receded weakly toward the couch instead. The vision of another evening came before me, when I was weary with the effort of trying to get started at something where I should be a help. My work lay in my brain as yet unexpressed, and I had no economic independence, but was criticized for being a drag on John, who waited on me, even getting his own breakfast to relieve me of doing so. Madge Hewlitt had on that night thrown out a life line to him and he had hurried back to me to make sure she had not ever so slightly come between us or disturbed my serenity—to assure me how absolutely mine he was. Tonight I was weary with cooking the dinner for his guests. I had even marketed for the food, and paid for it, and provided the flat it was served in. While he was taking Madge home I had stacked the dishes and set the scraps outside. And he made no mention of the work or the spirit prompting it. He merely noted that the very life force which he once felt to be trying to separate us was a pathetic little thing! I asked if he liked the entertainment, and then, with some warmed-over spontaneity he said he did.

But Madge had merely taken his mind off it temporarily. In the days following he talked about it a great deal. The situation in the succeeding months was one I would have liked to prevail forever. We went round looking for things almost literally hand in hand. He said quite freely now what he liked, and I always went back to get it. John never sent home any of the things that he saw by himself and told me about. Maybe he was afraid of making the same mistake that he did with the spring flowers.

Presently we got a very good colored maid, Malviney, and when some other clients came to town I asked if he wished to entertain them at home as he had done before.

"I think it's so much nicer," he answered.

"And costs only half as much," I said.

A good many weeks elapsed before a third group arrived. For some reason I did not propose that he should bring them to the apartment, but he finally asked if he might do so.

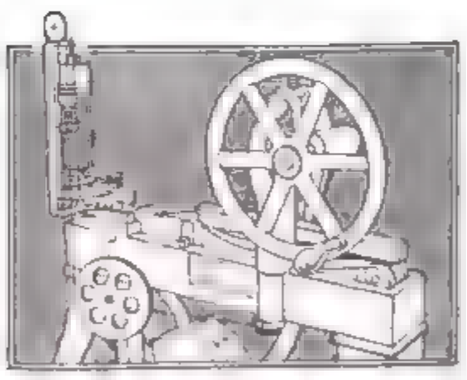
"Why, surely," I answered. "I suppose it is nicer."

"And so much cheaper," he added, echoing my comment of some weeks ago. He had evidently absorbed it.

I was as if hit by a physical blow. For a moment I was confused in my senses, and then they reacted in a great tide of feeling. Presently intellect began to play, and it told me that without realizing it I had been marking the steps in a great mental change in John. How did he know what the dinner cost? When we began our new venture I had intended to pay for the furniture, while he should continue with the household expenses. Then I began buying the

(Continued on Page 112)

Durable!



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No. 3—Two sets of oilers and ½ pt. oil, $5.00
Specify YEAR and MODEL of car in ordering.

(Continued from Page 110)

groceries, at first out of my own money. As purchases they seemed too informal to charge. John always paid the rent and the bills for dining out, until of late, when there had been none of the latter.

Madge and other old friends talked so terribly about the dreadful deal John got in a wife who devoted all her time to business that I usually preferred to have dinner at home, even on the evenings when Malviney was *hors de service*. I would stop at the grocery store, buy a little sack of potatoes, a bunch of green stuff for salad, another vegetable, chops, or even sometimes a chicken, and carry them home. I must have looked queer thus laden, with my smart French veil thrown over my hat and wearing my other good clothes. The vaunted domestic housewives had their groceries sent. I always went straight into the kitchen, and when John came home would be getting dinner in veil and hat and suit. He seemed glad to see me and talked all the while, except occasionally when he snatched that time to go into the living room and read the morning paper, having been too busy to do so during the day. At table he invariably mentioned how much nicer his home was than any restaurant.

One night Madge dropped in and we divided our chops and baked potato and salad with her. John was very light-hearted.

"Do you know, I never saw such an improvement in anyone as in John in the last year," she volunteered. "Everybody talks about it. He's getting to be the sort of man everybody wants at their table. He's the hail-fellow-well-met of every occasion. It's going to help him in his work."

I knew this was but the structural framework of some blow that she was going to deliver at me. She gathered herself together to administer it.

"But, Kate, you must be awfully careful." Was she going to repeat that I was empty faced? No; she was switching to the contrary comment. "You don't want to be the kill-joy where everybody's so anxious to know John. You don't want to get too heavy and serious."

I thought of my first days at work, when I had bought smart clothes and was beginning to wear them to places that were worth while. Now my things were from the French department, but the big strain on them came in the kitchen. Even my progress in business was suffering from the time and the attention I was taking from it.

After John had accompanied Madge home I said to him, "I do wish we had some ready money to pay for the household linen. We had to have it, goodness knows."

"What ever became of those five extra sketches you were going to do for the five successive Mondays?"

A Joke on Somebody

In a financial crisis he thought of assembling funds from my work. I could not see that we had one cent more than formerly. The obligation for providing it had only been transferred to me, while John occupied the economic position I had planned for myself, of supplying the fancy, occasional things. My girlhood ambition financially had been to pass the lovely show windows and be able to say I could buy anything in them, and without discussion with some man as to whether they were worth the money or he could afford it. Now I seldom had a chance to do anything voluntarily, for I had drawn down on myself so much more than I could be responsible for. I had done it on the basis of our joint incomes, but I seldom saw any part of John's.

The day after Madge had dinner with us a man we had all known in college called me up to ask if I wanted to hear a joke. It had originated in John's office and gone beyond it, for the man was in the same business, but on another street.

"I thought you would enjoy it," he laughed, and could not tell it for a moment. "John's president complained that John had married a woman with money." I could not speak. "Did you get it? You're the woman with money."

"I don't know that I think that's so funny How does it affect John?"

"Oh, you'd think he was the president. He won't take anything off anybody."

I believe my husband had forgotten there had been any controversy over whether I should return to work. Everybody had warned me that I should spoil him and he would never do anything himself at all. I thought, on the contrary, I had never seen him so active before. He would come home exhausted and eager to tell of his little triumphs. Every once in a while he reported a promotion that pleased him greatly—in dignity.

"Does any rise go with it?" I asked invariably.

"No, no more money," he answered carelessly. He was working as the poets say one should do—for the love of self-expression. That was how I had wished to work. Perhaps he was rather as a child who works at play. Presently he would be off on the story of how intolerable Atwell was becoming to get along with.

I thought that if John were still back in that four-hundred-dollar furnished flat in which we started our lives together, and the owners were returning so that he would have to move into just such quarters as he could pay for, he would not regard a promotion as such unless it carried with it some reward in money. We had left off that life and started on this new, more modern arrangement just two years ago.

The solution to the whole situation seemed to be for me to take my first vacation now. Scarcely had I formulated the idea when I fell ill. Immediately John assumed his old capable attitude. He dismissed one doctor, engaged another, told the people upstairs not to make so much noise, and even went to the office to look after my work there. I never admired him so much as during this display of efficiency. But in a few days I was well again and our old relations were resumed. Once more I decided on my vacation, and even went so far as to tell Malviney I was going to take it.

A Lesson From Malviney

"Well, when you get back," she answered, "I ain't going to work no more."

"Why, Malviney!"

"Ise going to stay home and keep house for my husband." My first thought was that the bootlegging industry had rendered him independent. But she volunteered a more human, universal explanation: "While I got money that man don't seem to make no progress!"

I was indeed eager to emulate her in establishing a new principle of living. That night I came home early to tell John of my proposed vacation. I got there before he did and was sitting in the living room under the shade of the big library lamp as I glanced through a magazine and thought how pleased he would be

At length I heard his key feeling for the lock, and the next instant he appeared. But there was an atmosphere as of something strange in his entrance. He was carrying articles with him which I had seen him taking to the office over the period of two years. A clothes brush was bursting through the long envelope that had ill incased it. An old rubber raincoat was slung over his arm. There was something a little suppressed about him.

"Why, what's the matter?" I asked in apprehension.

"I've left," he said. He waited a moment, then offered the explanation: "Old Atwell got too bad." He must have detected a look of dismay or disheartenment on me, for he braced up. "But don't worry. People knew it by noon, and this afternoon I had another offer. A better one, too, I think."

"Then you won't lose an hour!" I exclaimed, brightening.

"Well, I don't know," he answered dubiously. "Now that I'm out I'd like to keep free a little while and not tie up with the first thing that comes along. I'd like to connect up with the best thing going. I'd like to have my chance."

John was right. In his statement lay the solution to our complication. I had taken his chance away and now I would give it back to him again. All the spirit of a vacation had vanished from me, and I would stay in town at my work until he was satisfactorily installed in a new beginning. Then we two would begin our domestic economy on another basis.

In three weeks he was running smoothly in a new position, and one that paid sufficiently almost to make up for the little rises he had missed from time to time. For never had the character or the conscientiousness of John's work fallen below a very high level. It was only the rewards he had failed to realize, with all incentive taken away from him to gain. There was a good deal of travel connected with this new job. I was so happy that I lost all desire for a vacation, and thought we would continue along the lines of our old program, except that I should have more money from John now.

But presently I noticed that I was receiving for the household not one cent more than I had received formerly. What was becoming of his money anyway? Once he had asked me to pay the rent, and it had later come out he had been speculating, with the wish to bring his income up to mine. But now it was greater than I had ever earned. I hoped he had not been repeating that experiment—that is, at first I did, and then I wished that was all there was to it when I heard what was really happening. Malviney told me. Madge! She had lost her position, the florist's wife having finally died, and not only she but no doubt all her relations, according to her story to John, were in want. She had appealed to him in her dependence, and he was saving at least some of his money to give to her!

"John, I do wish you could take a little responsibility round here," I flared up when I heard about it.

"Don't I take as much responsibility as is needed?" he retorted sullenly, almost in anger.

I was on the wrong tack, and knew it; yet I continued, "I should think you could take as much responsibility for your wife as for Madge Hewlitt."

He put himself on the defensive. "I never cared anything about her."

"You go round looking up people to provide for, just so they're not your wife."

"My wife doesn't need it, and Madge is a helpless dependent little thing."

I pulled myself up short. The moment had come in which the step is so often taken that lands similar cases in the divorce courts. And then the judge blames the wife's career, whereas the fault lies probably in the wretched technic employed in the human relationship This was the moment when every writer of fiction would make the woman voluntarily lay down her job. And yet the whole trouble came not because she had employment but because jobs and careers were so new to those of us who were married that in our enthusiasm for them we ignored some of the very elementary laws governing the attraction between men and women.

That was what I had done. I had never appealed to John nor depended on him nor consulted him about my work nor made him feel indispensable to me. But I was sure that Madge, although she had done all these, had but the most fragile claims of friendship on him. And just because I had made an elementary sort of error I did not propose to give up either husband or career

Reaching a Decision

Had there already been so much of a flare-up between us that it would leave traces on heart and brain forever? Could John ever forget our conflict? Apparently he was all too willing to do so and to slide back into the relations that were so easy for him. Presently Madge came over for an evening of parchesi, with matches representing the real money which would change hands later on. At the end of the game John was indebted a dollar to her.

"Kate, have you got one? I'm out of change, but I've got a five here."

"I can change it," I said, diving into my bag and bringing up at least a dollar in silver, as the green bills crowded over the top.

I laid the one in change on the parchesi board, and he passed it over to Madge, without turning in the five to me.

That little act was decisive When he had gone to take her home I burst into tears. Malviney, whose room was off the kitchen, came in after I regained self-control. Her mission ostensibly was to arrange the furniture, but she said I must go to the younger Doctor Miller. He attended an old employer of hers, a Mrs. Sutherland, who had been married for about two years. The difficulty had been something psychological.

I paid little attention to the suggestion at the moment, but the next morning, when I woke up limp, I had a feeling inside of me that I was going to let go. My sketch for the Monday display ad was not finished. So often this happened, and I crowded it to completion at the last moment, but now for the first time I made an excuse. Always before I had coaxed it with artificial respiration, so to speak because I thought I was going through critical times psychologically and should presently see serener days. This morning I went to the head of the advertising and said, "I'm tired."

(Continued on Page 118)

Its Performance Speaks for Itself

Try out the New Remington Standard 12 in your office. Put it to the most exhaustive comparative tests that you can think of—in speed, in quality of work, in touch, in ease of operation, in versatility, in time-saving in fact everything that a standard typewriter should do.

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Alluring comfort—where daylight is toned by softly colored shades

by Helen Richmond

How you love to linger in certain rooms of the house—while others you neglect for no apparent reason! Have you ever stopped to think what makes the difference?

No, it isn't always comfort, though comfort counts. Actually it's the quality of light. Lamps softly shaded for evening—by day an illumination from your windows, bright yet mellow, and free from the slightest element of glare. Such light gives an effect of warmth without which your rooms will lack charm, no matter how luxuriously they may be furnished.

To solve just this problem of warming and modulating the light, interior decorators are using soft-hued window shades in tone-colors. Knowing that you always choose lamp-shades for their soft colors, you will see for yourself how practical this new idea is. Indeed, the wonder is it wasn't thought of long ago!

You'll be delighted with the change these colored window shades make in your rooms. Crude sunlight transformed into a delightful soft radiance—pale thin north light filled with glow and vitality.

This radiance tinged with soft color is infinitely flattering. Fine old furniture gains unsuspected new beauty in the play of light and shadow. The lovely tones of rugs and draperies reveal new richness. And with all their decorative value, these tone-color shades cost no more than ordinary shades!

Used Everywhere in Beautiful Homes

Columbia Tone-Colors

Circassian Brown
Persian Gold
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(Color names Reg U. S. Pat. Off.)

Good window shades deserve the best of rollers, so why not specify Columbia Rollers for your shade installation? Noiseless, smooth-running, Columbia Rollers give 30% to 40% longer service than ordinary rollers. You are freed from the annoyance of having to replace rollers here and there around the house.

How great decorators are using Columbia tone-color window shades

All very well to discuss the general principles of toning daylight—but perhaps you'd like to know exactly how these principles should be applied in your own home.

"Beautiful Windows," by the well-known decorator, Elsie Sloan Farley, was written to meet just this problem. It answers 12 most important questions about windows and shows 18 beautiful illustrations of actual interiors, with a simple explanation of how in each room the light was toned to best effect with *Columbia* tone-color window shades.

With toned window shades you can fill a cold north room with color and cosy warmth while a room with a southern or western exposure, bathed in bright sunlight all day long, can be made cool and restful.

For your copy of "Beautiful Windows," send 10 cents to *Columbia* Mills, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

New beauty for every room in your house—get this book NOW

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Please send me a copy of "Beautiful Windows," by Elsie Sloan Farley, showing how soft-hued window shades tone and mellow daylight. I enclose 10 cents.

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Columbia WINDOW SHADES *and* ROLLERS

GUARANTEED

(Continued from Page 112)

"Yes, yes," he hastened to answer. "Why don't you take a vacation?"

Then they had been watching, and they saw that my work was not improving, but going down. They were disappointed in me after giving me the fine job.

I said that I would certainly do so, but stayed through the morning. At eleven John telephoned me. He was going on one of his very brief trips, which were becoming frequent now. Couldn't I have luncheon with him, as the train left at three? I told him I was too crowded to think of it, but would write him every day. Then, the criticism of the morning having made me so very much limper even than I had been, I went up to the rest room. There I lay until Doctor Miller's two-o'clock office hours, when I went to see him.

He did not apparently need much history of the case for his diagnosis. How anybody could be so young and at the same time so understanding I could not tell. I believe one of the generation passing would not have grasped the situation so accurately, because it did not belong to his day. Of course Doctor Miller knew none of the details of my problem, but I suppose it fell under a large subdivision of experience, and all the ramifying never-ending minutiæ of individual incidents in it reacted in approximately the same way psychologically.

"We'll take you to the rest house in the country—if you will come," was his first proposal.

"My husband's away," I answered.

"Then that's a good time. When he returns he will find his bird flown. That will be the best of all vantage grounds on which to affect a new working arrangement."

And yet what few symptoms I had described had been physical! I had already felt relieved to sink into his care.

Joint Responsibility

I went, and the first morning had my breakfast on a bench surrounding a thick, rough beech trunk, with the green leaves rustling overhead, and shared my toast with a gray squirrel that quivered his nostrils at me as he sat upright against his plume of a tail. Beyond a slope in the distance a low-lying pond glimmered in its frame of tall dark pines. There was a smell of pungent earth in my nostrils. I could feel a certain tension in me relaxing. Nobody bothered me with discussions of symptoms or investigations of my personal affairs.

On the second evening John came out. He was like the painting of the runner when he arrives exhausted in camp. He had come a long way, and hurriedly.

As I had not written him he cut his journey short.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"I'm tired," I breathed, "and the job's going to pieces, and the flat takes too much out of me."

"What ails the job?" he demanded, sternly, efficiently.

It was as when I was sick those few days before, and he competently stepped into the management of our affairs.

I told him as nearly as I could, and he closed the subject with the remark that he would look in on it tomorrow. When he came out the next night he reported that they had put Mabel Bowen in charge of the executive part of it. He shook his head and looked grave.

"That will never do," he reflected.

He set some store, then, by my guarding that job and running no risk of losing it, although he had never once thus far become conscious that he did not wish to take over the responsibility I had let myself in for.

For several days I continued in my retreat and John came out every evening on the long commuting trip, and nobody round the place bothered me with questions or anything at all. Still I was evidently troubling somewhat about my part in that joint responsibility, for I wrote Malviney to send me the bills at the end of the week, for I wished none of them to run longer. But none came.

I said to Doctor Miller, "Give me my statements by the week."

He answered with stern dignity, "Certainly not."

"But it will depress me to have them run longer."

"I will give them to your husband," he replied.

Meantime I sat under the trees, idly thinking. If a man and a woman were both going to hold positions, then the man would have to share the domestic work and responsibility in just such proportion as the woman took on those that were supposed to be strictly his. I remembered that first morning when I went to my new job and John had in that hour relegated to me all the traditional obligations of housewife, although he had been relieving me even of them previously while I was doing nothing except studying. In France there was said to be no such problem among families where the woman worked, because such husbands and wives had been in business together from the beginning. The girl's dot went into something which the two of them managed together, and they shared everything else as well. The only solution was to halve and halve alike all obligations, and not have them specialized by sex.

Such were the problems that the gray squirrel and I had to solve together, although he was more erect and animated over it than I. The ideas were merely flowing through my relaxed being to a solution of their own. I did not try to organize or arrange them. I was drifting without even the will to wish that I might come into a safe harbor by and by. Some day I expected to figure out my problem—but not yet.

Still there was something that kept me from absolute rest. John came to see me almost every late afternoon and spent the evening. I thought a subtle change was passing over him. He could not have talked about his business more than formerly, but I thought perhaps he did so more discriminatingly. But as to the remainder of his current life there seemed to be dark soundless depths with no color or illumination to them, and I wondered if this was because they were really empty or he preferred not to tell me with what they were filled. He seemed a little silent and noncommittal.

One day he brought out a bunch of household bills for me to go over. They recorded two evenings of food far too plentiful and too elaborate for one person alone. He did not comment on it, and neither did I. And I would never ask Malviney. I handed the memoranda back to him with the remark that the prices sounded reasonable and with no question as to how he meant to pay them.

Strangely enough, the next afternoon Doctor Miller came and joined the squirrels and me, as I rocked over the spongy earth near a myrtle bed. He dropped into a green painted chair, and let his straw hat slip to the mossy ground beside him.

"What's your notion of a happy life?" he began with an excitedness and an animation I at first resented. "How would you rather spend your life than in any other way?"

With my being still relaxed some words seemed to float through me as if formulated by another, for whom I was the mere transmitting agent.

Planning for the Future

"I should like to keep my home and do just my art work"—to cultivate the little gift with which I had been entrusted! "I don't ever want to keep hours or do mechanical work again that does not lead to development."

"Then that is what we must arrange and what we must avoid for you."

"Oh, but I cannot—I can't afford to give up my routine work. It is what brings in the most of the money."

"But what do you need with money, who have your husband?"

"But I made a mistake. For one thing, I arranged the scale of living too expensively for him alone, and then I began paying for things without making him realize his responsibility."

"He will realize it, and he will rise to meet it," Doctor Miller answered with serene confidence. "Don't trouble about him."

Poor John! I felt guilty to be in a league against him to rob him of his peace and ease. Still I had meant later to puzzle out some new arrangement for us, but evidently it was a part of the cure to hand you your particular solution, fully worked out. I thought that perhaps it would be as well to tell John that evening of my new working arrangement, which was going to be to draw at home when and as much as I pleased, and sell the individual sketches to the store; and perhaps later do other, better work for higher purposes.

But John did not come out that evening or telephone! The next late afternoon when he arrived he said that he had been for a long walk up along the shore of the Hudson. He had not been with me long when Madge called up! So they had gone out together last evening and they had talked about me and she had been reminded of me. She said she was coming out that evening.

My first thought was of what a pleasant time they would have on their long romantic trip home through the fresh-smelling country from here. But when I told John she was coming he stamped his foot and snapped his fingers, and left the room. He returned just before her arrival.

She came bounding in with an animation which she tried to keep from being excited. "Well, Kate, what's this new rôle?" Her voice went like a waved line, that got rough and jagged before it finished and beyond control. "Are you going to quit being an independent woman and lay down on a man for the rest of your life?" She laughed as if she were trying to pretend she had spoken in jest.

"I couldn't quite make the grade," I answered lamely.

"It really isn't fair the leeway that a woman has, and a man can't protect himself against her. When she wants to play at being independent she can, and the minute she is bored with that parlor trick she can quit and never turn a hand again—first having got her man in for things that are too much for him."

"Madge, take care!"

John uttered the warning. They were the first words he spoke.

She was making one of those outbursts, unpremeditated, almost involuntary, where the aggressor has nothing to lose.

The New Arrangement

"Well, I don't know if I haven't got a right to protest to a woman for her conduct, which is a reflection on all my sex and makes it so hard for us—and after all you've told me."

"Yes, what have I told you?" John had been guilty of the old masculine trick of seeking out a woman in whom to confide his grievances against his wife. "Tell her what I have told you"

But she did not, and he said presently in a dull monotone: "I told you I was discouraged and had lost my point of view and Kate had upset me with her success and independence and I didn't know what to tie to. Nobody needed me. I told you I never had a chance because my wife was so much quicker than I was that she always beat me to everything."

Then he had probably not been with her on that walk yesterday evening, but alone, on a long vigil of reflection and reconstruction, presumably following a session with her in the afternoon, in which he had told her that her designs on him were frustrated because I needed my husband. I was ill and in a sanitarium and alone.

Madge was the first to speak. She said that if he was ready she thought she would let him take her home. But he replied that he was not going to town that night. He had arranged for a room, then, when he went out to the desk, following her telephone announcement that she was going to come. He ordered the bus for the 9:50 and took her out to it when we heard the wheels crunching over the gravel. As they resumed their crunching he returned to me.

I was going to tell him that evening of our new working arrangement. I did not believe he would mind so much. We could cut our expenses if necessary. But before I could begin the remotest preliminary, for once he beat me to it. He put his arm through mine and steered me out to the mossy grounds.

"Kate, it's an awful thing to ask of you, but it will mean so much to me. Won't you give up that dog-goned job and just work at your art when and how you want to?"

I burst out crying. The stars were out and the squirrels had gone to bed.

"Yes, I know, it sounds outrageous of me—but let's at least try it. I know that you can always go back there. But I think I can make it so you won't even want to."

He smoothed back my hair and looked at me intently, as I had seen him do only twice before. Once was when I announced my new job to him and he had regarded me sadly, helplessly, as if I were receding from him. The other time was when he hurried back after the first night he took Madge Hewlitt home and he wanted to assure me, as he now desired so very much to do, although he had no words for such a purpose, how absolutely mine he was.

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M T JOHNSON Mgr
VINCENNES, INDIANA

Nov. 26, 1924.

Victor C. Knauth Bro. & Co..
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Perhaps this information concerning the Vapor Heating system you have installed in the Alice Manor Apts., will interest you and I believe will be the information desired for your records. There are 130 individual units in my Apartment attached to a Capitol S.S. 278 Steam boiler. During the winter of 1923-24 one hundred forty five (145) tons of coal were consumed. The cost of this amount of coal was $900.00. This amount divided by 3970 square feet of radiation equals $.22-67/100 per square foot of radiation for a complete heating season.

The Capitol semi-smokeless boiler is performing its work in good shape. You have noticed that rarely does smoke appear coming out of the chimney, a thing which is not always true of so-called smokeless boilers. I have it from my fireman that he gets on the average, firing periods of twelve to eighteen hours, depending on the weather. I know that this statement is hard to believe but it is true. What to attribute all this to, I cannot say. It will suffice to say that the boiler, the vapor heating system and the installation of it all is very satisfactory.

Yours very truly,

ALICE MANOR CO.,
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M. T. Johnson,
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MTJ/K

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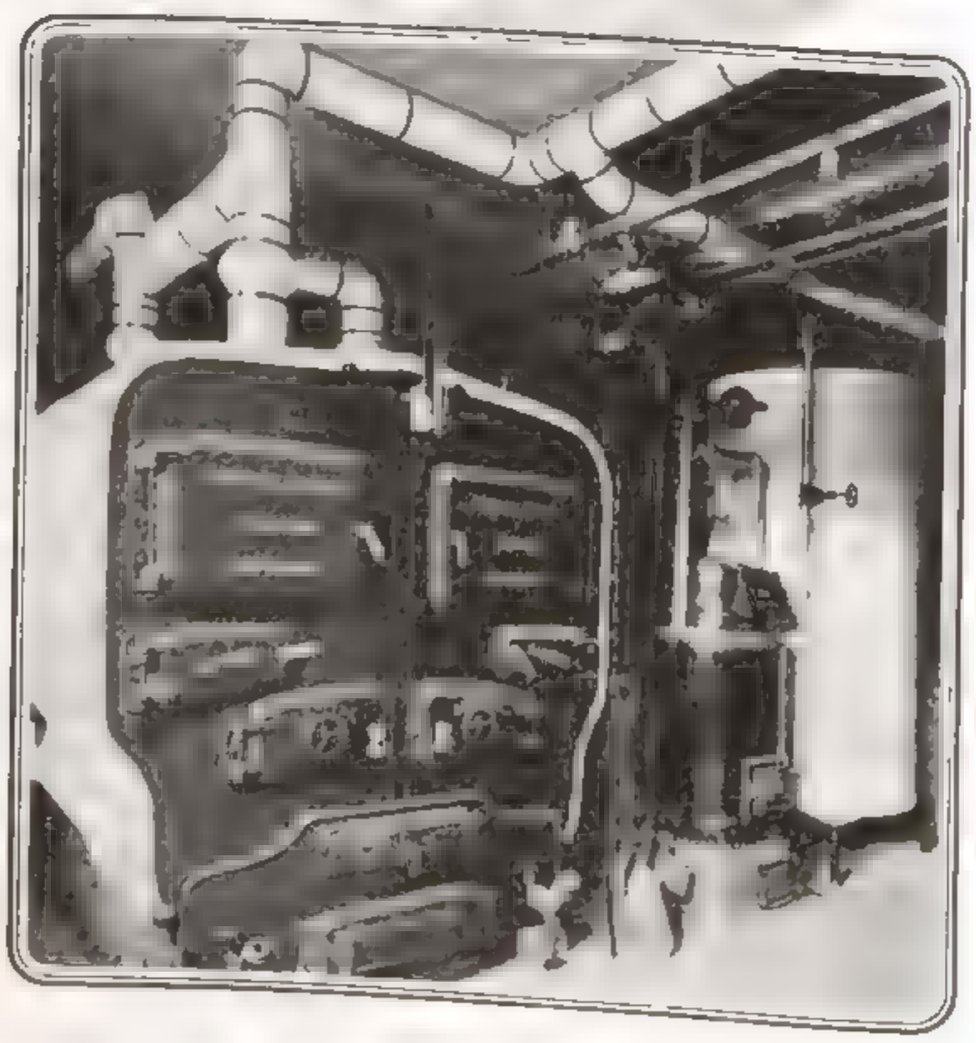

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THE RELUCTANT DUCHESS

(Continued from Page 5)

one day by Mrs. Traver's making him, much against his inclination, take the two children to the theater in her place. He was kind, but he did not allow them to imagine he enjoyed their society. He left them in the *entr'acte*, saying, "Now you two kids behave yourselves while I go and have a cigarette." To Jacqueline this, like everything else he did, appeared romantic; and as the play was a romantic drama in which a beautiful young man disguised as an Indian maharaja stole jewels and maidens, only to return them unharmed to their rightful guardians, Paul Traver became inextricably enmeshed in her mind with romance. He did not directly address her during the afternoon, but Lucy reported the next day that he had said "The kid has great eyes." Jacqueline lived entirely nourished by this for months. She even began a sonnet:

He told me that my eyes were beautiful
And all the earth grew beautiful to me ——

It never went very well. The necessity of riming "gull"—sea gull, of course—with "beautiful" rather spoiled it as a sonnet.

Paul had been succeeded by a handsome young officer with only one arm, who gave a course of lectures to the whole school on the military history of the Great War, and then by a tenor at the Metropolitan, and then by a wonderful young violinist, with none of whom did Jacqueline ever exchange a word. For the next six years she hardly saw Paul, who went through the law school and the first years in a law office. Yet when they met occasionally a spark of the old fire would flash up again. The summer before this Lucy had told her that Paul was in love with her. The news created a distinct flutter, but not the wild surge of emotion that she had felt years before at hearing he had praised her eyes.

"He keeps it to himself," she had answered. Lucy nodded.

"He probably would never propose to a rich girl—certainly not until he had made his own mark in the world."

"How about the rich girl?" said Jacqueline. "It would be rather hard on her if she cared."

Her interest was academic, but she saw that Lucy took it seriously.

But it wasn't about Paul that Lucy wanted to talk this day. She was profoundly interested in the idea of the duke. She wanted to question Miss Salisbury, but Jacqueline forbade it. Her governess would take it as a sign of American hysteria—the snobbish American interest in titles.

"And anyhow," Jacqueline added bitterly, "what does it matter to me? I shall probably never be allowed even to speak to him. I shall be kept out of the way, as usual. My stepmother will contrive it somehow."

But like many placid people, Lucy was persistent; and after luncheon, under pretense of looking up an article on William Blake in an encyclopedia, the two girls went down to the library to see what they could find out about the Duke of Dormier. Lucy knew that there was a book called a Peerage, and owing to the fact that the McMannis books were well classified and seldom disturbed, they soon found among the reference books that broad red-and-gold back.

The library was a beautiful room in dark paneled wood, lined from top to bottom with books. The whole second floor of the house was kept shut up during the absence of the elder members of the family, but when Jacqueline opened the inner shutters the afternoon sun came flooding in. The two girls sat down side by side on the window seat; and Jacqueline, more expert with books than Lucy, soon found the name they were looking for and began to read aloud, as follows:

"'Dormier, Duke of; Fitzgrady-Stewart; sits as Marquess ——'"

Lucy gave a faint hoot at this—Lucy was by nature a giggler—but Jacqueline, endlessly capable of taking an interest in the printed page, began to feel something ancient and romantic and suggestive. She read on:

"'Patrick Albert Edward Shawmus Fitzgrady-Stewart, fourth duke and thirteenth baron, born July 2, 1850 ——'"

"That's 'nuff!" cried Lucy. "The man is seventy-five years old. Let's go and do our Latin prose."

"I don't care if he's a thousand," answered Jacqueline. "Just listen to the things he is, Lucy: 'Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, lord lieutenant of the county and president of its Territorial Forces Association. J. P.' Do you happen to know what a J. P. is?"

Lucy absolutely declined to put her mind on the problem, and Jacqueline continued:

"Well, don't strain your mind, for if you knew what that was we'd then have to meet the problem that he's a D. L. too. 'Patron of seven livings, formerly lieutenant colonel and honorable colonel of the King's Own Seventeenth Balliecouchan (Civil Ser.) Light Dragoons ——'"

"You're making it up," said Lucy.

"Flatterer!" answered Jacqueline. "'Was honorable equerry to Edward VII and president and gold stick ——'"

"I shall simply die if you go on!" cried Lucy, but Jacqueline went on:

"'Married, first, in 1880, died in 1888, the Honorable Pamela Georgina Sybil Pitts-Cave, eighth daughter of Viscount Bunbury of Brede; and second, in 1895, Lady Imogen Augusta Lettice ——'"

"Let me see!" cried Lucy. "Let me see if it is really there!"

"It is, and more," said Jacqueline. "'Augusta Lettice Alice Leath-Meadows, fifth daughter of the eleventh duke of Clamborough, by whom he has issue'"

"What an awful word for children!"

"I think it has a lot of style," answered Jacqueline. "Shall I read on?" Lucy said no and Jacqueline went on: "'Arms: Quarterly, first and fourth quarters counterquartered; a fesse wavy ——'"

"Come, come," said Lucy, "this is going too far."

"Well," said her friend, "perhaps that bit is a trifle obscure. 'Seats ——'"

"Where he sits as a marquess?"

"'Seats: Fitzgrady Castle, Balliecouchan. Coney House, near Crumbelly, Hants. The Lodge, Bonny Brigg, Midlothian. Town residence: Dormier House, Grosvenor Square.' As a special favor, Lucy, I'll omit his clubs, which are simply thrilling, and pass to: 'Son, living: Thomas Aubrey Cecil Edward, Lord Fitzgrady, born May 25, 1897; educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge; was captain of Grenadier Guards and served throughout European war; wounded three times ——'"

Lucy, who had been counting on her fingers, now interrupted.

"That sounds more like it," she said. "He's young."

Jacqueline demurred a little.

"He's almost thirty," she said.

"Better than seventy-five."

They examined the date of the Peerage and found that it was 1918. They agreed that a good deal might have happened since then. Thomas Aubrey Cecil Edward might well have succeeded in place of Patrick Albert Edward Shawmus.

Before long, Lucy was called for and went away, but Jacqueline stayed, sitting on one foot, dangling the other, and staring down into what in space was a small back yard, but in latticework, marble seats and busts of Roman emperors was an Italian garden.

Balliecouchan Castle! That would have a secret passage, leading perhaps into a ruined abbey, a ruined tower with a stairway that broke off short like the stair in Kidnapped. And a ghost—a pale queen—a pale queen on a ruined stair that begins at naught and leads nowhere and vanishes in empty air.

Then she thought of a ballad about the young lord going away to fight, with fifty henchmen at his back, though she was not clear as to what henchmen were.

The library door opened and Miss Salisbury came in.

"Ah, there you are," she said. "Doing your Latin prose, I hope."

Jacqueline turned her head slowly and stared at her governess as if she saw her for the first time. She was coming back from distant places. After an appreciable pause she said she had not been doing her Latin prose. Miss Salisbury, after expressing great surprise at this, volunteered a piece of information:

"Your father's office has telephoned. I've good news for you. The boat will arrive about ten on Saturday morning."

A cloud descended on Jacqueline's brow.

"Wouldn't you know it?" she said. "Of course they'd get in on a holiday, when a morning off doesn't do me any good"

Miss Salisbury, not gifted with an instinctive knowledge of the human heart, was shocked at this example of filial coldheartedness. She thought how she would have felt if she had had word that the Reverend Ethelbert was approaching these shores. She expressed her opinion that that was no way to receive news of her family's return. Jacqueline hardly heard her. She was thinking:

"Must he always wireless the office? Does he think I'm not old enough to read? Does he forget I exist, or is it that woman who won't let him admit that I am more interested in his return than anyone else?"

She thought about not going to the pier to meet them. And when he asked her at the house, as she kissed him coldly, "Why were you not at the pier, Jacqueline?" she would answer with dignity, "I had no knowledge that you were coming, father." "What? Did not Williams let you know?" "Why did not you yourself let me know?" But then perhaps he wouldn't ask her. That was the worst of these rehearsed scenes so often the other person did not ask the right question.

She went to bed resolved to administer this well-deserved rebuke to her parent; but when she woke up to another glorious clear morning she felt differently about the whole problem. She was so glad her father was coming home, and there was no question that it was fun to meet a boat. She had almost forgotten about the duke until she discovered that Miss Salisbury was in a flutter about him.

"Aren't you interested to see the duke?" she asked with quite a girlish enthusiasm.

Jacqueline turned a dark glance upon her.

"No," she answered. "I can't say I am particularly interested in dukes."

By half past nine they were on the pier. Miss Salisbury's long slender nose, which betrayed so many different intentions between the bridge and the tip, was a decided pink—just the shade that fresh air and excitement had put into Jacqueline's cheeks. The great vessel was already pushing its nose past the openings in the walls of the pier like some prehistoric animal looking into a cave.

Williams, Mr. McMannis' secretary, was there, talking to the reporters. Almost immediately Jacqueline caught sight of her father standing at the railing.

McMannis was rather a heavy figure in a large dark-blue overcoat. His hair was white for fifty. He was clean-shaven and the lower part of his face was thrust forward pugnaciously. He was a man who presented many manners to the world—a genial manner, a blustering manner, an efficient business man's manner, a paternal manner. His daughter's heart gave a great bound and then seemed to melt with love at the sight of him.

One of her happiest—and perhaps least likely—dreams was that some day a real vital relation was going to be established between her and her father; not this smooth impersonal affection, but something honest and intimate. . . .

Then, glancing a little farther along the ship's rail, she saw her stepmother, and her heart hardened again.

"New sables, if I'm not mistaken," she observed to Miss Salisbury.

"And very nice too," said Miss Salisbury; and then, fearing that this might be interpreted as an envy of American luxury, she added, "That is, if one can wear fur. I find wool keeps one warmer." And she wrapped a striped muffler, brought her from Scotland by a friend, closer about her neck.

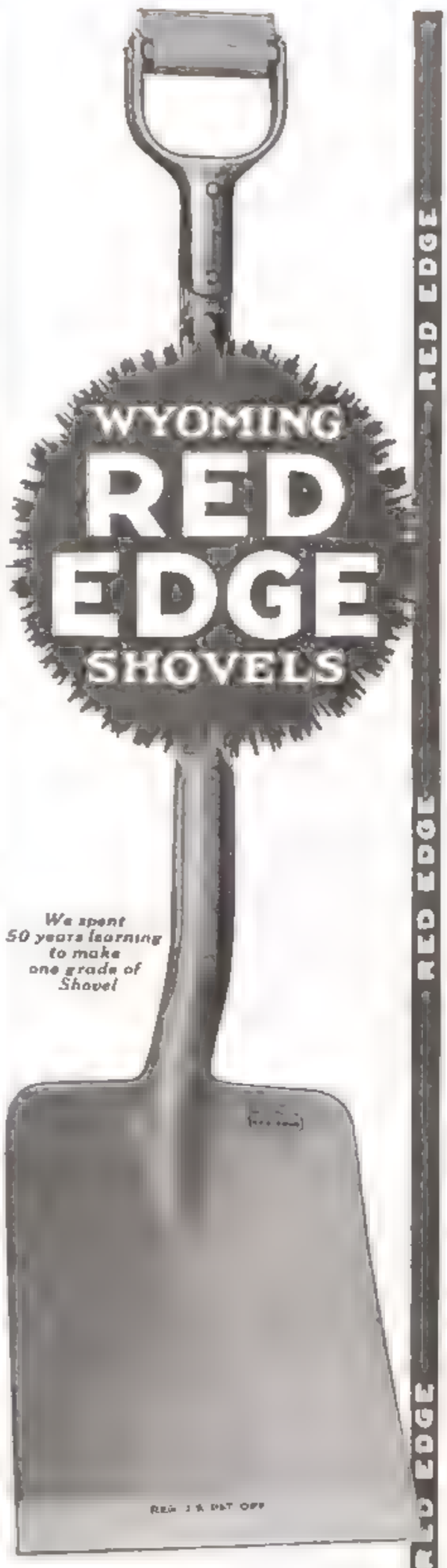
Standing beside her parents was an enormously tall man with a red face, a mustache and prominent blue eyes—a man more than twenty-eight and yet obviously less than seventy-five, unless there was some truth in the story of the vigorous preservation of elderly Englishmen. If that were the duke romance was dead.

A very young man in a high hat and cutaway rushed up to Mr. Williams and announced himself as a representative from the embassy to meet the duke. Jacqueline began to look sullen.

"Why must a duke be met?" she said.

"Of course he must be met," said Miss Salisbury.

Her tone admitted of no argument; and so Jacqueline at once fell to arguing the point, which led to a more general argument on the subject of whether there was or



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THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS
WYOMING, PENNA.

was not an inherent right way to do things. This occupied all the time until the gangway was lowered and the passengers began to descend; and Jacqueline, forgetting her grievances, flung herself into her father's arms. She received a bright bland smile from her stepmother and was allowed to bury her nose for an instant in the sables. They smelled delicious, as everything about Mrs. McMannis always did.

Then she had a second to turn her head and look more closely at the third member of the party, who in a search for his keys was unbuttoning layer upon layer of slightly different tweeds, and saying, "Yes—yes—yes—quite—quite—your American customs—oh, yes—quite so."

Then her father, holding her by the arm, as if she were likely to escape, said, "This is my little daughter. Major Pitts-Cave, Jacqueline."

Not the duke! Good!

"Ah!" said Mr. Pitts-Cave, putting a lot of cordiality into the monosyllable. Then deciding it had been successful, he said it again: "Ah!"

A faint sound was heard from Miss Salisbury, recalling her existence, and Mr. McMannis continued: "And Miss Salisbury, a countrywoman of yours."

"Oh!" said Mr. Pitts-Cave, not quite so cordial, but still very nice indeed. "Oh!"

Jacqueline felt glad Lucy was not there - she would have giggled.

Mrs. McMannis looked about her.

"What's become of the duke?" she said.

So that was how you spoke of him, was it? Jacqueline looked about too.

"Hiding from your American reporters, prolly," said Pitts-Cave.

At the time Jacqueline thought "prolly" was the name of an American reporter, but later was to become familiar with it as the English equivalent of the American word "probably."

"Not on your tintype, Pittsy," said the duke, and he emerged from behind the great bulk of his cousin's loosened outer garments.

Jacqueline saw a slender and not very tall figure in a distinctly shabby tweed overcoat, with the collar turned up, and a felt hat not in its first youth, pulled well down. If she had looked down, she would have seen the most beautiful pair of brown boots which that fellow in St. James's Street had ever made. But she didn't look down; she looked up and saw a long narrow face, not at all handsome, but delicately modeled—a job which it had taken several centuries to accomplish—a pale clear skin, a penetrating blue eye—enough to assure her that this was Thomas Aubrey Cecil Edward, and not Patrick Albert Edward Shawmus. Oh, no!

Her father laughed.

"'Not on your tintype!' That's old stuff, Dormier. You can do better than that."

"I learned it last night in the smoking room," said the duke gently, "from a lad who called me Say-Duke, as if it were my name." He turned civilly as a representative of the press approached him and said, "Say-Duke."

"Here you are, Pittsy," said the duke, again slipping behind his cousin's ample back. "My cousin, Major Pitts-Cave—simply full of good things for the papers—eager to tell you what he thinks of the Woolworth Building."

The giant form of Pitts-Cave was instantly surrounded by notebooks and from the midst came the sound, "Ah—ah—quite—quite ——"

The valet and the maid and the secretary were left to attend to declarations and customs duties; and the McMannis party, as free from care and even from hand luggage as if they were stepping off a ferryboat, moved toward the entrance of the pier. Jacqueline's heart was swelling within her.

She knew it would be like that—she had not even been introduced. If she had been a maid they could not have more completely ignored her. The duke must think she was half-witted.

Mrs. McMannis and Pitts-Cave and the duke and the young man from the embassy all disappeared into one of the McMannis motors, and Mr. McMannis and his daughter and Miss Salisbury got into the other—the older car, driven by the second chauffeur.

"How handsome His Grace is!" exclaimed Miss Salisbury, and her voice shook with emotion.

"He's a nice young fellow," said Mr. McMannis. "But I shouldn't call him handsome. Would you, Jacqueline?"

There was a chance and Jacqueline took it.

"I'm not sure I knew which one he was," she answered haughtily.

Quite unnecessarily, they described him to her, while she maintained a baffling silence.

"His mother," said Miss Salisbury, "was a celebrated beauty in her day—Lady Augusta Leath-Meadows. She came down to Shrewsbury-Crewe once as a bride to open a bazaar."

"Surely," said Mr. McMannis politely, "you can't remember his mother as a bride."

"Oh, no," answered the governess; "but my father has often told us about it—her graciousness and beauty ——"

For some reason the picture of the rector, with that same tremolo in his voice, describing to his children gathered about his knee the arrival of the young duchess to open his bazaar was repugnant to Jacqueline. She flung herself back in the car until her head rested against her father's shoulder. She felt a sudden need of her own country, her own family.

"Well," said her father, "have you been a good girl?"

That was what he always did to her. When they were apart she could imagine herself pouring her soul out to him, telling him everything she had ever done or thought; but as soon as they were together he said something like this:

"Haven't you grown a little? Have you been a good girl? Have you been learning your lesson? Where are the roses in those cheeks?"—harmless, well-intended phrases which seemed to raise a partition like a wall of glass between them, through which she could see him without being able to communicate with him.

She attributed this in some way to the evil influence of her stepmother. It never crossed her mind that her father was embarrassed in her society. He loved her deeply, but he had an ideal of what a young girl should be; and this did not include her knowing anything, or feeling anything, or having anything to confide. He wanted her always near him. It hurt him to leave her, but it would have shocked him slightly to know that she had a turbulent inner life of her own. His affection for her was no more dependent on understanding her than a mother's love for an infant is chilled by the fact that that infant cannot converse with her.

When they reached the house, there was no sign of the other party. Mr. McMannis moved toward his own office on the ground floor, but a reproachful "Oh, father, aren't you coming to sit with me?" made him change his direction.

"Oh, of course, of course," he answered guiltily.

Jacqueline had a tiny sitting room on the third story, next to her bedroom. The rooms of her parents were on the same floor, but in the front of the house. It was a pretty room, done over by Mrs. McMannis with faultless taste in pale blues and pinks, with old prints and aquatints in black-and-gold frames, and a gay chintz.

The girl pulled forward a comfortable armchair and put her father into it, and then herself sat down at his feet on the floor.

"Now," she said, "we can have a good talk before the others get here." And as she spoke, a despairing knowledge came over her that they had nothing whatever to say to each other.

He was not so clear-sighted

"Yes, indeed," he answered; "you must tell me all about what you did this summer."

But there was nothing to tell. Of course, there had really been a hundred incidents each day which it would have interested her to repeat; but now she could not think of one of them

She and Miss Salisbury had spent the summer at the McMannis place in the Adirondacks, swimming and camping and climbing mountains She tried to say this, hoping that something would revive as she talked; but after a few minutes she saw that he was not even listening, and she did not blame him; what she was saying was dull. She broke off.

"But all that isn't interesting," she said, "compared to what you've been doing and seeing Tell me about that, father"

He answered with a careful list of places and dates. In the middle a faint bell began to buzz. It was a private telephone in his own room, and he rose with an alacrity that did not suggest regret When he had gone Jacqueline put her head down in the chair and cried. Why did she always look forward to his return when it was always like this when he came?

Perhaps one of the things that were wrong from Jacqueline's point of view—one of the things so difficult for a child to understand in a parent—was that he was still very busy with his own career, still excited and surprised and occupied by success

He was the son of Irish immigrant parents. After a high-school education he had gone to work as a clerk in a small shop in a town on the plains of the West. There, in a moment of tribal generosity, he had lent one hundred dollars, carefully saved, to a fellow clerk who had come from the same county in Ireland. He had received in lieu of payment an interest in a building lot at the edge of the town. This consideration, apparently valueless, had turned out to contain the only sand in the neighborhood. By selling sand McMannis had been repaid many times the amount of the original debt. Hardly had the sand been exhausted when an oil fever struck the town, and McMannis had rented his lot for a high price to prospective drillers. The oil had never materialized, but by the time the excitement was over the town had begun to grow in the right direction, and McMannis sold his lot as a fashionable building site for the colossal sum of two thousand dollars.

On this capital he had married—married, like Napoleon, a little above him—a young school-teacher of good New England family. Unlike Josephine, she had the tact to die before McMannis' growing greatness rendered her a detriment instead of an advantage. His wild grief at her loss was a new element in his success. Hard work and speculation became his only distractions. By a combination of these he made his fortune, principally in copper stocks. He had been eight years a widower and Jacqueline was a child of nine, when, in the city of Mobile, he fell under the domination of his present wife.

She was a remarkable woman. Ten years before she had been beautiful, and even now, though nearing fifty, not a single line was written on that camellia-white brow—perhaps because, although she had been known to weep, she never worried. Her will and her beauty had carried her steadily upward without one stain upon her moral character.

Her career in its way had been more remarkable than McMannis'. As a young girl in a small Southern town, she had married a handsome shifty young lawyer and had pushed him into politics, until finally he was sent to Washington as a congressman. Here he behaved so badly, particularly to her, that, under the advice of her senator, she had little trouble in obtaining a divorce from him; and no one was astonished when a year later she married the senator, a man thirty years her senior. He died promptly and left his widow in a position to condescend to McMannis. From the moment of their meeting she became the dominant member of the partnership. It was not perhaps that she was cleverer than he; but she was clearer-sighted, unhampered by sentiments and tribal loyalties. Yet she was not unkind, except to those who stood in her path. She was just, and even generous. She had in all probability deliberately destroyed her first husband; but he was hardly worth saving; and she still supported his old mother—an obligation which he on his downward path had long since repudiated. She had made the senator perfectly happy during their brief marriage. Her care of Jacqueline was carefully thought out and wise—exactly what she would have given her own daughter if she had had one. But to a child who for the first ten years of her life had been neglected, but free, the succeeding years under Mrs. McMannis' routine had seemed nothing short of tyranny, and cold tyranny at that. She was the only person of whom the child had ever been afraid—afraid, as of some great engine moving slowly upon its appointed way.

She was frightened now, when, raising her head from the seat of the chair, she saw that her stepmother had come silently into the room.

Mrs. McMannis was one of those calm smooth women who look like blancmange and are possessed of wills of iron. She looked all about the room now with a steady competent glance, and Jacqueline became aware that she had changed the arrangement of the furniture without permission.

"You've changed things," said Mrs McMannis, and then added, "It's better much better"

Jacqueline was a little ashamed of breathing a sigh of relief. She had a right to arrange her own room her own way, she thought. Her stepmother's eyes flashed across her once and saw, the girl knew, that her eyes were red. Unlike her father, her stepmother saw everything.

Mrs. McMannis did not comment on what she saw. She said, "I've brought you some clothes—when the trunks come."

It was useless to pretend that this was not good news—surprising too.

"Clothes?" she cried.

"Quantities," said Mrs. McMannis; and then, as if she did not want to be questioned, she left the room as suddenly as she had entered.

So the girl was left thinking not about tragedy but about clothes. Those dresses selected by Mrs. McMannis would be right; Jacqueline knew that. But why had they been bought—and quantities too? Could it be she was to be allowed to come out this winter?

She wished that some of these new garments were already in her wardrobe. She wanted something beautiful and mature for the inevitable meeting with the duke at luncheon. Then certainly the family would be obliged to recognize her existence.

She stood in front of her looking-glass, staring into it with a stern concentrated gaze. Sometimes she could get a certain wave of the hair at her left temple, but the air was too dry and clear today.

When she went downstairs she found the duke had gone off to Washington with the young attaché and would not be back for several days. Jacqueline felt bored and flat, and threatened the duke in her own mind with never being able to rouse any interest in her again.

"It's rather a bore for the poor lad," Pitts-Cave said civilly.

On Monday morning at school Jacqueline did not admit generally that she had not even spoken to him.

"What's he like?" she said, with a slight shrug of the shoulders. "About like every other pale thin young man you ever saw, only he speaks in a funny sort of way."

"What do you call him?" asked one of the girls.

This, too, Jacqueline skillfully avoided.

"Well, his servant calls him Your Grace and my father calls him Dormier and his cousin calls him Tac, and I guess I shall call him just 'you.'"

But to Lucy she was more communicative

"It isn't that I want to be introduced to the creature, or have anything to do with him," she explained, "but it's so insolent to ignore me, as if she were ashamed of me I dare say she is I'm too American for her taste perhaps Perhaps he hasn't even been told that there is a stepdaughter It makes me feel like a fool that I have not even spoken to him I believe she does it on purpose" There was never any doubt in these conversations as to who "she" was. She added presently, as if Lucy were now to hear the very depth of human infamy, "She's going to have a party for him as soon as he gets back."

"Maybe he'll never come back," said Lucy gayly.

"Wouldn't it serve her right if he didn't?" said Jacqueline, and yet the idea was not entirely satisfactory to her either

Lucy thought the party itself would be fun, but Jacqueline corrected her:

"Don't suppose, you poor innocent, that I shall be allowed down, to contaminate the festivities with my presence. Oh, no! I've known her to send up for Salisbury in a tight place, but never for me."

Mrs. McMannis was putting into the arrangement of that dinner an executive genius which, if she had been a man, would have gone to the building of an empire or a business corporation. She knew very few people in New York hardly any of those whom she intended to have at her party, for the detestable weekly had been right when it said that the social campaign of the McMannises in New York had been a failure She knew none of these people personally, but by some instinctive perception she knew exactly which twenty-four people out of the million she must have about her table. More than that, she knew how to get them.

The first point was to prevent any of them first getting the duke for themselves. She was wise enough to foresee that each one of the ladies whom she was inviting to her party would attempt to give the duke a smarter, smaller party than hers, to which

(Continued on Page 123)

What do they say about your furniture?

Is there a woman who at times isn't conscious of the impression her furniture makes? Of course it is disturbing to know that the appearance of one's furniture invites unflattering criticisms. And yet it is a simple matter to give every wood finish in your home—even the very oldest pieces—an enviable loveliness. O-Cedar Polish is the secret. Its gentle, beneficial oils remove the marks of soil and neglect the very first time you apply it. Forgotten beauties are awakened. New charm appears. O-Cedar cleans as it polishes and leaves a smooth, dry finish. Try one bottle. Sold everywhere, with a money-back guarantee, in five convenient sizes, priced at 30c to $3.

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Chicago *Toronto* *London* *Paris*

O-Cedar Polish

THIS photograph by M. E. Hewitt shows a room in palatial Georgian Court, the former home of George J. Gould Do you know that in many fine homes the only furniture polish used is O-Cedar!

How to apply O-Cedar

1. Pour O-Cedar Polish on a cloth (a moist cloth for cleaning, a dry cloth for polishing)

2. Go over the surface

3. Polish with a fresh cloth.

A Mother's Duty

is to help her child
keep that schoolgirl
complexion

Every mother should follow this simple rule in

THE lovelier the mother, the more she rejoices in the beau
of her baby girl. How anxiously she guards this buddi
beauty, fostering it, protecting it with tender care.

Her first concern, of course, is the little one's skin, that
exquisite texture of infancy may be retained through girlho
days.

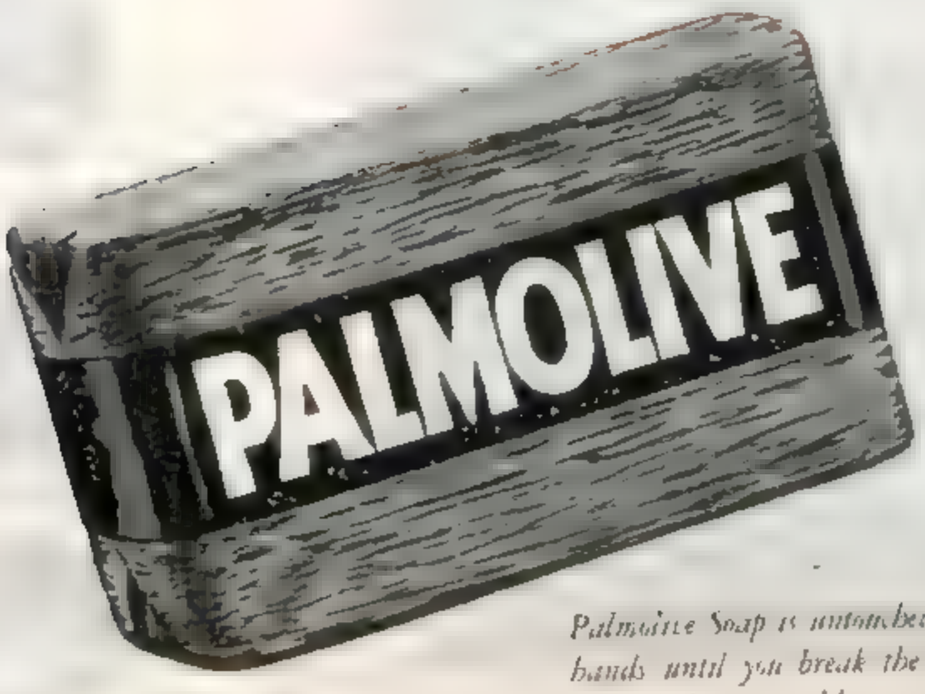
That this care is based on mildest, gentlest cleansing
has learned from her own experience. For most young moth
of today were brought up on Palmolive.

Protects natural beauty

Palmolive plays the part of protector when used as bab
soap. It soothes while it cleanses, through the gentle act
of its mild, lotion-like ingredients.

Girlhood's delicate, roseleaf skin is kept smooth and
fect, protected from all injurious irritation.

The smooth, creamy Palmolive lather develops this be
year by year, until it bursts into the bloom of a radiant sch
girl complexion.



Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—
it is never sold unwrapped

THE PALMOLIVE C

Care with a growing child

As she grows older, let her use powder if she wishes. *But never leave it on over night.* It clogs the pores, often enlarges them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. The skin must be kept clean, the pores open and active.

The world's most simple beauty treatment

Wash gently with soothing Palmolive. Then massage it softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly with cool water.

In this simple manner are beauty and charm preserved and youth prolonged.

No medicaments are necessary. Remove the day's accumulations of dirt and oil, cleanse the pores, and nature will be kind. Your child's skin will be of fine texture. Her color will be good.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soap in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of palm and olive oils, is the same Often they are drying to the skin. Palmolive is a skin emollient in soap form. The secret is in the quality of the oils used and their blending.

And it costs but 10c the cake! Obtain a cake today. Then note what an amazing difference one week makes.

Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.

Soap from Trees

The only oils in Palmolive Soap are the priceless beauty oils from these three trees—and no other fats whatsoever.

That is why Palmolive Soap is the natural color that it is—for palm and olive oils, *nothing else*, give Palmolive its green color.

2763

Printed Forms Abolish Alibis

When you write upon a printed form *you* perpetuate your voice.

An order transmitted on paper remains an order *permanently*—ungarbled, unchanged, and unmistakable.

If the business machine jams, the printed form instantly points out the faulty cog. It makes mistakes unmistakable; it calls blunderers to account. It abolishes alibis.

Forms are important, and so is the paper on which they are printed.

It must be *strong* paper. Hammermill Bond is strong paper. It will stand careless and repeated handlings. It passes every bond-paper test. It makes business records permanent.

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We believe that Hammermill Bond will prove the right paper at the right price for you. It will satisfy your needs and simplify your paper purchasing.

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Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

SPECIAL SAMPLES FOR YOU—*Write us on your business letterhead and we will send you, with our compliments, the Hammermill Working Kit—a portfolio of Hammermill Bond samples especially selected to meet the needs of your business.*

(Continued from Page 118)

they would not dream of inviting her. She was safeguarded in this by Dormier's dislike of parties. He had given positive instructions to Pitts-Cave that everything was to be refused.

The preparations for this dinner were a long agony of humiliation to Jacqueline. She did not care so much to what depths her stepmother sank, but to see her father interested—even elated at some of the names on the list—that was intolerable. She stood scowling in a corner, with folded arms like a young Napoleon, at hearing him cry, "What? You are asking Mrs. Emden?" His wife nodded.

"Do you think she'll come?"

The corner of Mrs. McMannis' mouth moved upward in a contemptuous little smile.

"I know she'll come as soon as she finds she can't get at Dormier in any other way."

"Has she tried?"

His wife waved toward the mantelpiece, where a bundle of letters and telegrams for the duke were standing.

"Five telegrams from her, Pittsy says. She's waiting to answer my invitation until she's sure."

"I should be tempted to tell her I had filled her place."

"I am tempted," answered Mrs. McMannis. "But I need her."

A new secretary had been engaged; a stout, solemn, middle-aged woman, who was recommended as knowing that most subtle and ephemeral of all categories—the social grades in the metropolis of a great republic. She had seen many new fortunes through their first social adventures and came prepared to advise and admonish. But a far wiser head than hers was in control, and she found herself permitted to do nothing but the routine work of looking up addresses and directing envelopes. She was amazed at the success of methods of which she often disapproved, and confided to a former employer that Mrs. McMannis was a great personality—almost a genius.

Two days before the dinner an evening dress appeared in Jacqueline's room. She walked in late one afternoon, and there it was extended on her bed, simple, shimmering, soft; the sort of garment a smart young archangel might have worn to a celestial garden party. Jacqueline had wondered many times what had become of those quantities of clothes, but she was too proud and too alienated from her stepmother to inquire for them. But this dress, prone upon the bed, was not to be viewed without emotion.

She was holding it up at arm's length, feasting on it, when her stepmother and Miss Salisbury entered together.

"I think that's what she had better wear tomorrow night," said Mrs. McMannis.

Jacqueline's heart gave a bound, but remembering her disapproval, she said, "I don't want to come to your dinner party, thank you."

"Oh, dear, we are very indifferent!" said Miss Salisbury, rather foolishly.

"There are some silver slippers that go with it," said Mrs. McMannis to Miss Salisbury

"I tell you I don't want to come," said Jacqueline. "Do I have to come if I don't want to?"

"And nothing in the hair," said Mrs. McMannis. "No bands, you know."

"Ah, no; so much more girlish without," said the governess.

Mrs. McMannis did not answer this, feeling that it was not necessary for her to listen to Miss Salisbury's views on dress.

Jacqueline broke out as the door closed behind her stepmother. She hated her she hated society—a lot of false people trying to knife one another—she wished she were free she'd rather go into a convent or work in a shop—she'd like to go West and teach school as her mother had done—she hated the English—little grafting noblemen who took advantage of American kindness and generosity and thought they were doing you a favor by accepting your hospitality ——

Miss Salisbury, not unnaturally irritated by this description of a class she had been brought up to revere, from the lips of a young barbarian, was ill-advised enough to say at this point that the Duke of Dormier was doing anyone he stayed with a great honor.

"An honor? What honor?" cried Jacqueline. "What has he ever done but be born? My father has done something in the world has created a great company—a great fortune."

"I don't say no to that," Miss Salisbury began, but was interrupted.

"You can't," shouted Jacqueline, "because it's true. My father is known all the world over for his ability; but if you took away this boy's title, what would he be? Nothing at all—no one! That's what your aristocracy is—a title and nothing else. And I won't be tied to his chariot wheels like Cleopatra! I won't come down to this dinner party!"

But, of course, she knew she would come down; more ignominious still, she knew she wanted to.

Quite independent of the duke, she had never been to a real party and she wanted to wear that white dress.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

(Continued from Page 13)

"Nothin' doin'," she answered with decision. "We got to see this through. You don't think I'm goin' to sit around in these five-and-ten-cent quarters all my life, do you?"

"Lord 'mighty, we only been here a month!"

"That's long enough."

"What do you want then?"

She leaned forward.

"This," she said determinedly: "Go to the old man and tell him he needs a vacation and that you want to buy him out."

"Buy him out!" gasped Jud. "What with?"

"Barclay would manage it with less money than you have," she answered calmly. "You'll have to give him a note. But while you're about it you might as well do a good job—house, store an' everything."

Jud could not help but admire her nerve.

"Gosh," he exclaimed, "if you can put that over, I'll say Barclay missed something when he let you go!"

"He missed a lot," she admitted, "and you got a lot."

The question which began to disturb Jud was, had he not got more than he knew how to handle. Knowing his father as he did, this proposition did not appear reasonable. Why should he turn over to him everything he possessed, in return for a note, even if that was protected by mortgages on the property?

Goaded finally to desperation, however, he actually did make the offer to his father. The latter listened quietly.

"This is Evelyn's idea, ain't it?" he asked when the boy had finished.

"Yes," admitted Jud. "An' there ain't any stoppin' her when she gets started."

"Looks to me as though she'd started for considerable this time."

"She didn't know but what you felt like takin' a vacation," said Jud uncomfortably.

"Worried about my health?"

"Well, there's ma; she ain't been feelin' any too good for a long while."

"She hasn't took to her bed yet."

"When she does that it'll be too late," Jud warned.

He was gathering courage now. The mere fact that his father was willing to discuss the matter even in a general way was more than he had expected.

"See here, dad," he ran on. "What you and ma oughter do is pack up and take a trip to California. You'll never get a better chance if you live to be a hundred. Aunt Lilias has been after you to come out there for twenty years and you've allers said you couldn't leave the business and ma has allers said she couldn't leave the house. Well, you ain't got that excuse any more. Evelyn and me can look after everything. She's smarter than you think."

"Not a mite," answered Horace.

Stroking his chin, he studied the boy a moment. After all, there was truth in what Jud said, even though his attitude was undoubtedly not wholly unselfish. But "selfishness," within certain bounds, was only another word for "ambition." Horace remembered those long years when he had waited for his own father to step aside.

"I'll think it over," he said.

That very day Sarah received her annual letter from her sister in Los Angeles, begging her to come for the long-deferred visit—a visit deferred, as a matter of fact, since the early seventies.

"Now that you're blessed with a daughter-in-law, you're free at last," she wrote. "Make Horace come too. Remember, we haven't many more years ahead."

"Well, Sarah?" Horace questioned.

"I s'pose we'll never have a better chance," she answered hesitatingly.

"But do you want to go?"

"It ain't that. It seems almost as though we oughter go."

"No one can make us," he bristled up.

"'Course they can't," she admitted. "But mebbe it's best. I s'pose it's natural for young folks to want to run their own business and—you deserve a vacation if ever any man did."

Three weeks later Horace closed the bargain with his son, depositing in the bank for collection a note for twelve thousand dollars, and took the morning train out of Bridgemont. A few days later the house on the hill and the store halfway down opened under new management.

II

ON CHRISTMAS Day Horace had his picture taken in a garden of blossoming flowers and feather-duster palm trees and sent this back to Jud with the inscription, "Some different from Maine, eh?" He had never been much of a letter writer, but now he spent most of his time selecting picture postal cards done in brilliant yellows and greens depicting the orange orchards in various stages of development, from the first blossoms to the yellow fruit. The sentiments he scrawled upon these cards appeared to have only one object—the exciting of envy in the hearts of those less fortunate than himself. To old Doctor Pease, who was fighting his way to his patients over snow-drifted roads, he sent a picture of a smooth macadam highway bordered with green things.

"Some fun being a doc out here," he commented.

To Ezra Moulton, who owned the hardware store in the lower village, he sent a view of the business section of the city, showing sunny streets thronged with shoppers in summer costume.

"Don't need earlaps in this climate," he wrote.

To Shorely, the local editor, he sent a sprig of orange blossoms with the jocular remark, "Finding any of these 'longside the road in Bridgemont?"

This was entertaining while it lasted, but by February he would have swapped a county of orange groves for the sight of a single leafless old apple tree standing lonesome in the middle of a snow-covered field. For a sniff of a biting north wind with a smack of pine in it, he would have traded every rose in California. He did not want his roads, in the middle of winter, to lie lizardlike in the sun; he longed to see them piled high with virgin snow until only the top rail of the fences showed. He craved air with a tang in it and he wanted to hear again the jingle of sleigh bells and the crunching squeak of steel runners on hard dry snow.

In March, both Horace and his wife had the worst colds of their lives. It was after this that Horace suggested going home.

"Maybe Evelyn won't want us back," Sarah hesitated

"Eh?"

"You know how young folks be."

"Evelyn don't own the whole darned village," he growled.

"No; but it won't seem like gettin' home unless we go back to the house."

"We'll go back to the house," he determined. "They ain't paid for it yet—not by a long shot. Jud'll make room for us."

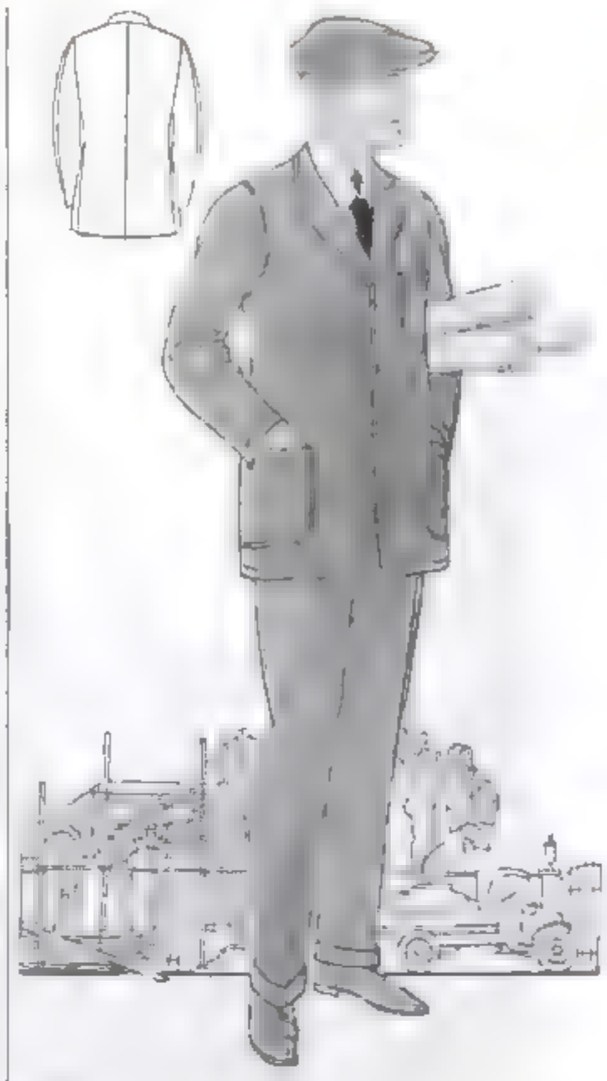
So, quite as mysteriously as they had slipped out of town, they slipped back again during the last week of May Evelyn made the best of the situation; but on the other hand, she could not disguise the fact that she did not relish it.

To Sarah she said bluntly, "If you ask me, I'll say you made one big mistake in ever leavin' that country for this."

"I guess I got homesick," answered Sarah.

But to tell the truth she was a little bit homesick right where she was, for, in the

(Continued on Page 125)



Every Minute the Clock Ticks in a Workingman's Day A

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Extra-Service 2-Piece Suit

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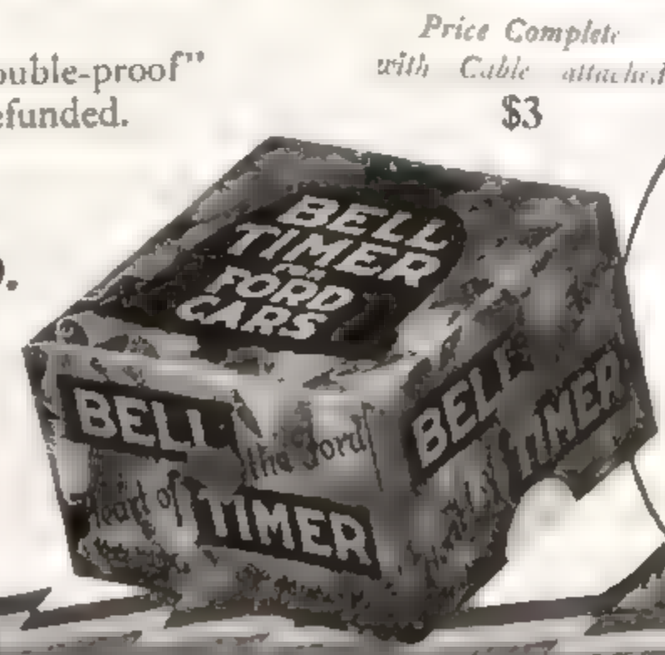

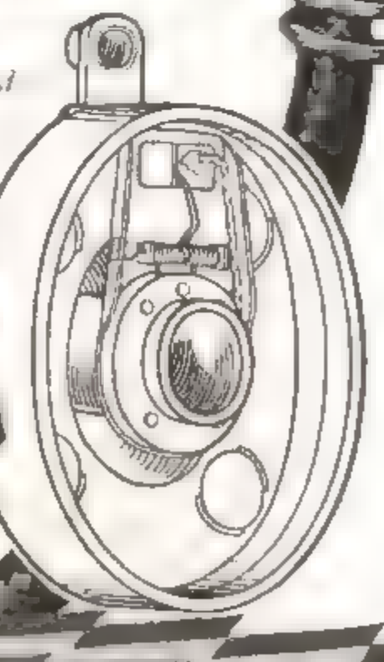

The BELL TIMER At

(Continued from Page 123)

interval, Evelyn had made a good many changes around the house. Not only had she shifted the furniture—many pieces were missing altogether—but she had installed electricity, which in the evening altered the effect of the rooms entirely. In this intense glare it was difficult to tell when day ended and night began. There were no more soothing shadows to dim the ceiling and the corners and to emphasize the golden glow of a single parlor lamp upon the center table.

But the innovation which took the heart out of the house was a hired woman to do the cooking.

"Land sakes," protested Mrs. Burton at once, "there ain't no need of that! I'm just itchin' to get my hands in a flour barrel again."

"Don't try it," warned Evelyn. "The kitchen is one room you've got to keep out of."

"That don't seem natural."

"It's necessary anyhow," returned Evelyn. "I went to Portland to get that girl and I'm not goin' to have her pack up and leave."

"No harm done if she does," declared Sarah. "Reckon I ain't so feeble I can't manage the cookin' for this little family."

"I'd look fine lettin' you do it, wouldn't I? No, Ma Burton, your job is to sit around and look pretty."

That held, too, for Pa Burton, as Evelyn soon instructed Jud.

"You've got to take a stand at the start and let him see that he can't butt into your business or the first thing you know he'll be tryin' to run it."

"If he wants to help, what's the harm?" answered Jud, who, lacking his wife's confidence, was considerably worried about the way the bills had been piling up during the last few months.

"The harm is this," she answered with decision, "that if he runs your business, the next thing you know he'll be owning it. I'll tell you honest, Jud, I ain't keen about this old-folks-at-home idea. They oughter stayed out there among the orange trees. It ain't as though they had to come back."

"It ain't as though they had to stay either," Jud reminded her.

"No; and didn't I give them the glad hand when they walked in?"

"Ma thinks you're great."

"Fine! Ma and me are gettin' along all right. There's no reason why pa shouldn't join the happy family, too, if he'll stay where he belongs—and that's somewhere close to them crayon portraits of his pa and ma hangin' up in the front room. You get me?"

"You expect the folks to be sort of ornaments around the place?"

"Ornaments! Well, let's call them that," she answered good-naturedly. "Anyhow, it comes to this—that either Ma Burton runs this house or I run it, and either Pa Burton runs your business or you run it yourself. As long's we bought and paid for both, it looks like we had a right to run them as we please."

"The interest on that note comes due the first of the month," he reminded her.

"We've got the money in the bank to meet it."

"What about the other bills?"

"Don't fret, Jud. They can run a while. The summer trade ought to clean these up," she answered coolly.

It was true that the patronage of the permanent summer residents was something to which Burton had always looked forward with assurance, and in the last few years this had increased so rapidly that it was almost a business in itself. The Burton store, like the mountains and the lake and the old dam, was one of the fixtures of the town which greeted everyone like a tried friend. To at least twenty-five families Horace had always been known by his first name, while he in his turn addressed such notables as the vice president of the Second National Bank and the treasurer of the Monhegan Mills as Ned and Jack. Whenever it was possible these people traded with him in person, combining their marketing with a social call. They liked the atmosphere of the place and the good-natured leisurely personal element which Horace himself contributed.

As these customers now began to drop into the store they appeared confused and disappointed.

"Where's Horace?" was the first question they invariably asked.

Jud had a formula, taught him by Evelyn, which he employed on these occasions.

"The store is under new management, but we hope to enjoy in the future the patronage you have given in the past."

It did not work very well.

"Where's Horace?" they repeated.

"He's retired," Jud answered.

"Sick?"

"No; just takin' a vacation."

That did not satisfy them, and some even went to the trouble of looking Burton up.

"The place doesn't seem the same without you," exclaimed Ned Brayburne. "What in thunder you quitting for?"

"Went to California last winter," Horace answered, as though that ought to be a satisfactory reply.

"Enjoy it?"

"I saw orange trees."

"And roses in December and everything?"

"Yep."

"The trip did you good. You're looking well."

"I'm recoverin'," admitted Horace.

It was noticeable, however, that many of these old friends began to do their buying at the stores clustered around the post office. They came there for their mail and no longer had any reason for putting themselves to the trouble of going back up the hill.

When it was merely a matter of procuring supplies, the Elite, as Evelyn had renamed the store, was only one of any half dozen places selling groceries.

In the meanwhile matters were going from bad to worse at home. Both Horace and Sarah tried to keep as much out of the way as possible; but, after all, they had to be somewhere—especially in the morning, when all the neighbors were busy. Evelyn seemed to object if either of them appeared out of their room before luncheon. Merely as a matter of habit, Horace at first went with Jud to open up the store; but he found everything there so altered that he did not feel comfortable. Besides, it was evident he was not wanted. Evelyn finally told him as much.

"It sort of bothers Jud," she explained.

"So?" he answered.

"Of course he ain't doin' things just your way."

"No, he ain't," agreed Horace.

"You wouldn't expect it with his Portland trainin'."

"I don't see the business growin' much," he commented.

"You should worry as long as he meets his note."

"Looked to me as though he had considerable trouble last time," he said with a frown.

"Well, you got your money, didn't you?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"Then if I was you I'd ring off."

Horace kept his temper remarkably well; but when he went back into the front room and found Sarah staring out the window with the wan prisonlike expression of an inmate of a home for incurables, he let himself go.

"Godfrey mighty!" he burst out. "I've had about enough of this!"

Sarah turned quickly. The one thing which had given her the strength to control her own emotions during this past week was a feeling that for the peace of the family she must do nothing to stir up Horace.

"Perhaps we made a mistake in coming home," she ventured. "It looks like we don't belong here any more."

"Where we was born and brought up?" he demanded.

"It does sound queer," she admitted. "But I declare to goodness, I'm as lonesome as a cat in a strange garret!"

"You don't mean you're hankerin' to go back out West?" he challenged.

She shook her head vigorously.

"Nor anywhere else you can think of?"

"No, Horace."

"Then here's where we do belong," he decided.

"Only we don't fit," she answered, in a voice that contained a quaver despite her effort to control it.

"No," he agreed, with his thin lips growing thinner; "'cause why? We don't fit because we ain't got nothin' to do. No one fits that way until he's dead and buried."

"I s'pose we are gettin' on, Horace."

"But, by Judas, we ain't got so far as that yet!" he exploded. "I was a cussed fool for ever lettin' go of the store or the house either."

He was standing with his back to her, staring down the meaningless village street, as she herself had been doing a moment before. Rising, she touched his arm very gently, but firmly enough to let him know that she was there beside him.

"It ain't worth fussin' about," she faltered.

He turned abruptly, his jaw set and his shaggy brows almost meeting.

"I made a fair trade with Jud," he said slowly, "an' I ain't fussin' about that. But I didn't agree to curl up in a corner and die, or let you do it either—an' by Godfrey mighty, I don't intend to!"

"Horace!" she exclaimed.

"You tie those bonnet strings under your chin and follow me," he concluded.

From the start, this was more of a real adventure than she anticipated. Sentiment had never played a prominent part in her life. Like red cheeks, this had always seemed a special prerogative of summer visitors. There had been a month or two of wooing—how long ago that was!—when the world had sparkled for her, and after this a month or two of the honeymoon, when everything had seemed springlike. Then she had settled down to the steady, even business of living in the house on the hill, where, with the old folks to care for, she had so much to do. Later there had been breaks when life, for a brief spell, had grown suddenly tense—too tense. One came when she buried her first baby, and another when she buried the second—terrible breaks better not recalled. Until Jud was through infancy she had not felt sure even of him. Then the routine of life had closed in upon her, and though the sparkle never again came back into the sunshine, the sun never completely disappeared. Those brilliant early morning hours of June were gone and her days became like midforenoon August days when details stand out with uncompromising severity. What she saw then she accepted uncomplainingly as the naked truth.

But as Sarah tried to keep up with the eager stride of her long-legged husband this morning she experienced something like a reminiscent thrill of those earlier days. It was faint, to be sure, and she was not altogether certain that it was a fitting emotion for one of her age. She was a sane, level-headed little woman with a wholesome horror of being thought silly; but she could not resist the impulse to tuck her gloved hand within her husband's arm—something that ordinarily she never considered doing except on the way to church. He looked at her with a trace of embarrassment.

"Walkin' too fast?" he asked, with a view to putting her at ease.

"No," she answered; "don't stop."

When they entered Miss Southgate's millinery parlors that good woman was naturally surprised. Seated behind the lace curtains which formed a back drop for a window filled with a gay variety of her newest creations designed for a younger generation, she did not think of Mrs. Burton in connection with trade, for she knew that Sarah had always made her own bonnets out of the odds and ends left by her mother. However, it was never safe to prophesy what queer turns elderly people of today might take.

She laid down the helmet-shaped straw upon which she was working and rose as the two entered.

"We want to see about your rent upstairs," Horace began without preamble.

"It's empty," she answered. "But, laws, I didn't think Jud and that young wife of his would ever come back here!"

"They ain't," Horace replied. "We want it ourselves."

"Not you and Sarah?"

"Why not?" he challenged.

"Well—nothin'. Of course, I'd be glad to have you here, only at your time of life ——"

"How much are you askin'?" he interrupted brusquely.

"Twenty dollars a month."

"That's fair enough. We'll call it a bargain."

"It ain't furnished," she reminded him.

"It will be—in a couple of days," he answered.

"Horace," gasped his wife, "you do hurry so!"

Indeed, there was no stopping him, once he had started. Both were familiar with the new quarters; but even so, to go on right downtown and order furniture and carpets and beds and bedding and a stove and cooking utensils the way Horace did seemed to Sarah scarcely short of reckless—reckless, but exciting! She felt as though she had married a prince of Bagdad—the more so when he refused to dicker about

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the price of anything. She wanted to hesitate over the new dining-room set—in order to draw out the pleasure, if nothing more—but when she suggested that they look around a little, he answered, "What's the use, ma, if it suits you?"

"We might find suthin just as good and a little cheaper."

"We're startin' fresh and we want to start right," he insisted. "Pretend you're a young widow takin' on a second husband and just settin' up housekeepin'."

"I can't feel much like a widow the way you're actin'," she answered truthfully.

But he had not yet revealed to her his full plan. Coming back up the hill late that afternoon, he stopped above the Southgate rent in front of the empty Porter store, which had been vacant ever since the death of E. G. two years before. With its barren shelves seen through clouded windows and its dusty counters and its floor cluttered with papers, it looked as though it had been rifled and deserted. So, in fact, it had been, although in a perfectly legitimate way, by the heirs.

"What in the world you starin' at?" she questioned.

He took a heavy key from his pocket and unlocked the door.

"Horace!" she exclaimed, much as she might have done had he been using a jimmy.

"Got a right to go in my own store, haven't I?" he asked.

"Your what?"

"My store," he answered. "Signed a three-year lease for it with Libby while you was picking out that washing machine. Within two weeks this is goin' to open under new management."

III

WHEN Evelyn heard the news she shrugged her shoulders.

"The old folks didn't know when they had a soft snap," she said to Jud. "I should worry; they'll be sick of their job soon enough."

"Dad'll cut into the summer trade."

"Cut into nothin'! Think anyone is goin' to climb that hill when he can stop halfway? An' look how he's fixed up the inside—like the days of '61."

"He gave me ten dollars for the old sign and the box stove."

"Fine! Sell him all that junk he'll pay for."

Compared with the Élite, with the front now painted an up-to-date red, the new store was certainly severely plain, within as well as without. A counter ran down each side and behind these were shelves filled with canned goods and staples. In the rear a large desk served for an office. Next to this stood a secondhand ice chest, where he kept his cream and butter. In the center a table was piled with bags of flour and cereals, and ranged in a row about this were his boxes of fresh vegetables. A set of scales, a hand coffee grinder, a holder for paper and a small show case of cigars and tobacco completed his equipment.

"I ain't sellin' nothing but groceries," he explained to Sarah. "Jud has enough machinery in his place to run a mill, and someone has to pay for that. When I can't grind coffee by hand and slice bacon with a knife, I'll go out of business."

As a matter of fact, however, Horace from the start was selling much more than groceries. He was selling personality, and to get this his old customers were perfectly willing to climb the hill. On the opening day he held something like a reception, although he had made a modest enough announcement in the local paper. Jud, going by there after luncheon, excitedly telephoned back to Evelyn.

"You look out the front window and see what you see," he exclaimed.

"Yep, I been lookin'. What of it?"

"You'd think there was an auction the way cars are parked around there."

"This is only the first day," she reminded him. "If I was you I wouldn't waste any time from my own business watchin' his."

But as the weeks went by Jud found himself continually with more and more leisure on his hands. There was no question about that, however much Evelyn might kid him along. People did climb the hill—it was not such a difficult feat in a motor car—while those in the residential neighborhood on the top had the obvious advantage of being already there. Furthermore, Horace, with his low overhead, was able to cut under his son in the matter of prices—and did so. Nothing pleased him more than this, and he reported every such strategic move to Sarah. But the latter did not show the enthusiasm he expected.

"If only it warn't fightin' your own," she demurred. "Somehow that don't seem natural."

"We're only fightin' back at our own, and that's natural, ain't it?"

"I dunno. It's goin' to make it hard for Jud to pay his notes."

Horace rubbed his hands.

"You bet it is," he nodded.

Sarah, after all, was not much of a business woman.

"Then what will he do?"

"I dunno; but I reckon he'll have to use all his Portland trainin' and all Evelyn's to boot," answered Horace.

Sarah, however, was finding herself too busy to worry much over such details, for Horace had developed an appetite that reminded her of thirty years ago, while even her own had improved. As though this did not give her enough cooking to do, she was the most active contributor to the food counter of all the church fairs, while in addition she had Evelyn and Jud down to dinner many times. Evelyn had been inclined to balk at the first invitation, but she was too astute to allow her temper to warp her judgment. She accepted and did her best to please Horace. This was not difficult, because he was in a mood to be pleased, while she knew well how to be agreeable when it seemed worth the effort. The dinner, then, was a great success.

"Pa Burton ain't such a bad old scout when you stroke him right," she declared to Jud on the way home.

"No," he agreed.

But his own thoughts were for the moment centered upon other things.

"Ma certainly knows how to cook," he exclaimed. "That's the first square meal I've had for a month."

"You think too much of your food," she complained. "What you oughter be worryin' about is how to sell more."

"I can't drag customers in and make them buy," he growled.

By the first of September the situation, instead of improving, had grown worse, for Horace had won back not only his summer trade but all his former village customers with the exception of those who owed him on old accounts. With this increased volume he was able to quote even lower prices, which resulted in an increase to a point where he found it difficult to handle his orders.

"Don't know where I can find a likely looking boy to help, do you?" Horace asked of Jud as the latter went by the store one noon on his way to lunch.

"No," Jud answered.

"It's a chance for someone to learn the business," explained Horace.

At the table, Jud reported the conversation to Evelyn.

"Maybe you'd better take the job yourself," she observed sarcastically.

"Mebbe I had," he answered.

"Gosh, you are licked!" she exclaimed.

"I ain't the only one," he replied with a flush.

"What you mean?"

"You stirred him up. If you're so all-fired smart, why don't you smooth him down? P'raps you can make him sell out again and go to California."

"That sounds like an idea—almost," she exclaimed.

"You're welcome to it."

If she could not buy out Pa Burton it might be possible, at any rate, to buy him off—if not with coin of the realm, then with a subtler medium. To this end she began to devote herself assiduously to both her mother-in-law and her father-in-law, with instant and quite unexpected results. Both were willing to meet her more than halfway and responded with an affection that was sincere.

"I allers said there was a lot of good in her," Sarah reminded her husband.

"I never said there warn't, did I?"

"She's been especially nice lately."

"It's gettin' close to the first of October," he replied enigmatically.

"What's that got to do with it, Horace?"

"Nothin', only winter's comin' on."

So it was, and one of those clear, brisk September mornings gave Evelyn an opportunity to speak directly of what she had been hinting about for a week. On her way to the village she stepped into the store.

"Some bite to the air," she observed briskly as he rose from behind his desk to meet her.

"Real frosty," he agreed.

"An' in another month ever'thing will be frozen up solid. Gosh, Pa Burton, you're lucky to be able to get away from it!"

"Didn't know I was goin' away."

"You and ma have got too much sense to risk another winter here, I should hope."

"That's what we'd calculated on."

"It wouldn't be safe," she declared. "What you want to do is to close up, visit Lilias and sit under the orange trees until spring. You've had a lot of fun out of this little store."

"More'n that, I've made money."

"Fine," she congratulated him. "Then you won't mind waitin' a little on that note, will you? Jud has two or three other bills ——"

"The note is due tomorrow," he interrupted.

She smiled. She had a pretty smile that made her mouth look young.

"That's all right, Pa Burton; just forget it until Christmas."

It was as though she felt that disagreeable incident to be brushed aside right there and then. But she did not fail to observe that those thin lips above the square jaw began to stiffen.

"It's in the bank for collection," he answered grimly.

With a flash of indignation, she met his cool gray eyes. She was the first to turn away, with something of her usual confidence gone.

"You ain't goin' to be as mean as that," she faltered.

"Every bit," he said, without the suggestion of a compromise. "Ma an' me want to get home."

"There's the front room ——"

"We're goin' to have more'n the front room this time. We're goin' to have the sittin' room an' the kitchen too. If Jud don't meet that note he'll have to cash in, an' you know as well as I that he can't meet it. Portland trainin' may be all right in Portland, but it ain't no good here—as long as I stay open."

"And that's what you're plannin' to do?"

"Until I get back to the other store."

"But what'll become of Jud?"

"He can have his old job. I need him."

At that moment he reminded her of one of those tall, gaunt, leafless elms standing before the house that looked as though they always had stood before the house and always would. She shook her head slowly.

"Believe me, Pa Burton, you don't need no one," she said in a voice that had grown unsteady.

"You're wrong there," he answered quickly. "Jud needs me; but the more he needs me, the more I need him. Queer how that works out, but it does. It was like that when he was a baby. It's bein' needed that counts."

He checked himself and glanced uneasily about the store as though afraid of being overheard.

"Ma had a little girl once," he began abruptly. "She'd have been about your age if she'd lived."

Evelyn did not answer, because when she tried, a lump in her throat prevented.

"Maybe after we get straightened out and back where we belong—maybe then you'll feel, too, that you need ma a little, an' me, the way we need you," he said.

"Now," she choked—"now you're only kiddin'."

But that was not so. Horace was not much given to that sort of thing. Yet there was a suggestion of it in a postal he sent to Lilias after he and Sarah were safely back in the house on the hill, and Jud and his wife were in the Southgate rent again, and a new sign over the old store, reading "Horace Burton & Son," was in place and the winter had come in earnest. Then he had his picture taken in a path before the house which he had just shoveled out, the snow two feet high either side of him. He mailed this to Los Angeles with the inscription, "Some different from California, eh?"

Down deep in his heart he was not kidding even about that.

OPEN SEASON

(Continued from Page 17)

"Now, you little devil," I said, "what is it you're up to?"

"But I've already told you."

"Cat's meat!" I said. "In the first place, you'd never leave Jim. In the second place, ditto. In the third place, a little more of the same. And please remember this, young woman: I'm fond of Phippsy. If you must have a performing seal I'll rob the Zoo. But hands off Phippsy; he's my pal."

"Well, of all the effrontery!" said Sibyl. "To hear you talk, one would think you were the only person in the world who had Phippsy's good at heart. Here I am, giving up everything for him, and all you can think of is to call me names!"

"Not long ago," I said, "somebody told me you had a niece stopping with you. Is she, by any chance, the chaperon Phippsy has gone to fetch from the taxi?"

"She is," said Sibyl. "But what of it?"

"Why, nothing at all," I said. "Only it occurs to me that this sudden and unaccountable interest you've taken in Phippsy has something to do with the niece."

"Oh, indeed!" said Sibyl. "Well, you're quite mistaken. Though, of course, if it ever did come to a point where Phippsy showed a preference for her, I'd be the last person to stand in a young girl's way."

"I'm sure you would," I said. "I'll admit, too, that you're absolutely wasted on a moron like Jim. Speaking of Jim, where is the old rabbit, anyway?"

"If you must know, he left this morning on a fishing trip."

"I see," I said. "And Jim being out of the way, you and the niece decided to come to town on a hunting and trapping expedition."

"Not at all," said Sibyl. "I don't have to hunt Phippsy; he's devoted to me. Why, he's been making love to me all winter long!"

"So he told me," I said. "But just where does the niece enter into the plot?"

"She doesn't enter into it," said Sibyl.

"Oh, then there is a plot?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Sibyl. "I merely wanted to make my niece's position clear. Naturally, she admires Phippsy tremendously; but aside from that, she's absolutely disinterested."

"Oh, absolutely!" I said. "I can see that without half trying. No doubt, though, it bored her considerably watching Phippsy make love to you during the long winter evenings."

"Afternoons," corrected Sibyl. "Jim was usually home in the evenings. But what I want to know is, are you for me or against me?"

"That remains to be seen," I said. "You're a thoroughly unprincipled woman, Sibyl. But since you make up for it in sheer loveliness, personally I'm for you a million. When it comes to selling poor old Phippsy into slavery, though, that's a horse of quite a different color. Suppose we leave the whole matter in abeyance till I've met your niece."

"Very well," said Sibyl. "But we can't leave it there long, for here she is."

And there she was, entering the library, followed by Phippsy.

"Bill," said Sibyl, "this is my niece, Peggy Snow. Peggy, this is William Wainwright Van Ruyl. You may call him Bill."

"Thanks," said Peggy. "I'd love to. I've heard a lot about you, Bill—and none of it's to your credit."

"I've heard a lot about you, too," I lied politely, "and it was all so entirely to your credit that, frankly, I'm skeptical. May I tell you I admire your hat tremendously?"

"You may," said Miss Peggy Snow. "And you can tell Phippsy he's got to stop running after my Aunt Sibyl."

"Gladly," I said. "As a matter of fact, I deplore Phippsy's good taste even more than you do, for I'm madly in love with Sibyl myself."

"Yes, you are!" said Peggy. "I happen to know you're in love with just one person in this busy little burg—and that's William Wainwright Van Ruyl. Who said lunch?"

"I'm awfully sorry," said Phippsy, "but, you see, we've just finished breakfast. I'll speak to Parker about it."

Continued on Page 130

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(Continued from Page 126)

"And I'll speak to him with you," said Peggy. "I've a scenario on the subject that only needs a few close-ups to make it a wow. Toodle-oo, Bill. See you later, Aunt Sibyl."

"I wish she wouldn't call me aunt," said Sibyl, after they were gone. "What do you think of her, Bill?"

"I think she's the limit," I said. "Where are her manners? Where's her repose?"

"But you'll admit she's pretty?"

"Well, perhaps, in an amateurish sort of way. But if you ask me, you've brought your little pig to the wrong market."

"Is she as bad as that?"

"No," I said, "she's worse. A gay young lad of sixty might find her irresistible, but a conservative, middle-aged chap of twenty-seven, like Phippsy, couldn't see her with a telescope. If your heart is actually set on having Phippsy in the family, I'm afraid you'll have to run off with him yourself."

"Certainly I'll run off with him. What else did I come to town for?"

"Well," I said, "since that's your story and you insist on sticking to it, I'll add another chapter to mine, and not only repudiate every objection I may have raised but go on record, here and now, as being absolutely in favor of it."

Sibyl eyed me suspiciously.

"Why this sudden change?" she demanded.

"It's my loyalty to Phippsy," I explained. "If you could have seen the dear lad's face when he told me of this unexpected happiness that had come into his life, you'd realize how impossible it would be for me even to think of trying to stand between him and his heart's desire."

"Nonsense!" said Sibyl. "Why, when I talked with him over the telephone this morning, he sounded as if he were frightened within an inch of his life."

"All emotion," I said. "It's the greatest thing that's ever happened to Phippsy, your coming to him like this, and he's simply beside himself with joy. If sheer happiness could kill we'd have a corpse on our hands before evening—absolutely!"

"But he's never cared for me like that, Bill."

"Little you women know what feelings you inspire. Phippsy has a singularly deep nature. And when it's stirred to the very depths, as it is in this instance, all I can say is—look out!"

"Well, of course," said Sibyl, "I want to be fair to Phippsy."

"Exactly," I said. "And since you don't want to run off with him any more than you want to run off with the man in the moon, you'd better think of some way of squaring yourself before you're more deeply involved."

"But I can't tell him the real reason I came."

"No," I said; "but you can tell me. Come now, 'fess up. That niece of yours is at the bottom of all this."

"She isn't my niece," said Sibyl; "she's Jim's. And I had to do something, Bill; I was simply desperate. She criticizes everything I say and everything I do. She contradicts me when I'm right and is rude to me when I'm wrong. She even pretends to disapprove of my clothes. But does that prevent her from borrowing the very rags off my back? This minute she's wearing my last Paris model and the one hat I particularly adore. And when I remonstrated feebly about the hat, she as good as told me it was years too young for me. Me? Why, even the iceman knows I won't be twenty-eight till my next birthday!"

"Of course he does," I said. "By George, you have been up against it! But tell me, how did you happen to have Little Poison Ivy wished on you in the first place?"

"It was one of Jim's brilliant ideas. You see, his brother, out West——"

"Oh! Of course it's so simple there must be a catch in it, but what's the matter with shipping her back to her dear old dad?"

"I can't," said Sibyl. "Jim insists she shall have a year of Eastern culture."

"Then what's she doing on Long Island? If she belonged to me I'd send her to a planing mill and have her rough edges taken off. Anyway, I don't see why you thought you had to try to wish her on poor old Phippsy. What's he ever done to deserve such a fate?"

"Nothing, Bill. But of all the men who come to the house, he's the only one she seems to care for."

"Care nothing!" I said. "She wouldn't have given him a thought if he hadn't snubbed her and devoted himself to you. So you thought Phippsy might prefer a niece and honorable marriage to a runaway wife and a scandal? You're too modest, my dear. Highly moral though he is, he'd choose you and the scandal every time. But tell me, how on earth did you manage to wangle your furlough out of the C. O.?"

"Oh, Jim thinks Phippsy has invited us to town for the week-end."

"I see. So you only have till Monday to put the darling child over."

"Not at all," said Sibyl. "I intend to put her over if I have to stay away from home for a year."

"Fair enough," I said. "But you're leaving here Monday, bag and baggage. And please remember that the word 'baggage' is in nowise to be considered as excluding your niece."

"But, Bill!"

"No, that's final," I said. "But if you'll relinquish all claims to Phippsy I'll do this much for you: I'll break the sad news to him and see that he devotes himself to your niece. And if she can return to Long Island with the impression that she's cut you out, something tells me she'll be a whole lot easier to live with. Is it a bargain?"

"It is," said Sibyl. "And now, if you don't mind, I wish you'd please ring and find out where Phippsy is putting us. I'd like to freshen up a bit before lunch."

Phippsy and the niece returning just then from their session with Parker, the matter was soon arranged. And the minute Phippsy and I were alone together I told him the good news.

"Everything's all right, old boy. I've fixed it."

"What?" cried Phippsy. "Already?"

"Certainly," I said.

"And I won't have to marry Sibyl, or run off with her, or anything?"

"Of course not."

"Well, I don't see how you did it. You're a wonder, Bill. When are they going home?"

"Not till Monday."

"But I thought you said you'd fixed it?"

"So I have. But we've got to consider the niece. She thinks—and Jim thinks—they're here on your invitation."

"But I thought Sibyl had quarreled with Jim."

"So she has. But being a wise woman, she left the door open. Hence the pleasant fiction that you invited them to town for the week-end."

"I see," said Phippsy. "But how can I be sure Sibyl won't change her mind before Monday?"

"Just leave that to me," I said. "The whole trouble started with your ignoring the niece. Hell hath no fury like a flapper scorned, you know. So now the thing to do is to swap sweeties in the middle of the stream, as it were, and play up to Peggy."

"But if I do that I'll have her on my neck."

"No, you won't," I said.

"Why won't I?" demanded Phippsy.

"Because you won't," I said. "There's more in this than meets the eye. But your job is to play up to the niece—that's orders."

"Well, I hope you're right," said Phippsy.

"I know I'm right," I said. "It won't be altogether a joyous job, but it's absolutely necessary."

"Oh, I'm not worrying about that part," said Phippsy. "Peggy's a darned nice kid. Would you believe it, she knows a way of cooking kidneys that Parker has never even heard of! We're going to have some for lunch."

"Well, don't overdo the thing," I said, "or the dear child may take you seriously. Anyway, that's the program up to Monday."

"What happens on Monday?" demanded Phippsy.

"On Monday," I said, "after you've kissed her good-by and sent her home happy, you're going to hop a train and go somewhere."

"But I don't want to go away," objected Phippsy.

"Neither did Adam," I said, "but he left the Garden of Eden, just the same. Safety first, old boy."

"The worst of it is," said Phippsy, "I shall enjoy buzzing round the niece. But you're right, Bill. We'll give her a little whirl and then go to California. I know a perfect peach in Santa Barbara."

Now I ask you! Here I'd missed my beauty sleep, spent hours arguing with Sibyl, and already Phippsy was planning to enter another matrimonial trap. I was thoroughly indignant. Not only that, but I made up my mind then and there that I didn't care a red raspberry who won the war. From now on, I was absolutely neutral—absolutely!

I confided this to Sibyl after lunch. Though perhaps I ought to tell you first, while I remember it, that the kidneys cooked after Miss Peggy Snow's recipe would have done nicely if one had wanted leather buttons for a sport coat; but as a tasty dish to set before a king, they were a complete washout.

To say that Sibyl was surprised by what she was pleased to call my change of heart is putting it mildly.

"What's happened to you?" she demanded. "Don't tell me you're beginning to look on my niece with an approving eye!"

"Nothing like that," I said. "After what she did to the kidneys, I view her with increasing alarm. If you must know, I'm fed up with Phippsy. I no sooner save him from drowning than he begins rocking the boat."

During the next twenty-four hours Phippsy gave Miss Peggy Snow a rush such as hasn't been equaled since gold was discovered in the Klondike. And Sibyl and I, tagging along, decided there were far, far better things than saxophones and cabarets, and far, far sweeter places than restaurants and night clubs. If we missed any of these, it wasn't Phippsy's fault. His "I know another place" still rings in my ears as possibly the most exasperating combination of words in the language—especially at five o'clock in the morning. So on Saturday I struck, and when Phippsy telephoned I was pretty firm about it.

"No, I won't come to dinner," I said. "No, I won't go dancing again."

"But, Bill, I need you!"

"I know you do. But I'm afraid you'll have to hire a substitute; I'm positively not taking any."

"But, hang it all, you can't run out on me like that! How would it be if I sent you over a case of my prewar bourbon?"

"Look here," I demanded, "are you trying to bribe me?"

"I certainly am," said Phippsy. "If you'll make it snappy and come over at once, I'll send you two cases."

Now I happened to be in France when the great unpleasantness occurred. So was Phippsy, for that matter; but he'd had the good sense to cable, and as a result his cellar was a knock-out. Besides, who am I to resist the pure, imprisoned laughter of the corn?

"I may be venal," I said, "but I'm not a hog. You can have me for one case."

"Check!" said Phippsy. "I'll send Parker around with it first thing in the morning."

So we dined, did a musical comedy, then went dancing again

And at one of the palaces of pleasure we infested that second evening we ran into Pop Pomeroy.

"Hullo, Phippsy," said Pop.

"Hullo yourself," said Phippsy. "What are you doing here all alone by yourself?"

"Haven't been alone long," said Pop. "Started out with quite a party, but they got noisy, so I gave 'em the gate."

"Then why not join us?" said Phippsy. "You know Bill here?"

"Sure! How are you, Bill?"

"And this is Mrs. Hawthorne, and this is Miss Peggy Snow."

"Glad to meet you," said Pop. "Will you dance with me, Mrs. Hawthorne?"

"If you'll excuse me," said Sibyl, "I'm afraid I'm a trifle tired."

"Oh, that's all right," said Pop. "How about you, infant?"

"Why, thanks, I'd love to," said Peggy, and off they trotted.

"What an appalling man! Who in the world is he?" demanded Sibyl, gazing after Pop's retreating back with a disapproving eye.

And, indeed, Pop, with his diamond shirt studs, his face like granite, wasn't exactly the model one would choose to advertise a brand of collars.

"Don't tell me you didn't recognize him!" said Phippsy. "Why, that's Pop Pomeroy, the greatest little spender along Broadway!"

"Good gracious!" said Sibyl. "Not Peter D. Pomeroy!"

"The same," said Phippsy.

"But the man's notorious! He's been married and divorced a dozen times."

"Oh, come!" said Phippsy. "Not more than four or five times, to my certain knowledge."

(Continued on Page 132

Why telephones don't corrode. In this ordeal they have to prove that they won't. Immersed in water, these metal parts and the coating on the instrument itself are put to the test.

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Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

(Continued from Page 130)

"But what will Jim say if he learns Peggy and I have been seen with him in public?"

"Oh, Jim won't mind. Jim likes Pop."

"But he's old enough to be your father," objected Sibyl.

"Sure," said Phippsy. "Class of '84. Comes to every Harvard dinner. That's how I happen to know him so well. Bill will tell you he's all right. Won't you, Bill?"

"Absolutely!" I said. "Class A and copper lined."

To tell the truth, I wasn't sorry Pop had joined us. With one more in the party, I wouldn't have to perform to music quite so often.

Mind, I'm not saying dancing isn't the cat's pajamas. But if I could have traded with the cat for my own and tumbled into my bed, I'd have given a hundred dollars and tipped the cat besides. I began humming that poignant little ditty of mine:

Beautiful bed,
Why am I here?
Why not, instead,
Pounding my ear?
Midnight has fled;
Daylight is near.
Beautiful bed,
Why am I here?
I've been betrayed,
I've been misled,
I have been drugged —
Drugged out of bed.
Half of me's dead;
Other half's queer.
Beautiful bed,
Why am I here?

Now I don't know that you're interested in psychic phenomena, but the very minute I finished repeating those words to myself Sibyl said the most amazing thing.

"Let's go home," said Sibyl.

"Bravo!" I cried. "Second the motion. The meeting is hereby adjourned."

But Phippsy was adamant.

"Nothing of the sort," he said. "Why, we've only just started! I know a place where they still have some 1904 Krug. Pop knows it, too, don't you, Pop?"

"Know what?" asked Pop, who had just finished his dance with Peggy.

"I was just telling Sibyl about that little place up on Fifty-fourth Street."

"No use going there yet," said Pop. "Nobody who's anybody ever gets there before five. Tell you what we'll do; we'll go up to Jerry's in the Bronx. He's just got in some more of that Irish bacon. Best dish of its kind in New York."

"Fine!" I said. "Got your limousine here?"

"Sure," said Pop. "Can take you all up easy as not."

"Not at all," I said. "You take Phippsy and Miss Peggy. Mrs. Hawthorne and I will go in Phippsy's car."

Once we were rid of them, I turned to Sibyl.

"Let's go home," I said.

"We can't," said Sibyl. "I can't leave Peggy with that old satyr."

"That's where you're wrong," I said. "Pop's trouble is that he isn't enough of a satyr—he's a driveling old sentimentalist. If you ask me, if anyone is in danger it's Pop. Did you hear your demure young niece calling him papa?"

"She didn't!" said Sibyl.

"Oh, yes, she did! Give that young lady another hour and she'll have him galloping around like a goldfish. Come on, let's go home."

"No," said Sibyl, "we'll go to Jerry's."

"But, hang it all, I'm sleepy! Besides, it's not in my contract. When I accepted the rôle of sacrificial goat nobody said anything about my being offered up in the Bronx."

"You're not the only sacrifice," said Sibyl; "there are two of them—male and female. And contract or no contract, you're going to Jerry's."

"That being the case," I said, "let's tuck in a little sleep."

So I slumbered in my corner of Phippsy's car and Sibyl in hers. Hardly a cozy arrangement. But when one tries to be cozy and practical at the same time, the result is always the same—it can't be done.

Concerning our brief visit to Jerry's, the thing that stands out most clearly in my memory is the Irish bacon—there wasn't any. Pop met me on the sidewalk with the sad news.

"Yesterday was a Jewish holiday," he explained, "and it's all gone. I thought you might like to go some place else."

"Excellent idea," I said. "If you don't mind, old top, Mrs. Hawthorne and I will take a spin around and then join you at that little place on Fifty-fourth Street."

"Sure," said Pop. "I don't blame you—she's a pippin!"

And with a sagacious wink and a nod, he was gone. He knew a thing or two, did Pop. Only it just happened I knew something he didn't know—Sibyl was still asleep!

Giving careful directions to Phippsy's chauffeur, I edged into my corner again. Softly and silently we slid through the night.

"Here we are," I said, when at last we drew up before a rather imposing front door.

"Oh," said Sibyl, opening her eyes, "are we there? But this place looks familiar. Is it really Jerry's?"

"No," I said; "it's Phippsy's."

"But I told you to take me to Jerry's."

"We've already been there," I said.

"I don't believe it," said Sibyl.

"But we have, honestly. Only there wasn't any Irish bacon, so we decided to come home."

"Then where are Peggy and Phippsy?"

"Oh, they're just behind us," I said. "As a matter of fact, Pop got to shining a bit too brightly with the grape, so they decided to chuck him and call it a night."

"I'm glad of that," said Sibyl, yawning. "I don't remember ever having met a more poisonous man. Will you come in for a minute?"

"Thanks awfully," I said, "but I've a rendezvous with sleep. I'll see you safely in, then it's me like a bee for my downy."

As I sped homeward, did my conscience prick me for the delicate piece of embroidery I'd handed to Sibyl for the truth? Alas, no! Far from sad at the thought that my moral fabric was so completely shot to pieces, my spirit soared like a bird.

"Have courage, Polichinelle," I said. "You'll get to bed yet."

And I did. But it seemed as if I hadn't been there ten minutes when I awoke suddenly to find the sun pouring into my bedroom and Weed bending over me with a solemn face.

"Jumping Jerusalem!" I said. "What's the matter now? Pull down those window shades this instant!"

"I'm sorry, sir," said Weed, "but this time it's really important."

"It had better be," I said. "Do you realize they shoot men in Idaho for less than this?"

"It's Mr. Phipps, sir."

"Naturally," I said. "Well, what is it this time?"

"He's married, sir."

"What?" I gasped. "You're crazy, Weed! Let me get this straight. You say Mr. Phipps is married?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where? When?"

"In Jersey City, sir—or so I believe. At least that's where he telephoned from."

"But there must be some mistake. Are you sure you got it right?"

"Oh, yes, sir! Jersey City—married—I heard the two words quite distinctly. 'This is Mr. Phipps,' he said, and he called me Weed. I'm afraid there's no doubt about it, sir."

"Well, who would have believed it?" I said. "Hamstrung and hog-tied! Why, the poor old thing!"

And, indeed, I was appalled at the catastrophe that had overtaken my little playmate. No more shooting the rapids for Phippsy; from now on he'd have to swim upstream.

And I was the Benedict Arnold who had deserted him in his hour of need, and all for a few handfuls of sleep!

Sleep! Men have fought for it. Heroes have died for it. Splendid cities and women have been lost on account of it. Yes, sleep is the great betrayer, even if one doesn't snore.

"It's too bad, Weed," I said. "He was a bright lad, and full of promise."

"It's Parker I'm thinking of, sir. Brides are new brooms and they sweep clean. If you ask me, Parker's job is as good as gone."

"Very likely," I said. "All this has been a distinct shock to me, Weed. I think I'll only have one egg for breakfast."

"Very good, sir. And Mr. Phipps asked if you'd please telephone Mrs. Hawthorne. He said he hadn't time, and he feared she might be worried about her niece."

I'd forgotten all about Sibyl. How she would cheer when she heard the news! Less than three days in town and her niece off her hands—and on Phippsy's. She'd brought her little pig to the right market after all.

Naturally, Sibyl nearly fell through the phone when I told her the news.

"But, Bill, this is too wonderful!"

"Depends on how you look at it," I said.

"But I didn't even know she was out. I thought of course she'd come home long ago and was still asleep. Do come over. I'm dying to hear all about it."

"So am I," I said. "So far, you know every bit as much about it as I do. But since you're the one who's really swallowed the canary, I'd come if only to see your smile. I'll be over just as soon as I've finished breakfast."

As I dallied with the egg and the morning Mocha it occurred to me that a little promenade with Peggy might not do Phippsy any great harm, after all. There would be other springs. And sometime, somewhere, while the dogwood was panting in the hills and lilacs were swooning in the garden, Phippsy would emerge from the matrimonial meadows with the little old check book badly bent, but the alimony all paid for.

And I would arise, star-scattered, from the grass, and run to meet him. In fact we'd have a party. N. P.

Yes, I'd been quite wrong in thinking of poor old Phippsy as buried for all time. Not dead but sleeping—that was the situation in a nutshell. It was in this fairly optimistic mood that I met Sibyl.

"Good morning," I said. "I trust you rested well."

"Of course I did," said Sibyl. "And then to have this happen! Bill, it's too wonderful!"

"Ah, there it is!" I said.

"What?" demanded Sibyl.

"The smile for which I walked a mile. Are you really as happy as you look?"

"Happier," said Sibyl. "But why do you suppose they went to Jersey City to get married?"

"Maybe they didn't," I said. "Maybe they went there on their honeymoon."

"As if they would!" said Sibyl. "No; my theory is that they went there because it's easier to get married there on a Sunday. Today is Sunday, you know."

"That's true," I said. "But even so, I'm sure you want to celebrate. How would it be if I asked Parker to make me a gin fizz?"

"You're acting like a perfect pig," said Sibyl. "Just because you're miserable is no reason why I shouldn't have my little hour. You can't imagine how heavenly it's going to be at home, with no niece to poison the atmosphere—only Jim."

"But I'm not miserable," I said; "quite the contrary."

"I thought you couldn't stand Peggy."

"I can't," I said. "But that's not my job; it's Phippsy's. On the whole, perhaps we'd better have a gin fizz."

I rose to ring for Parker. But I didn't, for at that very moment in walked Phippsy, still in his dinner jacket, but looking as fresh as a daisy in spite of the fact that he'd been up all night.

"Did you get my message?" he demanded.

"We most certainly did," I said.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I think it's too splendid for words," said Sibyl. "Where's Peggy?"

"Oh, she's at the hotel. She sent you all kinds of messages, and asked if you'd please send over her clothes."

"But why Jersey City?" I demanded.

"Oh, that was Pop's idea. You see, we were up against it here to get a license. But over there it's different. Pop owns New Jersey."

"Well, I think it's too wonderful," said Sibyl. "And the best of it is, I won't lose you, Phippsy; I'll keep you in the family."

"Of course you will," said Phippsy. "I'll always worship you, Sibyl, in a nice brotherly way. But how about those clothes for Peggy? It's important."

"Nonsense!" said Sibyl. "I understand exactly how you felt about it, but there was no need of going to a hotel. I'll pack up and get out and she can come straight here."

"Here?" said Phippsy. "Why on earth should she come here?"

"And why not?" I demanded. "If you're not going to let her in the front door, why in heaven's name did you marry her?"

"Marry her?" cried Phippsy. "It wasn't I who married her; it was Pop Pomeroy."

So, without warning, the dynamite was hurled into our midst.

It was some time before the wreckage was cleared away. Sibyl was not only highly indignant with us both but on the point of tears.

"Bill said it was you," she moaned, "and I believed him."

"Bill should have known better," said Phippsy.

"I only repeated what Weed told me," I said. "You certainly didn't say anything to Weed about Pop."

"You can better believe I didn't! It was my job to be cagy over the phone; otherwise some newspaper might have got hold of it, and Pop's particularly anxious to keep it a secret for a week or two. He has a big deal on."

"At that," I said, "Miss Peggy Snow hasn't done so badly. Pop takes a lot of knowing; but *au fond*, as the French say, he's a very decent sort."

"I think he's perfectly dreadful," said Sibyl. "And he'll be my nephew—and Jim's."

"Well, you can't have everything," said Phippsy. "And nobody can say Pop isn't a good provider. Why, he's paying more alimony this minute than any man living! Besides, he's crazy about Peggy. And Peggy must be crazy about him or she wouldn't have married the old rooster. Buck up, Sibyl."

"I don't see how I'll ever have the courage to tell Jim," said Sibyl. "But no doubt we'll both get used to it in time. As soon as it's properly announced, I suppose I'll have to give them a party. Will you both come?"

"We can't," said Phippsy. "Bill and I are going to Santa Barbara."

"We are not," I said, and I meant it.

But when it's your pal, and he really needs you, and stakes you to a drawing-room, what would be the final decision of any generous, high-minded chap? I ask you.

Star Lake and Index Peak on the Grasshopper Glacier Trail, Beartooth National Park

ANNUAL Roll Call

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Abbotts Alderney Dairies, Inc	0	1	7	14	30	44	52	56
Abraham & Straus	0	0	0	17	45	47	57	65
Acme Cash Stores	0	1	3	10	12	12	17	18
J. N. Adam & Company	0	8	8	17	28	32	32	38
Advance Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	14
City of Akron, Ohio	0	1	4	11	15	16	25	25
Akron Pure Milk Company	0	2	6	13	13	10	13	13
Alabama Coca-Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	0	3	7	13	13	14
All Russia Zenuky Union	0	0	10	10	10	10	10	10
Al's Bake Shop	0	0	0	0	10	26	16	26
B. Altman & Company	0	8	93	93	94	94	95	85
American Agric'l Chem. Co.	0	1	5	17	38	40	38	26
American Bakery Company	0	0	0	0	10	12	12	15
American Can Company	0	7	33	70	88	90	107	82
American Chain Company	0	0	1	2	2	2	10	12
American Fruit Growers	0	0	0	0	11	11	11	11
American Gas and Elec. Co.	0	0	0	0	6	6	8	23
American Ice Company	0	0	1	7	15	17	18	22
American News Company	0	0	2	6	15	18	18	28
American Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	26	29	29	29	29
American Power and Lt. Co.	0	0	1	9	15	26	33	35
American Public Serv. Co.	0	0	0	1	7	7	7	11
American Railway Express	0	14	88	121	186	274	433	457
American Red Cross Society	0	0	0	123	123	123	79	31
American Reduction Co	0	1	1	4	7	7	10	11
American Steel and Wire Co	0	1	4	14	19	19	28	32
American Stores Company	0	9	15	81	89	89	107	121
American Woolen Company	0	0	1	1	2	2	23	23
A. L. Ammen Transp. Co.	0	7	11	32	32	32	32	48
Anchor Cartage Company	0	0	2	12	15	15	13	13
Anderson Brothers	0	0	0	0	3	10	14	14
Anglo-Mexican Pet. Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	4	4	9	11	10
Anheuser-Busch, Inc.	0	0	17	20	28	17	14	16
State of Arizona	0	0	0	0	0	21	31	55
Arlington Mills	0	1	2	13	19	19	17	17
*Armour & Company	0	51	165	309	395	364	430	405
J. H. Ashdown Hdwe. Co., Ltd.	0	0	1	5	5	6	10	10
Assoc. Bell Telephone Cos.	0	30	311	517	806	993	1123	1183
*Associated Dry Goods Corp.	0	13	37	126	128	129	132	128
City of Atlanta	0	8	11	15	29	42	44	42
Atlanta Baggage and Cab Co.	0	0	0	10	18	23	27	22
Atlanta Chero-Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	0	10	10	13	11	10
Atlanta Coca-Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	13	19	20

	1910	'13	'16	'19	'21	'22	Jan. 1 '23	Jan. 1 1925
Atlantic Ice and Coal Corp.	0	15	20	38	52	68	78	56
Atlantic Refining Company	1	31	184	345	440	462	507	546
Atlas Powder Company	0	0	0	12	16	23	27	19
Austin Nichols & Company	0	0	0	0	23	31	36	44
Bacon Coal Company	0	0	0	4	4	4	6	10
The Bailey Company	0	6	16	25	34	37	39	34
City of Baltimore	0	7	29	34	38	39	44	51
L. Bamberger & Company	0	0	0	4	13	23	37	44
Bang Supply Company	0	0	0	0	3	9	12	16
Banner Grocers' Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	6	8	10	12
N. Bantivoglio & Sons	0	0	0	1	1	1	5	10
Barker Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	13	16	18	16	18
*Barnsdall Corporation	0	0	0	2	8	18	22	24
The Barrett Company	0	0	11	21	22	24	21	24
W. J. Barry	0	1	3	7	9	11	13	10
Beaver Valley Service Co.	0	0	0	0	3	3	10	16
Beechnut Packing Company	0	0	0	6	8	12	12	13
Bekins Van and Storage Co.	0	0	2	6	6	6	9	19
Belgrano Autobus S. A.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Benguet Auto Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Bernheimer-Leader Stores	0	3	3	10	10	10	16	14
Bessemer Taxi Company	0	0	0	0	1	8	9	14
Best & Company	0	0	0	25	27	27	22	27
B. & F. Trucking	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
William Bingham Company	0	0	16	23	22	22	22	24
Bingham Stage Line	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	11
City of Birmingham	0	0	0	2	4	21	24	26
Birm'gh'm Chero-Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	0	27	32	32	28	33
Block & Kuhl Company	0	0	3	14	16	17	17	16
Bloomingdale Brothers	0	0	0	8	27	32	34	41
Blue Ridge Transp. Co.	0	0	2	11	15	16	20	26
Bogga & Buhl Inc.	0	18	24	32	29	29	32	30
The H. C. Bohack Company	0	0	0	1	3	11	16	16
The Borden Company	0	0	0	1	6	19	31	35
City of Boston	0	12	18	22	32	34	33	33
Boston Coca-Cola Bot. Co.	0	0	0	2	10	10	14	14
Boston Elevated Railway Co.	0	0	0	1	36	41	67	85
Boulevard Transportation Co.	0	0	0	2	5	11	17	20
Bourne-Fuller Company	0	2	6	8	10	12	17	14
George H. Bowman Co.	0	0	4	6	6	6	10	10
*Bowman Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	8	11	11	22
Bradford Baking Company	0	9	26	29	31	32	35	47
Brandles Stores	0	0	0	0	3	3	3	10

	1910	'13	'16	'19	'21	'22	Jan. 1 '23	Jan. 1 1925
The Brandt Company	0	0	1	25	41	41	41	41
J. W. Brannon Sand & Gr. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	10
Braun Lumber Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	10
John Breuner Company	0	0	0	5	7	8	10	12
Bridgeman & Russell Co.	0	0	0	1	1	5	10	17
Broadway Department Store	0	0	0	0	0	23	28	31
Brockton Transportation Co.	0	0	0	16	21	21	18	11
Bronx Provision Corp. of N. Y.	0	0	0	0	3	4	8	10
Brooklyn Daily Eagle	0	0	0	11	14	18	20	21
Brooks Oil Company	0	0	0	6	7	11	12	12
Bry-Block Mercantile Co.	0	0	0	10	12	12	11	14
Buckeye Pipe Line Co.	0	0	0	0	12	18	23	29
Bullock's	0	4	8	9	10	17	22	23
P. H. Butler Company	0	1	6	12	17	25	38	48
Cable Draper Baking Co.	0	0	0	10	10	10	10	10
Caddo Parish, Louisiana	0	0	0	13	13	13	13	13
State of California	0	0	0	4	4	21	52	87
California Baking Company	0	0	0	21	26	23	18	21
California Packing Corp.	0	0	0	11	13	15	16	20
California Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	2	7	13	18	18
California Transit Co.	0	0	0	0	25	42	49	48
California Truck Company	0	0	0	3	8	17	17	21
L. H. Callan	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	10
J. Calvert's Sons	0	0	0	6	10	10	11	11
William Cameron Co., Inc.	0	0	0	1	8	10	10	11
R. O. Campbell Coal Co	0	0	0	0	0	2	8	12
The Campbell System	0	0	0	2	17	26	19	33
Canfield Oil Company	0	0	0	10	15	19	22	24
Canton Provision Company	0	0	3	6	11	11	15	17
Canton Storage and Tr. Co.	0	0	1	11	11	15	15	15
Capitol Garage Company	0	0	0	4	7	8	9	10
Carbon Coal Company	0	0	2	8	13	10	11	13
R. E. Carey Company	0	0	0	0	0	12	12	12
Carolina Power and Lt. Co.	0	0	0	2	7	8	8	11
Carolina Public Service Co.	0	0	0	:	11	11	11	13
J. B. Carr Biscuit Co.	0	1	3	7	12	12	12	12
Carstens Packing Co.	0	0	0	7	9	10	10	10
Carter Oil Company	0	1	1	:	18	18	34	22
Casper Motor Bus Line	0	0	0	0	0	3	9	11
Central Maine Power Co.	0	0	0	1	3	9	10	12
Central Torpedo Company	0	0	0	6	9	11	12	12
Chandler & Rudd Company	0	5	6	7	10	11	11	11
*Chapin-Sacks Corporation	0	0	0	28	68	62	50	62

(Continued on two succeeding pages)

WHITE TRUCKS

Roll Call of White Trucks

	1910	'13	'16	'19	'21	'22	Jan. 1 '23	Jan. 1 1925
County of Fulton, Ga.	0	0	2	3	11	14	15	11
Frank Gaffney	0	0	0	0	1	3	6	15
Galena Signal Oil Company	0	0	0	0	4	6	13	17
A. W. Gamage, Ltd.	0	0	14	14	14	14	14	14
Garfield-Passaic Transit Co	0	0	0	0	4	6	13	15
Gate City Dairy & Ice Cr. Co	0	0	0	0	0	5	11	10
General Baking Company	0	1	1	43	81	114	158	229
*General Electric Company	0	0	0	9	15	15	15	22
General Fire Extinguisher Co	0	2	2	4	9	9	9	11
General Gas and Elec. Corp.	0	0	0	1	2	4	11	28
General Petroleum Corp.	0	1	4	34	42	51	78	94
Georgia Railway & Power Co	0	3	18	24	34	42	51	62
State of Georgia	0	0	0	0	0	0	75	75
Gerkins Oil Company	0	0	0	3	4	7	10	13
Gimbel Bros., Inc. (Milwauk.)	0	2	6	13	15	13	14	15
Gimbel Bros., Inc. (N. Y.)	0	46	62	71	83	88	78	94
Gimbel Bros., Inc. (Phila.)	0	0	0	13	28	44	63	79
Glacier Park Transp. Co.	0	0	22	24	30	30	30	52
Globe Grain and Milling Co.	0	2	3	16	18	20	22	23
Gloucester Auto Bus Co.	0	0	0	0	19	22	23	24
City of Gloucester	1	1	1	5	13	14	15	16
Adolf Gobel, Inc.	0	0	0	35	43	43	40	41
Goeringer Construction Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	12
Goff-Kirby Company	0	0	3	8	8	11	18	18
Goldenrod Ice Cream Co.	0	0	1	6	19	20	17	19
Golden Sheaf-Remar Bak. Co.	0	0	0	13	18	20	20	20
Golden State Auto Trs. Corp.	0	0	0	1	6	6	10	12
Golden State Milk Products	0	0	0	11	14	14	14	14
J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.	0	4	7	12	13	14	14	12
B. F. Goodrich Company	4	11	19	28	28	28	24	12
Goodyear Tire & Rub. Co.	0	0	3	22	24	25	22	22
Grasselli Chemical Co.	1	1	2	6	12	13	18	21
Gray Construction Company	0	0	3	12	13	13	22	25
Grays Harbor Ry. Lt. & Pr. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
The Great Atl. & Pac. Tea Co.	0	1	2	2	8	13	13	14
Great Northern Paper Co.	0	1	13	19	22	25	27	27
Great Southern Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	11	11
Greenfield Elec. Lt. & Pr. Co.	0	9	13	14	16	19	19	19
Greensboro Gas Co.	0	0	0	0	4	5	8	10
Greif Bros. Cooperage Co.	0	0	0	0	14	17	22	42
Gridley Dairy Company	0	0	0	0	6	6	13	16
S. J. Groves & Sons Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
Gulf Production Co.	0	0	0	8	24	25	33	45
*Gulf Refining Company	0	39	463	755	1177	1254	1441	1738
Gypsy Oil Company	0	0	0	5	15	21	28	50
*Hadley Furn. and Carpet Co	0	0	8	11	21	21	22	16
Hale Brothers	0	0	0	6	10	10	10	10
Halle Brothers Company	0	0	12	15	17	18	20	21
Hammond Lumber Co.	0	0	0	0	1	5	12	12
W. T. Hardison & Co.	0	1	2	5	7	8	9	11
Hardware and Supply Co.	0	0	3	10	10	10	10	10
Joseph Hart	0	0	0	0	0	10	19	19
A. D. Hartsell	0	0	0	5	11	16	22	19
Fred Harvey	0	0	0	15	17	17	21	34
C. F. Hathaway & Son	0	0	0	0	0	3	7	10
Hauser Packing Company	0	0	1	9	9	17	17	17
Haverty Furniture Company	0	0	7	18	20	24	22	24
Hawaii County, T. H.	0	9	10	17	16	16	16	19
Hawaiian Pineapple Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	7	9	9	11	21
Hecht Bros. & Co.	0	0	2	6	11	25	31	32
H. J. Heinz Company	0	0	16	35	52	68	96	83
Heisler & Junge Company	0	0	4	9	23	20	20	20
Hercules Powder Company	0	0	0	7	10	14	16	17
Peter Herkner Trucking Co.	0	0	0	0	3	5	9	12
Hershey Creamery Co.	0	0	0	2	11	16	14	10
Hess Brothers	0	0	0	7	7	11	11	11
Heywood-Wakefield Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	13	11
Hialeah-Allattah Bus Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
The Higbee Company	2	6	10	16	16	16	20	21
Hildebrandt Provision Co.	0	0	0	0	10	12	14	14
H. G. Hill Grocery Company	0	0	0	4	10	17	17	19
Hitchner Biscuit Company	0	0	0	7	10	10	10	10
Hochschild, Kohn & Co.	0	5	10	15	15	20	25	26
H. B. Hole	0	0	0	0	11	14	14	17
Holland Bread Company	0	0	0	6	26	30	53	58
Hollywood L. & W. Co. (Fla.)	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	24
Hong Kong Hotel Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	7	10	10	11
Honolulu Constr. & Dray Co.	0	0	0	3	5	7	12	14
H. P. Hood & Son	0	0	0	0	5	9	19	19
Hope Natural Gas Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	14
Joseph Horne Company	5	24	42	41	41	41	50	49
Houston Light'g & Power Co.	0	0	0	0	2	6	7	11
Huasteca Petroleum Co.	0	0	0	0	0	10	24	27
J. L. Hudson Company	0	0	17	31	48	49	58	58
Hudson's Bay Company	0	9	9	17	18	25	25	23
Hughes-Curry Packing Co.	0	0	0	0	8	8	9	11
H. B. Hughes Truck Co.	0	0	0	0	1	2	16	12
Humble Oil and Refin'g Co.	0	0	0	52	86	89	92	53
State of Idaho	0	0	0	0	20	20	39	20
State of Illinois	0	0	0	0	0	0	75	56
Imperial Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	17	24	24	25
Imperial Oil, Ltd.	0	1	12	58	82	88	93	93
Indep. Brew. Co. of Pittsburgh	1	5	28	46	44	48	38	32
Independent Torpedo Co.	0	0	0	16	24	23	23	18
Independent Towel Sup. Co.	0	0	0	0	10	24	28	28
Indian Automobile Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	4	12	12	12
Indian Refining Company	0	0	0	0	2	4	8	11
Indian Ter. Illum. Oil Co.	0	0	0	3	10	10	10	12
State of Indiana	0	0	0	0	0	16	28	28
City of Indianapolis	0	1	2	8	10	10	10	11
International Petrol'm Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	3	3
International Petrol. Co., Ltd.	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	25
Interstate Public Service Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Interstate Wholesale Grocers	0	0	0	7	23	23	25	27
Interurban Transport'n Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10
Iowa State Highway Com.	0	0	0	0	0	0	29	32
Iron City Sand Company	0	0	0	0	20	20	21	22
Iron Range Transp. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	13
County of Jackson, Mo.	0	0	0	5	8	13	14	14
Juhncke Service Company	0	0	0	9	15	13	13	18
Jefferson County (Ala.)	0	0	2	3	3	6	33	42
Jefferson Highway Trans. Co.	0	0	0	0	6	16	23	22
Jessup & Antrim Ice Cr. Co.	0	0	0	5	8	9	11	11
Jones Store Company	0	5	14	19	21	21	23	25
Julian Petroleum Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	8	17	22

	1910	'13	'16	19	'21	'22	Jan. 1 '23	Jan. 1 1925
Jump Housewrecking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	10	13	14
S. Kann Son's Company	0	0	0	2	14	14	15	15
Kansas City Pr. and Lt. Co.	0	0	0	1	3	11	11	11
Kansas Gas and Elec. Co.	0	0	0	2	6	18	18	26
State of Kansas	0	0	0	1	1	1	101	101
Kaufmann & Baer Company	0	1	51	60	50	47	51	47
Herman Kelser	0	0	0	1	2	5	11	11
Kennicott-Patterson Tr. Co.	0	0	0	10	10	10	11	11
C. D. Kenny Company	0	0	12	56	58	55	61	67
J. Kenny Transfer Company	0	0	0	3	16	19	19	15
State of Kentucky	0	0	0	0	0	0	13	39
George Kern	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
King County (Washington)	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
Kingan & Company	0	0	4	13	31	42	55	54
The Knickerbocker Stor. Co.	0	0	2	9	12	12	12	11
B. B. & R. Knight, Inc.	0	0	1	8	11	12	12	11
E. H. Koester Bakery Co.	0	0	0	0	1	8	19	21
Laclede Gas Light Company	0	0	2	2	2	6	11	11
County of Lake (Indiana)	0	0	0	8	8	8	10	11
Lansburg & Brother	0	0	3	5	10	15	15	15
LaSalle & Koch Company	0	0	4	10	10	10	13	12
J. Laub Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	4	12	17	33
Laundry Trucking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
C. Lewis Lavine	0	0	0	0	3	6	18	19
A. Leath & Company	0	0	0	1	10	13	12	11
J. William Lee & Son	0	0	13	13	13	13	13	13
Lewis-Chitty Company	0	0	0	7	8	8	8	10
Fred T. Ley & Company	0	0	4	13	17	17	20	20
Leyte Land Transportation Co.	0	6	14	14	30	30	30	30
Liberty Baking Company	0	0	0	15	23	24	27	28
Lilly White Gasoline Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	10	20
Lincoln Fireproof Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	1	5	6	11
Lit Brothers, Inc.	0	0	0	17	28	46	50	56
Livingston Baking Company	0	0	0	0	3	10	11	13
Frederick Loeser & Co.	0	0	0	0	2	14	14	21
Loft, Inc.	0	0	0	0	7	10	11	17
Log Cabin Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	5
Long-Bell Lumber Co.	0	0	0	0	1	13	28	28
Long's Transfer Company	0	0	1	2	3	12	13	17
J. P. Loomis Coal & Sup. Co.	0	0	0	5	17	17	18	19
Loose-Wiles Biscuit Co.	0	0	2	21	51	69	77	81
Los Angeles Brewing Co.	0	7	15	18	19	24	32	34
Los Angeles Creamery Co.	0	0	0	3	3	3	24	49
Los Angeles Gas & Elec. Corp.	0	0	0	3	10	19	22	22
Los Angeles Ice and C. S. Co.	0	0	5	11	14	22	25	30
Los Angeles Railway Corp.	0	0	0	0	7	8	16	17
City of Los Angeles	0	0	0	1	3	12	19	19
County of Los Angeles	0	0	0	1	5	11	11	16
State of Louisiana	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	14
City of Lowell (Mass.)	0	0	0	0	1	5	6	6
Louisville Railway Company	0	0	0	0	0	1	16	16
Arthur Lurie	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	15
Lutter Brick Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
R. H. Macy & Company	0	0	15	15	26	23	23	21
Magnolia Petroleum Co.	0	4	4	8	19	30	67	97
Mandel Brothers	0	15	17	17	17	28	37	45
Manhattan Oil Company	0	0	0	0	3	4	5	13
City of Manila, P. I.	0	3	7	14	14	16	16	15
Marland Refining Company	0	0	0	0	1	11	39	40
A. C. Marshall Company	0	0	1	10	13	13	12	12
Maryland State Roads Com.	0	0	1	7	7	7	34	10
State of Massachusetts	0	4	11	11	14	14	52	60
Massachusetts Baking Co.	0	0	0	7	41	46	69	85
Material Cartage Company	0	0	0	0	2	12	18	18
May, Stern & Company	0	1	5	9	10	10	14	12
The May Co. (Cleveland)	0	4	26	40	41	48	53	57
The May Co. (Los Angeles)	0	0	0	11	20	22	30	30
McCreery & Company	6	8	15	19	20	17	21	21
Estate of Alexander McCarr	0	0	0	1	5	14	14	13
McGowan Brothers Company	0	0	1	5	9	12	12	14
G. M. McKelvey Company	0	1	18	17	20	20	21	22
The C. L. McLain Company	0	1	2	6	9	9	9	10
McMahon Transportation Co.	0	1	6	9	16	17	20	20
McQuesten & Lewis	0	0	0	0	3	5	10	11
L. G. Meed	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	11
Wm. J. Meehan & Brother	0	0	0	0	0	2	6	10
Memphis Power and Lt. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
The Mengel Company	0	1	2	8	11	11	11	11
*Mercantile Stores Co.	0	4	5	13	21	31	25	39
Merchants' Transfer Co.	0	0	0	4	11	26	23	20
George E. Merrick	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	31
Mesaba Transportation Co.	0	0	15	23	30	24	19	19
Metropolitan Coal Company	0	0	0	10	16	18	18	20
Metropolitan Distrib'rs, Inc.	0	0	0	8	9	10	24	28
Metropolitan Gas & Elec. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	11	12	12
Metropolitan News Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	15
Metropolitan Tobacco Co.	0	0	0	1	6	9	12	10
Mexican Gulf Oil Company	0	0	0	1	0	2	2	25
Louis Meyer Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	22
Mexican Pet. Co., Ltd., of Del.	0	0	0	4	6	6	7	24
State of Michigan	0	0	0	0	0	0	35	35
Middlesex & Boston St. R. R.	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	13
*Middle West Utilities Corp.	0	0	0	2	10	10	18	22
Mid-Kansas Oil and Gas Co.	0	0	0	11	12	12	16	10
Midwest Refining Company	0	0	0	12	28	32	24	26
Milk Dealers Bottle Exchange	0	0	0	1	2	2	2	11
J. E. Miller	0	0	0	4	5	11	20	23
Olga Miller Trucking Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	12	20
Miller-Becker Company	0	0	0	6	9	10	10	12
Miller & Coatesworth	0	0	0	1	4	4	5	10
P. Milliron	0	0	2	6	7	7	11	12
Milwaukee Elec. Ry. & Lt. Co.	0	0	0	2	8	51	67	69
State of Minnesota	0	0	0	0	0	0	20	48
State of Missouri	0	0	0	1	1	1	43	51
Missouri Portland Cem't Co.	0	0	0	0	3	3	4	7
State of Montana	0	0	0	4	16	16	37	26
Montgomery County (Ala.)	0	0	0	6	6	12	12	16
Henry Morgan & Co., Ltd.	0	0	1	6	11	11	14	14
K. E. & A. K. Morgan	0	0	6	13	32	37	43	38
Motor Transit Company	0	4	14	55	81	81	94	128
The Moxie Company	0	5	5	9	11	10	10	10
C. F. Mueller Company	0	2	2	4	7	8	10	10
Murphy Transfer Co., Inc.	0	0	0	2	5	9	22	25
A. I. Namm & Son	0	1	4	30	45	53	57	68
City of Nashville	1	4	4	9	16	15	15	16

WHITE

Fleets of Ten or More

	1910	'13	'16	'19	'21	'22	'23	Jan. 1 1925
National Bedding Company	0	0	0	0	5	7	10	10
National Biscuit Company	0	0	0	0	1	15	84	143
National Breweries, Ltd	0	0	0	0	0	1	4	11
National Casket Company	0	10	19	26	28	29	30	29
National Ice & Cold Stge. Co.	0	5	5	9	10	16	18	19
National Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	3	4	10	10
National Lamp Works (G.E.)	0	0	0	1	8	8	10	10
National Refining Company	0	1	1	25	68	80	82	84
Neal Fireproof Storage Co.	0	0	0	0	3	3	12	12
N O Nelson Mfg. Co.	0	1	1	1	3	5	6	11
State of Nevada	0	0	0	1	9	9	19	19
City of Newark	1	3	3	11	13	13	13	13
Province of New Brunswick	0	0	20	19	20	20	19	19
State of New Hampshire	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	18
W. J. Newman Company	0	0	0	3	6	6	14	15
Newman Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	1	11	10
M. A. Newmark Company	0	0	0	10	12	12	15	15
New National Oil Company	0	0	0	0	19	23	23	18
New Orleans Public Service	0	0	0	8	22	34	47	53
City of New Orleans	0	0	0	7	51	64	67	67
City of New York	0	11	13	13	282	375	593	711
State of New York	0	0	3	36	36	36	38	11
New York Amer. and Journal	0	0	0	0	0	36	41	41
N. Y. Bd. of Fire Underwriters	0	6	20	20	21	21	21	21
*New York Central R. R. Co	0	1	5	8	11	17	17	20
New York Linen S. and L. Co.	0	0	0	4	5	6	12	28
New York State Railways	0	1	5	9	12	12	14	23
City of Niagara Falls	0	0	0	0	1	1	9	10
Noonan Bldg. Mat'l Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	0	0	11	12
Norfolk Ice Delivery Corp.	0	0	0	0	5	5	8	10
Norfolk Motor Bus Corp.	0	0	0	1	4	15	12	12
Norsk Trafik A/S.	0	0	0	2	10	10	10	10
*North American Company	0	0	0	0	1	3	12	16
State of North Carolina	0	0	0	0	0	0	86	77
No. Shore Food Products Co.	0	0	0	0	1	3	5	10
*No. Ohio Trac. and Lt. Co.	0	0	0	4	10	18	24	46	84
Northern States Power Co	0	0	0	2	8	13	14	23
Northern Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	28
Northland Trans. Company	0	0	0	1	3	7	12	12
Province of Nova Scotia	0	0	0	11	26	26	26	26
Rogello C. Novo	0	0	0	0	1	1	6	10
Nu-Grape Bottling Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	11	23
State of Ohio	0	2	3	4	4	4	47	57
Ohio Oil Company	0	0	0	22	23	32	32	31
Oil Fields Transport Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	5	10
State of Oklahoma	0	0	0	0	0	0	15	10
Oklahoma Gas and Elec. Co.	0	0	0	2	6	14	14	13
Oklahoma Pipe Line Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	8	14
Oliver Iron Mining Co.	0	0	1	6	9	10	11	12
M. O'Neil Company	0	0	3	14	14	14	10	13
Hugh M. O'Neill	0	0	0	0	4	8	19	19
Onondaga County (New York	0	0	5	16	14	15	21	18
Oppenheim, Collins & Co.	0	0	27	38	40	40	47	45
State of Oregon	0	0	0	0	20	20	30	40
Original Stage Line	0	0	0	1	3	8	12	12
The Outlet Company	0	0	0	3	10	13	15	15
Ovington Brothers Co.	0	0	0	0	6	10	11	13
Ozark Pipe Line Company	0	0	0	0	8	12	14	20
Pacific Baking Company	0	0	1	15	20	20	28	34
Pacific Electric Railway Co.	0	0	0	1	1	1	80	80
Pacific Fruit & Produce Co.	0	2	7	7	8	11	22	22
Pacific Gas and Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	18	26	35	36
Pacific Mills	0	4	12	19	22	28	25	25
Pacific Oil Company	0	0	0	1	14	16	17	16
Palala Royal	0	1	3	3	13	14	14	17
Pan American Petrol Co.	0	0	0	0	3	3	12	20
*Pan American Pet. & Tr. Co.	0	0	0	4	11	13	13	58
Park Auto Transport'n Co.	0	0	0	0	0	18	18	12
Park & Tilford	0	0	3	3	3	3	13	13
Parker Brothers, Ltd.	0	0	0	5	9	16	15	22
Frank Parmalee Company	0	9	28	28	18	18	19	20
Paterson Brew. & Malt'g Co.	0	0	1	2	4	10	10	10
Pechter Baking Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Peninsula Rapid Transit Co.	0	0	8	28	28	28	28	28
State of Pennsylvania	0	0	5	16	19	19	32	21
Pennsylvania-Edison Co.	0	0	0	0	0	10	24	12
Pennsylvania Electric Corp.	0	0	0	3	5	5	7	13
*Pennsylvania-Ohio Elec. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	12	26	38
Peoples Gas Lt. & Coke Co.	0	0	2	2	3	4	5	14
Perrett & Glenney	0	0	3	9	12	12	13	13
D Peters	0	1	1	4	6	11	14	14
Petroleum Heat and Pr. Co.	0	0	0	11	11	12	12	13
Philadelphia Electric Co.	0	0	13	20	22	22	23	16
City of Philadelphia	0	3	4	5	10	10	11	11
Philippine Government	0	13	29	44	53	53	53	53
Phenix Cheese Company	0	0	0	0	5	7	14	14
Phoenix Utility Company	0	0	0	1	5	16	31	25
Pickwick Stages	0	0	0	0	3	3	11	12
M. H. Pickering Company	0	0	0	0	5	7	8	10
Pierce Petroleum Corp.	0	0	1	69	178	191	187	225
Piggly Wiggly Stores	0	0	0	2	25	42	36	45
Pike's Peak Auto H'way Co.	0	0	14	14	14	14	16	17
Pilsener Brewing Company	0	1	5	11	13	15	15	15
Pioneer Truck Company	0	0	0	3	5	11	14	15
Pittsburgh Gage and Sup. Co.	0	0	4	12	14	14	14	14
Pittsburgh Mercantile Co.	0	0	1	2	10	10	13	13
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.	0	0	0	0	3	12	19	27
H & S Pogue Company	0	0	2	12	13	13	15	19
Portland Sebago Ice Co.	0	0	5	11	12	12	13	14
Postal Telegraph Cable Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	10	10
Powers Mercantile Co.	0	0	7	13	11	11	13	12
Prairie Oil and Gas Co.	0	0	0	54	57	75	64	33
Prairie Pipe Line Co.	0	0	0	3	60	65	67	71
City of Providence	0	0	6	6	10	10	10	10
Providence Journal Co.	0	0	0	4	8	8	10	10
Public Service Co. of Colorado	0	0	0	3	8	11	19	22
Public Service Corp. of N. J.	0	0	3	5	7	10	12	13
Public Service Electric Co.	0	0	7	15	23	68	68	86
Public Service Gas Company	0	0	0	0	7	14	17	26
Public Service Product'n Co	0	0	0	0	0	7	17	15
Public Service Transpt'n Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	28	81
Puget Sound Int'l Ry. & P. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	11
Puget Sound Pr. and Lt. Co.	0	1	4	9	13	15	18	27
*Pure Oil Company	0	0	3	10	25	28	50	28
*Purity Baking Company	0	1	1	3	14	16	25	35
Purtell Brothers	0	0	0	0	0	1	6	14
Puyallup-Tacoma Transit Co.	0	0	3	3	4	5	5	23
Quaker City Cab Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	100	151
Queens Bus Line Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	33
City of Quincy	0	0	3	6	11	11	10	10
Rainier National Park Co.	0	0	1	1	13	16	16	29
Range Bus Line	0	0	0	0	2	3	3	11
T. S. Reed Grocery Co.	0	1	1	5	10	10	10	10
Red Rock Company	1	3	5	7	11	13	15	12
Reed Oil Corporation	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
Reinhold Ice & Ice Cream Co.	0	0	0	0	4	5	11	15
Republic Struc. Iron Wks. Co.	0	0	0	6	13	13	13	13
Rhodes Wood Furniture Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	11
Frank G. Richards	0	0	0	8	23	23	23	23
Richfield Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	14	41
Richmond Rapid Transit Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	16	20
Ridgewood Pie Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Rieck-McJunkin Dairy Co.	0	0	2	24	53	58	79	79
City of Rio de Janeiro	0	0	0	0	3	3	10	10
Rio Grande Oil Company	0	0	0	0	3	10	33	20
River Auto Stage Line	0	0	0	0	2	3	5	18
Rochester Gas and Elec. Co.	0	0	0	0	12	35	46	49
Rocky Mountain Prks. Tr. Co.	0	2	21	56	95	103	98	95
L. W. Rogers Company	0	0	0	12	15	17	18	18
Rome Coca-Cola Bottl'g Co.	0	0	1	10	13	13	14	11
The Rosenbaum Company	1	11	39	37	37	37	50	48
B. Rosenberg Company	0	0	0	1	8	8	10	13
*Roxana Petroleum Corp.	0	0	0	0	37	49	288	289
*Royal Dutch Company	0	0	0	0	6	6	9	20
Fred Rusch	0	0	0	0	4	15	20	25
Geo. Rushton Baking Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	10	11
J. P. Ryan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Saginaw Transit Company	0	0	0	0	0	6	10	10
City of St Louis	0	0	9	16	16	17	13	15
St. Louis Bus Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	13
City of St. Paul	0	1	4	4	5	10	16	17
Saks & Company	0	0	10	10	18	22	33	40
Salt Lake Transportation Co.	0	0	0	15	23	23	24	25
San Diego Con. Gas-Elec. Corp.	0	0	0	3	6	13	20	20
Santo Domingo Pub. Wks Dpt.	0	0	0	1	15	15	15	31
San Francisco (City-County)	0	1	3	4	25	29	31	42
San Francisco Motor Dr. Co.	0	0	0	7	8	8	15	11
San Francisco Municipal Ry.	0	0	0	9	10	10	16	12
Sanger Brothers	0	7	7	13	13	13	10	10
Sanitary Grocery Company	0	0	0	0	1	4	5	10
San Joaquin Baking Co.	0	2	5	7	13	15	11	17
San Joaquin Lt. and Pr. Corp.	0	0	0	14	18	23	22	22
Santa Ana Commercial Co.	0	0	1	4	9	11	14	15
Santa Barbara (City-County)	0	0	3	6	7	8	8	10
S. R.-P. & S. Auto Stage Co.	0	0	0	0	4	7	7	13
Morris Schapiro, Interests	0	0	1	1	1	1	4	11
Schmidt & Ziegler, Ltd	0	0	0	8	8	8	9	10
Henry Schultz	0	0	0	0	0	0	14	11
Schulze Baking Company	1	15	23	35	61	59	60	56
Nathan Schweitzer Co., Inc.	0	0	0	0	9	11	11	11
George Scofield Company	0	4	5	10	11	14	15	15
Scott Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	18
S. & E. Motor Hire	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	17
City of Seattle	0	1	1	1	10	13	19	17
Seattle Transportation Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	14
Semon Ice Cream Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	10
Seven Baker Brothers	0	0	0	1	26	38	40	41
Shaeffer-Black Company	0	0	0	2	11	11	13	19
Shaffer Oil and Refin'g Co.	0	0	0	43	56	46	47	63
Sharpless-Hendler Ice Cr. Co.	0	0	0	4	10	11	12	20
Dennis Sheen Transfer Co.	0	0	0	7	9	11	14	22
Shell Oil Co. of California	0	0	0	10	47	76	178	176
Shepard Norwell Company	0	0	2	7	10	11	11	11
Sherman, Clay & Company	0	0	1	5	9	10	14	14
John Shillito Company	0	0	0	7	10	16	18	19
Shults Bread Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18
Sicloff Packing Company	0	0	0	0	10	10	13	15
Franklin Simon & Co.	0	3	14	18	19	23	20	27
Sinclair Consol. Oil Corp.	0	0	1	1	9	13	23	23
Skelley Oil Company	0	0	0	0	23	25	21	16
Lonie Slacum	0	0	0	0	2	5	8	10
W. & J. Sloane	13	15	21	28	31	31	35	37
Sonoma County, California	0	0	0	1	10	13	13	13
State of South Carolina	0	0	0	0	0	0	24	25
State of South Dakota	0	1	1	1	1	1	18	18
Southeastern Express Co	0	0	0	0	109	116	157	169
Southern Dray Company	0	0	0	0	3	6	6	10
Southern Oil Corporation	0	0	0	3	16	13	16	12
Southern Pacific Company	0	0	0	3	7	9	9	11
Southern Sierra Power Co.	0	0	0	3	6	7	11	11
Southern Utilities Company	0	0	1	1	4	9	13	12
W. P. Southworth Co.	1	7	9	9	9	14	14	15
Spear & Company	0	9	15	27	34	35	28	23
Sperry Flour Company	0	0	0	7	9	14	17	17
City of Springfield, Mass.	0	0	1	3	9	10	11	11
Studler Products Company	0	1	4	11	13	13	13	13
Otto Stahl, Inc.	0	0	0	13	17	20	21	22
Standard Brewing Co.	0	1	3	7	13	12	12	12
Standard Oil Co. of Brazil	0	0	0	0	9	9	10	13
Standard Oil Co. of California	1	6	67	188	243	251	252	256
Standard Oil Co. of Indiana	1	9	168	313	181	182	206	234
Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky	0	4	38	349	398	420	452	465
Standard Oil Co. of Louisiana	0	1	2	91	138	157	188	207
Standard Oil Co. of Nebraska	0	0	17	18	24	24	29	28
*Standard Oil Co. of N. J.	0	1	8	65	68	82	172	193
Standard Oil Co. of New York	2	35	230	520	649	727	799	842
Standard Oil Co. of Ohio	0	1	28	78	147	150	162	162
Standard Pipe Line Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	18
Standard Sanitary Mfg. Co.	0	3	4	15	29	33	46	46
State Construction Co.	0	0	0	0	0	6	14	14
C. P. Steinhelser Company	0	0	0	1	3	3	5	10
Sterchi Brothers	0	0	0	5	7	7	13	20
Sterling & Welch Company	2	7	11	16	18	19	20	20
Stern Brothers	0	18	21	25	40	42	43	48
John Sternecker	0	0	6	6	6	30	53	72
Steubenville Coal & M'g. Co.	0	2	2	5	5	5	10	11
Steub., E.L & B.V. Traction Co.	0	0	0	0	5	5	13	21
Stewart & Company	1	4	8	12	13	17	24	22
Stoll Oil Refining Company	0	0	0	2	10	10	14	15
*Stone & Webster Interests	0	1	8	31	33	40	58	72
Strawbridge & Clothier	0	2	9	15	23	33	34	34
String Fellow-Harman Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
Stroehmann Baking Co.	0	2	10	14	25	25	25	25
Stryker Transp. and Cont. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	2	11	12
Summerfield Company	0	0	5	5	10	10	13	14
Sun Oil Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	18	65
Superior White Co.	0	0	0	0	1	1	10	10
Tacoma Bottling Works	0	0	0	15	17	19	19	17
Taft-Kern School Dist. (Cal.)	0	0	1	3	12	14	15	15
Taylor Bros. & Paquet Co.	0	0	0	0	4	11	12	15
Wm. Taylor Son & Company	0	0	2	24	35	36	36	36
Teche Transfer Company	0	0	0	0	2	15	31	34
Telling-Belle Vernon Co.	0	4	11	42	69	75	84	97
State of Tennessee	0	0	0	0	1	1	1	11
Tennessee Elec. Power Co.	0	0	0	0	1	4	8	10
Terre Haute Brewing Co.	0	0	6	7	10	10	10	13
State of Texas	0	0	0	0	0	0	75	65
The Texas Company	0	0	11	64	142	172	182	188
Texas Power and Light Co.	0	0	0	0	0	1	11	13
Textile Machine Works	0	0	0	2	2	5	10	10
Theurer-Norton Provision Co.	0	0	1	8	12	14	15	16
Thomas, Bennett & Hunter	0	0	7	18	19	19	19	19
Tidal Oil Company	0	0	0	0	11	11	13	19
*Tide Water Oil Company	0	0	0	27	35	36	36	63
Tide Water Oil Sales Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	11
City of Tokyo, Japan	0	0	0	0	11	12	13	19
Tokyo Shigai Jidosha Co.	0	0	0	0	0	3	63	65
City of Toronto, Ont., Canada	0	1	3	4	4	4	4	11
Transcontinental Oil Co.	0	0	0	0	25	33	38	41
Tribune Pub. Co. (Oakland)	0	0	0	0	0	10	10	10
Trigg-Dobbs & Company	0	0	0	0	0	3	4	11
Twin City Motor Bus Co.	0	0	0	19	30	37	36	33
Union Auto Transport'n Co.	0	0	0	0	0	7	17	12
Union Electric Lt. and Pr. Co.	0	0	0	0	4	5	7	11
Union Gas and Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	27	32	35	40
Union Ice Company	0	0	0	1	1	9	17	26
Union Oil Co of California	0	1	43	251	534	621	712	759
Union Transfer Co. (Fremont)	0	0	0	3	6	10	11	12
Union Transfer Co. (Phila.)	0	0	1	12	12	12	12	13
Union Wholesale Lbr Co.	0	0	0	11	12	12	11	12
Uniontown Baking Company	0	0	0	0	6	6	10	10
United Drug Company	0	0	0	5	20	20	13	10
United Electric Light Co.	0	0	0	0	1	5	10	12
United Electric Railways Co.	0	0	0	0	0	11	16	34
*United Gas Imp. Co. Ints.	0	2	22	47	56	69	62	62
United Natural Gas Co.	0	0	0	0	11	13	13	12
United Railways and Elec. Co.	0	0	0	0	5	19	32	35
United Service Company	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	12
United Shoe Machinery Corp.	0	0	0	10	10	12	14	14
United Stage Lines	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	12
United States Bakery	0	0	2	20	22	22	26	25
United States P O Dept	0	21	132	463	665	665	671	659
United States Rubber Co.	0	1	5	16	24	25	26	17
*United States Steel Corp. Int.	0	1	5	17	20	30	26	27
United States Stores Corp.	0	2	2	2	10	11	12	14
Updike Lumber and Coal Co.	0	0	0	12	12	12	12	13
Utica Gas and Electric Co.	0	0	0	0	3	5	15	28
Vacuum Oil Company	0	0	0	2	5	5	11	27
A. Valdes & Company	0	0	0	2	2	2	2	13
State of Virginia	0	0	1	4	4	4	68	74
Viscose Company	0	0	0	5	5	6	8	11
F. G. Vogt & Sons, Inc.	0	1	5	14	15	15	10	11
Waite Phillips Company	0	0	0	0	0	2	8	14
John Wanamaker	0	0	27	63	89	86	96	99
Ward Baking Corporation	0	0	53	78	86	84	50	24
Warner Sugar Refining Co.	0	0	0	0	2	2	12	12
Washington Bakeries Corp.	0	0	0	0	0	40	40	43
Washington Ry. and Elec. Co.	0	0	2	3	3	18	23	27
County of Wayne, Michigan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Webb, Hendricks & Hamilton	0	0	0	2	5	6	8	12
Weicker Trans. and Stor. Co.	0	0	0	2	3	5	9	11
Raphael Weill & Company	0	0	10	20	20	20	20	20
Percy Wenham	0	0	0	1	3	3	6	14
West Penn System	0	0	0	0	0	1	33	41
West India Oil Company	0	7	7	7	10	16	22	27
State of West Virginia	0	0	0	0	0	22	22	22
Western Electric Company	0	4	9	24	32	39	41	39
Western Meat Company	0	0	2	27	24	26	25	27
Western Motor Transfer Co.	0	0	3	8	15	16	18	17
Western Newspaper Union	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	10
Western Union Telegraph Co	0	0	0	1	2	10	11	11
Westinghouse Elec & Mfg Co	0	0	1	4	9	11	11	15
Wheeling Steel Corporation	0	0	4	9	18	18	22	23
R. H. White Company	0	0	4	13	11	11	11	13
White Stage Line	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	24
White Trans. & Storage Co	0	0	0	0	3	6	10	13
White Transit Co., Inc.	0	2	19	36	49	45	51	52
Whiting-Mead Comm'l Co.	0	0	0	1	2	10	15	16
W A Wieboldt Company	0	0	0	0	5	12	20	25
Willard's Chocolates, Ltd.	0	0	0	2	14	14	14	14
Wilshire Oil Company	0	0	0	0	8	8	16	16
Wilson & Company	0	0	1	22	31	33	41	30
Winchester Laundry Corp.	0	1	1	4	12	16	22	29
Wm Winkler Steele-Wedeles	0	0	0	10	13	13	13	20
Winona Oil Company	0	0	0	0	3	6	11	14
State of Wisconsin	0	0	0	0	14	14	26	27
Wisconsin Power and Lt. Co.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	10
Wise Brothers	0	0	0	0	10	14	18	21
Wofford Oil Company	0	0	0	4	11	16	15	30
Wood Riv. & Alton Bus Lines	0	0	0	1	3	4	4	10
Woodward & Lothrop	0	3	7	13	17	17	23	22
Woolner Brewing Company	0	0	0	0	8	8	8	11
City of Worcester (Mass.)	0	2	5	5	5	6	10	13
Worden & Son	0	0	0	2	2	7	11	14
Geo. Worthington Company	0	2	4	15	16	17	17	19
Wouter's Laundry	0	6	7	7	7	7	7	12
Wright Cake Company	0	0	0	1	7	9	9	17
State of Wyoming	0	0	0	0	0	0	30	30
C. H. Yeager Company	0	0	0	2	5	5	6	10
Yellowstone Park Transp. Co	0	0	106	135	161	166	239	304
Yosemite National Park Co.	0	1	25	25	32	37	45	52
Youngstown Munic'l Ry. Co	0	0	0	0	0	2	25	36
Youngst'n Sheet & Tube Co.	0	0	0	1	6	6	9	12
Ypsilanti Reed Furn. Co.	0	1	3	4	9	9	11	11
Zamboan

This label is a distinguishing mark of quality. It expresses the pride of the manufacturer in his product. To the retail merchant it is a symbol of service. Look for this blue and gold ARMCO label on washing machines, clothes dryers, stoves, ranges, refrigerators, enameled table tops and other household and commercial utilities. It carries with it the assurance of the quality and solid worth of the sheet metal parts of articles that bear it

The Man is saying to Her:—

"This label should guide your decision more than the price tag does"

NEEDED advice! Few women know the part iron plays in homes. Dozens of articles in every household can give long service only if made with the purest iron. Therefore wise buyers, instead of choosing things that will have to be repaired and replaced, protect themselves by always asking, "Is it made of ARMCO Ingot Iron?"

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That you may know the answer, manufacturers put the blue and gold ARMCO label on stoves, ranges, refrigerators, table tops, kitchen cabinets, washing machines, clothes dryers, garbage cans, and the like. And they are proud, these manufacturers, to identify their products so definitely that you may buy with confidence, for this label is an absolute assurance of value.

On galvanized sheet metal

Then there are hundreds of sheet metal contractors who, like the manufacturers, want you to know what kind of metal they use for eaves troughs, roofing, gutters, downspouts, flashing, cornices, and the like. They use this same durable, long-lasting iron. It, too, bears a *blue triangle*. And these sheet metal contractors gladly display this means of identity, because it represents a pride of workmanship that comes from using the most rust-resisting iron money can buy.

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Look for the label

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The Purest Iron Made

IS IT MADE OF ARMCO INGOT IRON? *Every day more and more people are making sure of enduring household articles by asking this question*

THE CHANNAY SYNDICATE

Continued from Page 29

Despite his inclinations, he felt that some day or other he would have to take a very definite line with Mr. Martin Fogg.

"Why are you so interested in my affairs?" he asked curtly.

Martin Fogg smiled weakly.

"In one respect," he explained, "I am like the author of a story. An idea comes to him. He may not like the idea. He may try to discard it. He may wish that it had never come, but so long as it is there he has to use it sooner or later. The idea of working with you has rather fixed itself on me. I was offered a very interesting job last week in South America. I couldn't go. I couldn't leave you."

Channay rose abruptly to his feet.

"If you have finished your whisky and soda, Mr. Fogg," he suggested, "I think you had better be making your way back to the village."

"Certainly, certainly," was the complaisant reply. "Of course you've done quite well up to now, Mr. Channay. Two of them off the list—or is it three? Two anyway, but there are still seven left."

"Walk in the middle of the path, Mr. Fogg," Channay enjoined as he held open the French window. "If you take my advice you won't loiter. We shall have a storm presently."

"Not for an hour or two, I think," Martin Fogg said, with a glance seaward. "There's mischief brewing—mischief on the way, I think, but it's not here yet. The thunder's heavy out yonder—very heavy, Mr. Channay. Good evening, sir."

Channay stood on his little circle of lawn, watching his visitor disappear. His walk was shambling and undignified, his manners uncultivated, his appearance insignificant; yet somehow or other Channay felt that he had qualities, that even this visit which he had just paid was no casual one. He looked back and studied the appearance of the room. There was very little there to attract notice. A bachelor apartment might be expected to be slightly untidy. Suddenly he started and frowned. There was a boot just visible round the edge of the sofa—a square-toed patent boot. Channay placed himself in his visitor's chair. To a man of ordinary powers of observation there was nothing in the least suspicious—but Martin Fogg!

At ten o'clock that night an unseasonable darkness brooded over the land. The wind had come—a gusty, fitful wind, blowing sometimes almost in a cyclone—and the roar of the sea sweeping over the sand banks was like a deep-throated cannonade. The first part of his task accomplished, Channay, with Parsons at the tiller, poled his way down the little inlet toward the sea. Progress was slow, for in that narrow passage it was impossible to hoist a sail, and it was nearly an hour before they reached the abrupt widening of the creek and passed out into the open sea. Navigation even here was still exceedingly hazardous, for the long line of sand banks acted almost like a ridge of rocks, turning and twisting the incoming sea into a thousand currents. With great difficulty the two men unfurled a few feet of sail and scudded away immediately northward. Inland were only a few flickering lights, mostly from the village and from some scattered farmhouses beyond, where the land sloped upward. Seaward were mystery and terror; a black bank of clouds, lit every now and then by jagged forks of lightning; and from nearer at hand, louder than either man had ever heard it before, came the dull booming of the surf driven over the sandy breakwaters by the angry wind. Parsons, who seldom spoke when in his master's company, stood up, clasping the tiller in his left hand and the bending mast in his right, and watched the white line of foam.

"There's a great storm outside, sir," he remarked.

"So much the better," was his master's brief comment.

The man looked landward, and his tone and manner became instantly discomposed.

"The fishing boats are coming out, sir," he announced.

Channay leaned over the side of the boat. Five lights swinging in a great semicircle were visible, slowly moving down the river. They could hear the faint note of the beating of a petrol engine.

"We are showing no light, Parsons?" Channay inquired.

"I pulled down the lantern, sir. It is underneath your feet," Parsons replied. "I'll knock out my pipe in case the wind drives it into sparks."

They took a beat to windward, skirting a long spit of land which necessitated careful navigation, and then headed for the open sea, passing out of the mass of currents which made the coast notorious. At a certain point Channay fastened the rope, which he had been holding, to the seat.

"Now," he whispered.

He leaned over and threw on one side the overcoat which had been covering the prostrate form in the bottom of the boat. Both he and Parsons were poised for their supreme effort; neither of them, however, moved. Even Channay's nerve for a moment forsook him and a low cry broke from his companion's lips.

"He's alive—he's alive!" he shrieked.

Channay replaced the overcoat with almost hysterical haste. The horror of the situation was indescribable; the dumb appeal in the bloodshot eyes, the twitching of the lips in the vain effort at speech. Then Parsons, clinging once more to the rope, lifted his voice above the roar of the wind.

"Better get on with it, sir," he shouted in momentary brutality. "He'll never live!"

"Can't be done," was the terse reply. "Hold on! We'll bring her round."

There was a moment of real peril. Then they came about and, soaked to the skin, Gilbert Channay leaned over the tiller.

"Another reef, Parsons," he muttered. "We must pass the river mouth before they come out."

The man obeyed after a moment's hesitation. The wind howled and sobbed around them, an occasional wave broke right over the boat. Channay, crouching down, with the tiller lashed under his arm, watched all the time the five lights bobbing about near the mouth of the river. When they passed they were scarcely forty yards away, driving into the wall of darkness. Neither of the two men spoke. They listened, however, intently. Soon a voice hailed them from the nearest boat. Channay swore softly. In the gale he had hoped that the sound of their passing would attract no notice.

"Boat ahoy, there!" came the second challenge.

Channay bent lower still over the tiller and Parsons tightened the rope which he was holding in his hand. They were flying along now, moving rapidly outside the ken of the little fishing fleet. Their renewed challenge was inaudible in the sudden clamor of the wind. The black cloud leaning over them suddenly discharged itself in violent rain, big drops that came hissing down into the water. Channay leaned forward and took the rope from Parsons.

"Sit tight and be prepared," he whispered. "The depth of the water's all different. We may miss the creek. Get ready to jump the moment I shout. Take in every stitch. We'll pole up if we can make the entrance. The moment you see the light, shout."

Suddenly through the storm they saw it—the flickering light from Seaman's Grange. Channay sprung at the sails. There was one moment of doubt. Then they found themselves in calmer water. Parsons took out the pole.

The spray and hail were stinging their faces, but with every inch they moved they were drifting into shelter.

"Light your pipe again, Parsons, whenever you like," Channay enjoined, leaning back in his place breathlessly. "We're through with tonight's job."

And almost as he spoke the rockets went up from the great passenger steamer, ashore on the outer banks.

Fourteen days! Eventful ones outside, where relics of the great storm were every day coming to hand; but without incident to Gilbert Channay, marking time in his sea-girt abode. Then one afternoon, when he was playing the piano in his little sanctum at the back of the house, Parsons, after a discreet knock, silently entered the room. Channay frowned, annoyed at any form of disturbance, for he was playing the Rhapsodie Hongroise of Liszt and the music suited his humor. He swung abruptly round.

"What the devil is it, Parsons?" he demanded.

"A man wishes to see you, sir," was the colorless answer. "He gave me this card."

Channay looked at it—a cheap lithographed affair, on which was inscribed the name of Mr. Martin Fogg, with an address in London.

"This fellow again!" he muttered. "What does he want?"

"He refused to say, sir," Parsons replied.

"I thought it wisest to bring you his message. But ——" he added, dropping his voice ominously and hesitating.

"You think, perhaps, that he brings trouble?" Channay suggested.

"Yes, sir," was the anxious admission.

Channay closed the piano and made his way thoughtfully to the front sitting room. Martin Fogg was seated upon the edge of the couch, twirling a battered straw hat in his hand. His hair was as tousled as ever, his eyes as weak, his attire as incongruous. Even at that moment, when his mind was full of graver things, Channay found himself wondering where on earth he could have stumbled across a shirt and tie of such outrageous ugliness. The newcomer rose to his feet.

"Good afternoon," he said, with what appeared to be an almost painful effort at geniality.

Gilbert Channay wasted no time upon preliminaries. He glanced at the card which he was carrying and back at the speaker.

"What do you want with me this time, Mr. Martin Fogg?" he demanded.

The visitor coughed.

"Well," he said, almost apologetically, "that's quite a leading question, isn't it?"

"I have neither time nor inclination to waste with others," was the curt reply. "If you have business, state it. If not ——"

Channay glanced significantly toward the door. Martin Fogg blinked several times without moving.

"Oh, I have business all right," he declared. "Quite important business, too, of its sort. You see, I am what is known as a blackmailer."

"You interest me," Channay confessed, genuinely enough. "At least I admire your frankness. Do you propose to make me a victim of your craft?"

"In a way, yes," he replied.

"And my particular delinquency?"

Fogg scratched his chin thoughtfully for a moment. His eyes seemed to be tracing out the pattern of the carpet.

"A yokels' verdict, that!" he observed. "'Found drowned!' Found drowned, indeed, they all were; but there were more than one they couldn't identify either as passengers or members of the crew of the Dahlia. . . . A yokels' verdict!"

He paused, glancing covertly up at the other man as though to watch the effect of his words. Channay's face remained absolutely impassive.

"You are obviously not a bungler," Martin Fogg went on. "It was clever of you to take the corpse down to the Hell's Mouth where the currents turn and twist and where even the body of a dead man could travel for miles before it came to a resting place. You had luck, too—a shipwreck that night and the body being washed up with the others."

Gilbert Channay at last broke his silence.

"Let us understand each other," he said. "You are accusing me of having murdered one of the men whose bodies were washed up about a week ago on the sands near Britling?"

Martin Fogg smiled amiably.

"Precisely," he assented. "You see, I followed Sayers that afternoon to your cottage. I was in no hurry to put in an appearance. I waited for him to leave, but he did not leave. His body must have been behind that sofa all the time I was in the room. Cool—very cool! Still, you always had a wonderful reputation, Gilbert Channay—a reputation for nerve and unscrupulous courage."

Channay knew then that grave things were at hand. He moved nearer to the chair by his desk, and, perhaps unconsciously, one of his hands strayed toward the topmost drawer. Again his visitor smiled, showing again those rather prominent teeth.

"No use," he declared pleasantly; "not a bit of use! I wasn't here alone for ten minutes, whilst you were playing that Rhapsodie of Liszt, for nothing. The cartridges are in my pocket. I am not a fighting man myself. I can accomplish my ends.

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as a rule, by means of other weapons. For instance, it is not unknown, to one other at any rate, that I am paying you a visit this afternoon."

It was a curious fact that for the moment Gilbert Channay's mind wandered altogether away from the coming of this imminent and unexpected danger. His dominant impulse was simply one of wonder that this strange visitor should have known the music which he had been playing.

"Well," he said, after a pause, "so far you have succeeded in making your visit very interesting. Supposing we take the truth of what you have suggested for granted."

"Ah!" Martin Fogg murmured. "That might save time. That might save time indeed."

It was precisely then that Gilbert Channay glanced idly enough out of his wide-flung French window. The indifference which he had successfully maintained throughout the course of this somewhat extraordinary interview suddenly in some measure deserted him. Seated upon his overturned boat, her hands clasped around one knee, her eyes watching the slow approach of the evening tide, was a girl, a complete stranger to him. She was dressed simply enough and like any other holiday seeker in the neighborhood, in a white sweater, open at the throat, a plain white skirt, and white shoes and stockings. She was bareheaded and in the sunshine her hair—brown with a tinge of chestnut—shone like a flame. There was nothing particularly striking about her appearance, except that the curve of her body was in itself a beautiful thing; a curve in her present posture as delicate and perfect as the soul of any artist could desire. At the sound of Channay's exclamation she turned her head and he noticed that there were faint shadows under her eyes, making them seem almost unnaturally large. It was several seconds before Channay looked away.

"Who is that?" he asked Martin Fogg abruptly.

"Dear me," was the half-apologetic reply, "my daughter! My daughter Catherine—an only child! You see," he went on, "mine is a peculiar errand. I thought that in case you were likely to become unreasonable, a witness of my visit here might be advisable."

"Your daughter!" Gilbert Channay repeated incredulously.

Martin Fogg smiled. He was quite at his best as he glanced out of the window. His face had softened and he had lost that strained air of always watching for untoward events.

"I suppose," he remarked, "it seems incredible. Her mother was a very beautiful woman."

The two men stood side by side at the window. The girl had moved a little away and only the nape of her neck and her shapely not overslender back were visible.

"Yours seems a strange business to drag a girl into," Channay observed, with a faint note of contempt in his tone.

"I might have fear for myself," Martin Fogg rejoined. "I have none for her. You see," he continued, thoughtfully, "I have made quite a study of your character—quite a study, Mr. Channay, I can assure you."

Gilbert Channay turned back into the room.

"Perhaps," he suggested, "you had better proceed with your blackmailing."

"Certainly, certainly," his visitor acquiesced. "This, then, is the position: A certain person has been found drowned under quite natural circumstances, and excepting myself, no one has the slightest suspicion that you were in any way concerned with his death. I, however, knew it, for I followed him here, visiting you afterward. I noticed the slight disarrangement of the room, his hat upon a chair, the singular appearance of a boot behind the sofa and a few other details with which I will not worry you. You may remark that it is too late now to dwell upon this. I reply, not at all. The bodies could be exhumed at any moment."

There was a brief silence. Gilbert Channay's eyes had wandered back once more to the quiet pensive figure seated upon the boat. She was looking upward now, watching the flight of some gulls.

"In addition to this," Martin Fogg continued, "I could, if it were necessary, supply the inquiring British public with the motive for this apparently purposeless deed. I could explain why you killed Edward Sayers, and why you will probably kill one or two more of his late associates, unless one of them is fortunate enough to kill you. You have entered upon a vendetta of revenge, Mr. Channay; and on the other hand, these same men have their grievance against you. Thirty thousand pounds a head confiscated by you in return for their treachery!"

"Your knowledge of my affairs," Channay confessed, "seems to be little short of remarkable. I will admit everything you say. Now what is the price of your silence?"

"The granting of the request I made to you before," was the prompt reply. "I asked then to become your partner; to help protect, to help destroy. You refused. I accepted your decision and left you in Norwich, but I did not accept it as final. You see I am here again."

Channay was puzzled.

"Why should you take this interest in me?" he asked. "What reward do you expect?"

"Very little," Martin Fogg assured him. "I have not the slightest use for money, and I am not a poor man; but although you perhaps would not think it to judge from my appearance, I love adventure. Furthermore, I knew all about your affairs from the moment of the forming of the syndicate. I was watching you then for a client, but those days have passed. I was in the court when you were tried. I have every fact in connection with your affairs at my fingers' ends. For instance, I can tell you this: You have dealt with Levy. I believe also that you have worked out some scheme against Lord Isham. You have dealt finally and deservedly with Edward Sayers. But there are others. There is Matthew Baynes, a member of Parliament, chairman of the board of several very important companies. There is Giles Anderton, the great financier. There is Nicholas Euphratos, the Greek, on his way to Paris at the present moment, if I am not mistaken; and more dangerous than any of these, there is Malcolm Drood ——"

"What do you know about Malcolm Drood?" Channay interrupted.

"I know this," Martin Fogg replied, dropping his voice a little and with a curious glint of something which was almost like fear in his eyes: "that when I was in the force Malcolm Drood killed my best friend and, with all Scotland Yard against him, escaped from this country with the wife of the man he had murdered. We were short of evidence against him when he lived at the Savoy Court, spending twenty thousand a year and entertaining like a prince. We have evidence enough now to hang him a dozen times over. . . . Listen! You think he'll never set foot in this country again. I know differently. Do you know why you were let out a day and a half before your shortened time? I will tell you. It was because of what I had discovered. The Bermondsey Black Clan were waiting for you the day you were to have been released. The whole thing was worked out—a harmless taxicab, a pull up at the corner of a quiet street and a motor car waiting. They'd have had you all right. They were working for Drood."

"Why don't they follow me down here?" Channay inquired, a little incredulously.

"They never work out of London," the other explained. "They have a perfect network of streets there where their confederates swarm like flies. There are thoroughfares in Bermondsey where when they hear a particular horn the vehicles draw up and stand on one side as though a fire engine were coming. You'd have had no chance, Mr. Channay, if you'd come out at six o'clock on the Thursday evening you were expected and they'd got hold of you."

Channay threw himself into an easy-chair, lit a cigarette and pushed over the box toward his visitor. Martin Fogg flushed with pleasure as he accepted one. He saw in this action a tacit admission of the situation. The desire of his life was accomplished.

"You have interested me so much, Mr. Fogg," Channay said, "that I am anxious to improve my acquaintance with you. I hope that you and your daughter will do me the honor of dining with me tomorrow night."

"With great pleasure," Mr. Fogg assented heartily.

"In the meantime," Channay continued, "do me the favor of following me and I will indicate to you the nature of your first task."

He rose, and opening the door led the way down the hall and up the stairs. On the first landing he threw open the door of a bedroom. A man was lying upon a couch drawn up to the window, partially dressed and engaged in the consumption of a bowl of beef tea.

"I have brought you a visitor, Sayers," Channay announced. "Mr. Martin Fogg—a business associate of mine—Mr. Edward Sayers."

Mr. Edward Sayers regarded the newcomer with interest. Martin Fogg, with his mouth open, and his hair looking more unkempt than ever, presented a somewhat singular appearance.

"He's a rum-looking bloke," the former observed. "What's he want with me?"

"He's going to take you in charge for a time when you leave here and see that you don't find your way into these parts again," Channay replied. "Come along now, Fogg. You mustn't keep your daughter waiting."

Sir Matthew Baynes threw himself into a very comfortable easy-chair in his luxuriously furnished office and mopped his forehead vigorously with a fine cambric handkerchief. He was a large, florid man, unaccustomed to contradiction, and he had been hectored. He was angry, thoroughly disgruntled, and a little frightened. He banged the bell which stood upon the table just within his reach.

"Pitson," he directed—"tell Pitson to come to me at once."

The clerk withdrew hurriedly. The faithful Pitson almost immediately made his appearance—a thin, cadaverous-looking man in horn-rimmed spectacles.

"You sent for me, Sir Matthew," he said tentatively.

"Sent for you! I should think I did!" his employer exploded. "Who was that tousled-haired, sandy, shabby nincompoop who dared to get up and ask me questions about my holdings in the Nyasa mines?"

"I ascertained his name, sir, from the list of shareholders," the secretary replied. "He is a Mr. Martin Fogg."

"How many shares in the company does he hold?"

"One, sir," was the meek reply.

"One five-pound share, and he dares to get up and ask me questions—personal questions, too—questions which reflected almost upon my probity! I was never treated in such a manner at a public meeting in my life—never!"

"The sympathy of the meeting was entirely with you, sir," the secretary ventured.

"I should think so!" Sir Matthew exclaimed. "I should think so, indeed! I give him a dividend of 5 per cent. What more can anyone want nowadays? The questions that fellow asked—a holder of one five-pound share, mark you, Pitson—were impertinent—impertinent to a degree!"

"Yes, Sir Matthew," Pitson repeated, with some faint suggestion in his manner of suspended judgment.

"What the devil do you mean by just repeating, 'Yes, Sir Matthew'?" his employer demanded irritably. "Is it or is it not a reflection upon me when a man gets up—a holder of a five-pound share—and, pointing to the assets of the company, inquires as to one of the items guaranteed in my name? Persists, too, mark you, Pitson. Asks the one question of all others the fellow has no right to ask—whether that twenty-five thousand pounds is represented by scrip, or whether it is a debt? I never heard of such impertinence in my life."

"It was a very awkward question, Sir Matthew," Pitson agreed. "You did well in asking him to see you after the meeting. I fancied that I noticed a slight appearance of curiosity on the part of some of the other shareholders."

"I'll buy his share," Sir Matthew growled. "I'll buy his silly tongue too. I don't mind telling you, Pitson, that I never had such an uncomfortable two minutes in my life. Mr. Martin Fogg, eh? Well, tell 'em to show him in the moment he arrives. Are they all out of the board room?"

"All except Mr. Martin Fogg, sir, the gentleman who is waiting to see you."

"Go and fetch him, Pitson; fetch him at once."

Mr. Martin Fogg was shown in a few minutes later. The costume which he deemed suitable for attending a meeting of a city company, presided over by no less a person than Sir Matthew Baynes, M.P., was scarcely impressive. He wore a black cutaway coat, shiny at the seams, no waistcoat—the day being hot—a soft collar and an unpleasant-looking tie. His trousers were of gray flannel and his shoes brown. Sir Matthew, scrupulously attired according to the dictates of Savile Row and Bond Street, looked his visitor up and down as though he were some curiosity from an unknown world. Nevertheless, he did his best to appear civil.

"Sit down, sir, sit down," he invited gruffly. "Now let me know what you were driving at, asking me those questions at the meeting. What is your holding with us, eh?"

Mr. Fogg took a chair and twirled his hat in his hand.

"Very small, Sir Matthew," he acknowledged; "very small indeed. One share only."

"Then God bless my soul!" Sir Matthew exclaimed. "How can you make it pay you to come to a meeting in which your only interest is to that amount and ask questions as though you were a large shareholder? What did you do it for?"

"I wanted to know," Mr. Martin Fogg said diffidently.

"Wanted to know!" his vis-à-vis spluttered. "Look here," he went on, regaining his self-control with an effort, "I'll tell you what I'll do with you. You've got one five-pound share. I'll give you fifty pounds for it if you'll give me your word not to acquire any others now or at any time."

"Fifty pounds," Mr. Fogg murmured.

Sir Matthew leaned back in his swivel chair.

"It is an absurd offer," he continued; "but I tell you frankly, Mr. Fogg, that I don't care for shareholders in my company who get up and ask such questions as you asked this afternoon."

"I dare say not," Mr. Fogg rejoined quietly.

Sir Matthew stared at his visitor. Mr. Martin Fogg returned his scrutiny.

"Well?" the former queried.

Mr. Martin Fogg drummed upon the table with his finger tips.

"I will sell you my share if you like, Sir Matthew," he agreed. "I gave three pound fifteen for it, so it would yield me a very nice profit, but I will be honest with you. I want to clear up the matter of that twenty-five thousand pounds. There is the press, you know, and I can get proxies for future meetings."

"You want to clear it up?" the city magnate repeated angrily. "But if I buy your share, what the devil business is it of yours?"

Martin Fogg smiled.

"I am a professional blackmailer," he explained gently. "I have made my living at it for many years. I have a feeling that there is a mystery with regard to that twenty-five thousand pounds. The accountants themselves are reticent about it. I should like the matter cleared up."

"A blackmailer, eh?" Sir Matthew growled.

"You see," his visitor continued with undisturbed amiability, "you are a rather promising subject."

"I've dealt with your sort before," was the menacing retort.

"Deal with me the same way," Martin Fogg invited, leaning a little farther back in his chair.

Sir Matthew, whatever his faults, was not a fool. He realized that losing his temper was simply playing his opponent's game.

"I have dealt with them," he continued impressively, "by knocking the ground from underneath their feet. I will do the same with you. The twenty-five thousand pounds represents shares in the Nyasa mine standing in my name. Twenty-five thousand pounds is a moderate valuation. At today's price they are worth thirty thousand."

"You surprise me!" Martin Fogg confessed. "Gilbert Channay has only been out of prison for three months."

Sir Matthew whistled softly.

"So you know all about the purchase of Nyasas by the Channay Syndicate," he muttered.

"I know all about it," the other assented. "What I intended to ask you this afternoon, only you put the closure on, was, when did Gilbert Channay make those shares over to you?"

"What business is that of yours?" Sir Matthew demanded.

"As a humble shareholder in your company, sir," Martin Fogg replied, "I am curious about that particular amount. I was under the impression—certainly I was under the impression—that Mr. Channay had refused to part with any of the Nyasa shares to any of the syndicate."

(Continued on Page 143)

A principle of watch construction every layman can understand

Wheel train diagram showing how the four operating planes of the ordinary watch are reduced to three in the Gruen VeriThin and two in the Ultra-VeriThin. Thus thinness is secured without loss in accuracy or durability of parts

THINNESS in the Gruen VeriThin and the Gruen Ultra-VeriThin is produced by a number of improvements in the art of watch construction.

Some of these improvements are highly technical. Only the watchmaker can readily understand them.

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This common-sense principle, which has established wholly new standards of slenderness and grace in the manufacture of men's pocket watches, is fully explained by the simple diagram above.

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Every layman can easily see why, by this principle, watches can be made much thinner without loss in strength and accuracy of parts.

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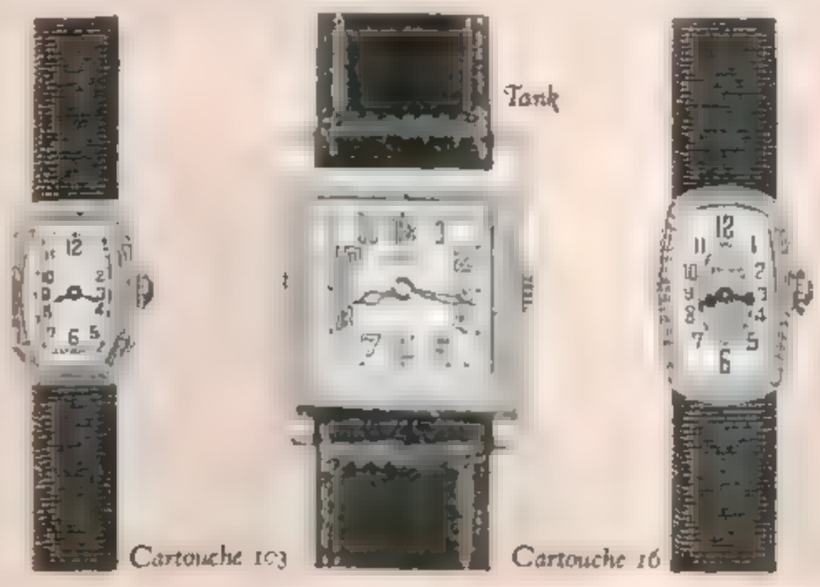

A New VeriThin Creation, Empire 424

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Tank (Pat'd), *Precision* movement—Green or white gold reinforced, $60; solid green gold, $75; white, $85; others to $250, according to case and movement

Cartouche 16 (Pat'd)—Solid white gold, engraved, $75; angular models set with 4 diamonds, $85—$150

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The barrel of a self-filling pen is not an ink fount, but a case to hold the nib and protect the soft rubber ink sac which actually contains the ink supply.

The barrel should be stout and long wearing like a watch case.

Taking another suggestion from the watchmaker, the pen barrel and cap should be gold or silver. For beauty aside, what other materials are so enduring and satisfactory?

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The nibs of Wahl Pens are the finest product of the jeweler's art. Their iridium tipped points are ivory-smooth. And no nib in the world will outwear them.

Your dealer can show you a Wahl Pen to match your Eversharp. Carry both and be sure you are right in your writing equipment.

WAHL PEN

(Continued from Page 138)

Martin Fogg was smiling dangerously across the table. Sir Matthew, for a moment, was silent. There were two courses open to him—to compromise with this man who had already confessed to his abominable profession, or by one bold stroke to close his mouth. He decided suddenly upon the latter course. He drew himself a little more upright in his chair. His manner stiffened. He became the man of affairs whose integrity has been questioned but whose position is above calumny.

"Mr. Fogg," he said, "I might very well order you to leave the room and deal with you publicly next time we meet. I might, if I chose, on the strength of your own admission, hand you over to the police. I prefer to do nothing of the sort. You have stumbled upon a mare's-nest. The Nyasa shares are duly deposited at my bank in my name and are a tangible and very valuable security. Do me the favor to call at this office tomorrow at the same time and I will show you the receipt from my bank. Will that satisfy you?"

Martin Fogg was to all appearance taken by surprise.

"Certainly it would satisfy me," he acknowledged; "but I rather fancy, Sir Matthew, that you're what they call putting up a bluff on me. To tell you the truth, I don't ever expect to see that receipt."

Sir Matthew struck the bell.

"Tomorrow at the same time," he directed. "That ends our business for today, Mr. Fogg. Good afternoon."

"Now!" Gilbert Channay shouted. "Hard over and lean against the tiller! Mind your head!"

The girl obeyed, and their flying race with the broken seas, south of the western sand banks, was brought to an abrupt termination. Channay busied himself for a moment with the ropes. The sails swung across. A shower of spray drenched them and every plank in the boat seemed for a moment to shiver and tremble. Man and girl leaned heavily over; Channay with the rope wound around his arm, the girl with the tiller pressed home by her firm, capable brown hands. One more cloud of spray and the boat righted itself. They were standing inland now, the sun in their eyes and the wind almost fair. Channay fastened the sail and turned toward his companion.

"We shall make the creek this tack," he said. "Just about time too. The tide's on the ebb and you can hear what the wind's doing outside the banks. Port, just a trifle. Keep the church tower over the east end of the harbor."

The girl obeyed without comment. Her whole attention seemed engrossed by her task. Her lips were parted, her eyes filled with a sort of subdued joy of the sunshine, the exhilarating motion, the excitement. Channay, kneeling down in the bows, shouted instructions without glancing once in her direction. The final effort she made on her own, sweeping round the buoy which marked the entrance to the creek, skillfully avoiding the spot where a swirl of waters marked a sunken ridge of sand and bringing the little craft at last into the sheltered side of the inlet. Channay hastily let down the sails and took out the pole.

"Good work!" he exclaimed briefly. "Sorry about our fishing though."

The girl smiled for the first time. The shadows had gone from under her eyes during the past few weeks. The pallor of her cheeks had given way to a distinct tan.

"The sailing was better," she said. "The only pity was that it didn't last long enough."

"We stayed out quite as long as was wise," Channay remarked, looking seaward. "The weather's set fair enough, but a west wind as strong as this in these broken-up seas keeps one busy. Do you know that we nearly capsized that last beat but one?"

The girl nodded indifferently.

"It wouldn't have mattered, would it?" she asked. "I was getting ready to slip off my skirt. I suppose you can swim?"

"After a fashion," he admitted.

"I'm rather good," she confided. "I won prizes when I was at school. . . . There's the faithful Parsons looking out for you."

"You will come in and lunch?" he invited. She shook her head.

"I've brought my sandwiches."

"They must be wet through," he rejoined impatiently.

She opened the little wicker basket and looked inside ruefully.

"Soaked!" she admitted.

"Unnecessary anyway," he declared. "Mrs. Parsons has seen us coming. Get ready to throw the rope to Parsons. No joke poling against this ebb."

They were fast against the side in a moment or two. The girl glanced toward the village irresolutely.

"I think I'll go back," she said tentatively.

"You'll do nothing of the sort," Channay insisted. "Your father left you in my charge and you know that you haven't once crossed my threshold. Parsons, tell your wife that there will be one extra for luncheon. . . . This way, Miss Fogg."

The girl followed him after a moment's hesitation.

"I'm in a wild state of disorder," she remarked, "but you're pretty much the same, aren't you?"

"Worse! But what does it matter?"

They threw off their oilskins and Channay mixed cocktails. The girl only sipped hers, but accepted a cigarette.

"One feels almost dazed with the quietness of it all," she declared, leaning back a little lazily in her seat. "Is it going to get rougher outside, do you think?"

He shook his head.

"The sea is going down already," he told her, "and the wind is dropping every moment. We can sail again after lunch if you like. There might be some mackerel later on."

"I think I have had enough for one day," the girl replied. "Besides, I ought to do some work."

They lunched in the pleasant little dining room, with the thunder of the sea still in their ears through the wide-flung window. Channay, who was not yet accustomed to the propinquity of women, and who had never been able to break through his habit of reticence even with this unusually silent, somewhat mysterious daughter of his new partner, nevertheless did his duty as host, trying all the time to make genial conversation and more than ever disposed to wonder at the many reserves which seemed part of the girl's nature. If she had enthusiasms she kept them to herself. Even her tastes were hard to gauge. She baffled him by her noncommittal replies to his questions, inspiring in him a curiosity which he found no means of gratifying. Only when she spoke of her future was she inclined to be explicit.

"I am quite sure," she confided, "that my father has spent more than he can afford on my education, and I am determined, whatever way I can manage it, to be a working woman of some sort or another. I should like to get on a woman's paper if I can. They say I have some sort of a trick of writing."

"Have you had anything published?" he asked.

"Some little things, not worth mentioning," she told him. "Couldn't we take our coffee out on that seat? It seems a pity to miss the sunshine even for a moment."

He acquiesced at once. They found a spot in the corner of the walled garden where they sat with their backs to the wind, the perfume of roses all around them, and a vista of the marshland and the sea beyond through the opening. The girl curled herself up with a little sigh of content.

"You shouldn't have shown me this place," she told him. "I shall probably monopolize it."

"You will always be welcome," he assured her.

"Rubbish!" she answered bluntly. "You know perfectly well that I shan't. I believe you consider me rather a nuisance even now. I'm thinking of going back to town tomorrow if father doesn't turn up."

He was in no hurry to contradict her; more interested, perhaps, in the genesis of the feeling which had prompted her impatient words. Leaning back upon the seat, she reminded him of the first moment he had seen her. There was in her broad sensitive face, with its clear skin, soft brown eyes and tremulous mouth, something half insolent, half querulous; suggestions, perhaps, of a generous and frank nature which had more than once been worsted in the small skirmishes of life. He was in a languid frame of mind, however, and he passed almost at once from his brief impulse of psychological speculation toward a more material and certainly more human appreciation of those graceful lines of her strong young body which had first appealed to him when he had seen her seated upon his boat. She would make a fine subject for a sculptor, he decided, with her slender yet swelling hips, her long graceful arms with their suggestion of power, her sinuous, waistless outline. A daughter of Martin Fogg! She was certainly a curious freak of heredity. No wonder she was a little discontented, liable at times to make these oddly ungracious speeches. . . . Parsons came out to him while he was still pursuing this train of thought.

"A gentleman has called to see you, sir," he announced.

Channay rose slowly to his feet. He was surprised to find the interruption so unwelcome.

"Who is it, Parsons?" he inquired.

"Sir Matthew Baynes, he said his name was, sir. He has left his motor car over at the gate."

Gilbert Channay woke from the stupor of the scented garden, the caress of the wind and the warmth of the sun. Everything else was blotted out. He was back amongst the ugly but significant places of his life. His excuses to his companion were only monosyllabic as he rose slowly to his feet and followed Parsons into the little study where his visitor waited.

"God bless my soul! So it's you at last, Channay! Well, well! And I meant to be around to welcome you out. A dinner at the Café Royal, eh? A celebration of some sort! The folk up there cheated us all."

Sir Matthew's line of action had long ago been decided upon. In his check knickerbocker suit, his face wreathed in smiles, his appearance that of a prosperous tourist, his expression one of exuberant geniality, he stood with both hands outstretched toward the slim, portentous figure of the man who was slowly closing the door behind him. The sun and the wind had triumphed over the pallor of Channay's appearance; but the stern light was still in his eyes, and in that upward curve of his lips there was something menacing and unsympathetic. He waved his visitor back to his seat and contented himself with a little nod.

"So it's you, Baynes, is it?" he remarked. "I thought I might be seeing something of you before long."

Sir Matthew laughed exuberantly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "even a prosperous city man can find plenty of use for a matter of—what is it?—thirty thousand pounds. I'm not going to grumble, Channay. I'm too glad to see you out and looking yourself again; but it wasn't necessary to keep us waiting so long, was it? If I'd had that money, say, two years ago, I could have trebled it. You'd have had your share too."

"No doubt," Gilbert Channay observed politely. "But tell me—exactly what thirty thousand pounds are you referring to?"

"My share in the winding up of the syndicate," was the confident reply.

Gilbert Channay opened his pocketbook and produced a certain memorandum of agreement. He spread it out—it was rather a crumpled little document—and held it toward his visitor.

"Recognize your signature, Baynes?" he asked.

The arrogant good humor passed almost at once from the man's face. One became conscious of the drawn look about his eyes, the loose inconsequence of his mouth.

"Channay, where did you get that?" he gasped.

"Does it matter?" the other asked, folding it up and restoring it to his pocketbook. "I have it and I understand. Isn't that sufficient?"

"Pressure was put upon me," Baynes faltered—"great pressure. I started to come and shake hands with you in the dock—I did, indeed. My sympathies were with you all the time."

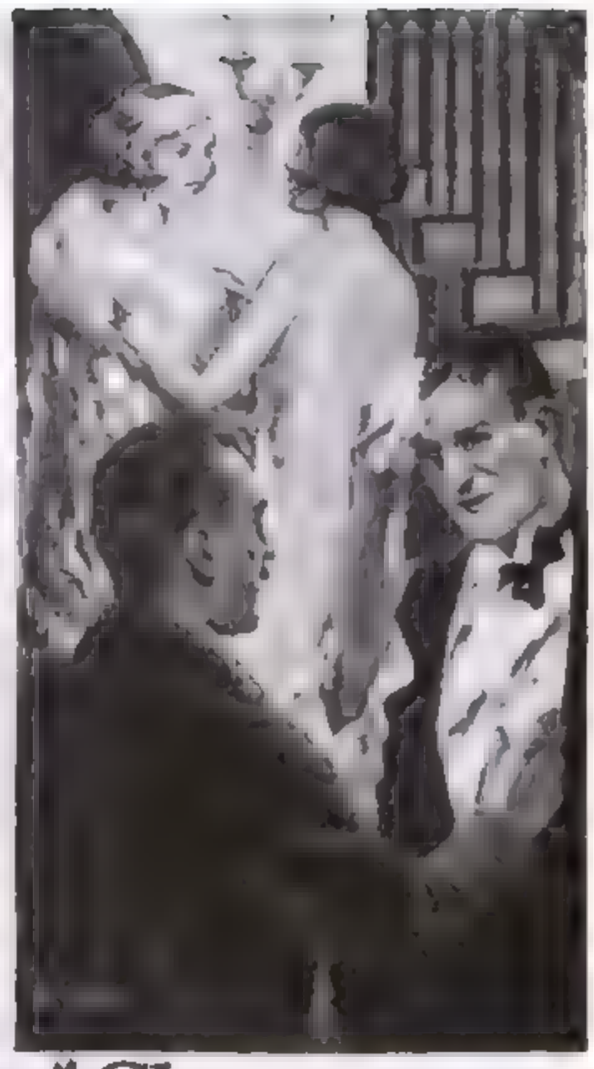
"To precisely the same extent," Channay observed, "my sympathies are with you now, when I tell you that your thirty thousand pounds, or whatever your share in the Nyasa mine might have been, is forfeited. You know very well that the funds of the syndicate stood in my name and my name only. That is an old story. You know very well that no one else can touch them. You've thrashed that out whilst I was in jail. Well, in consequence of this precious document, I have confiscated the lot. I haven't a penny for you; and," Channay added significantly, "you are not a welcome visitor here, Sir Matthew Baynes."

The latter showed every intention of starting an argument, though a fit of terror was already upon him.

"You're in honor bound, Channay ——" he began, and got no further.

"Don't mention the word 'honor' to me, you swine," Channay interrupted. "Get

(Continued on Page 145)



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(Continued from Page 143)

out of my house as quickly as you can and thank Providence that you are an elderly man and very much out of condition."

Sir Matthew dabbed his forehead with a handkerchief. He did not resemble in the least the bland and urbane city gentleman whose speeches in the House were models of discretion and competence, and who looked so entirely the right man in the right place at the head of the long table in the board room in Gracechurch Street.

"Channay," he begged, "you've got to listen to me. I never dreamed of this. I always looked upon that thirty thousand pounds' worth of Nyasa shares as an absolute asset. Things haven't gone so well the past two years. I made a lot the year before that, but it's been a struggle lately. Those shares figure in the balance sheet of one of my companies as an asset."

"Do they?" Channay observed indifferently. "Your finance was always a little daring."

"I was hard pressed and I had to put them in," Baynes continued. "I believed that you would share up as soon as you were free. They are among the assets of my East African Exploration Company. Without them I should have had to show a considerable loss the last half year. I couldn't afford to do it, Channay—I couldn't, indeed."

"You amuse me slightly," Channay admitted, seating himself on the edge of his writing table. "Otherwise I am not interested."

"But you must listen," Baynes went on. "I am already in some trouble about the affair. A little scrub of a fellow came asking questions at the last meeting; insisted upon an auditor's or a banker's certificate for the existence of the shares. I must have them, Channay—I must, indeed."

"You never will from me," was the firm reply.

Sir Matthew looked about him helplessly. There was something extraordinarily uncompromising about the slim, cynical figure of the man who had once seemed to all of them the soul of generosity; the man with the mind of an eagle and the brain of a Rothschild.

"Channay," Baynes pleaded, "listen to me. The world doesn't guess it—not a soul in the City knows—but I'm up against it. A single word, a whisper about one of my companies, and I should be face to face with absolute disaster. Every one of them has had to be bolstered up more or less."

"Financial disaster?"

"And worse," Baynes groaned—"worse than that. I spoke of that little scrub of a fellow—Martin Fogg, his name was. He absolutely hectored me at the last meeting. He attacked the auditors first, and then me, about the existence of these Nyasa shares. The auditors were friendly but they have their own position to think of. They replied at once that the shares were in the balance sheet upon my personal guaranty of their existence. Then he turned to me. I assured him that they were at the bank. For the first time in my life my word was not accepted. I was obliged to ask him to come and visit me at my office."

"Persistent little fellow, Martin Fogg," Channay observed.

"You know him?" Baynes asked, with sudden suspicion.

"Quite well," Gilbert Channay admitted. "He's not much of a correspondent though. What happened at his visit to you?"

"I had nothing to show him in the way of documents," Baynes replied. "I tried to compromise and failed. He admitted that he was out to blackmail me, but I couldn't find his price. I changed my tactics. I offered to show him the bank receipt for the shares on the next day."

"And did you?" Channay inquired.

"Yes."

Gilbert Channay smiled.

"How did you induce the bank to sign a fictitious document?" he demanded.

"I didn't," Baynes replied hoarsely. "I got a sheet of the bank's notepaper, typed the receipt and forged the name of the manager. Now you know the truth, Channay. Now you know how I stand. You see, I must either have those shares or go under."

The man's face was pitiable; gone all its complacency, its smug air of well-being and prosperity. There was a curious twitch of the mouth as he had spoken the last few words, a frightened look in his eyes, a livid patch underneath them. He was face to face with the hell of his class, the end of everything—ruin, irretrievable disgrace. He rubbed his hands nervously together.

"You see, Channay?" he asked. "You understand?"

"Perfectly," was the prompt assent. "It has always been an interesting problem to me how you City men could be so shrewd, yet behave so absolutely like simpletons at times. You say that Fogg was blackmailing you. Well, you'll have to pay his price, whatever it is."

"You won't let me down, Channay!" Baynes gasped. "I'll—I'll make it up to you. I haven't a penny in the world I can touch just now, but if I can keep going for another month or two I've got the flotation of a big new company. There will be hundreds of thousands in it."

"Don't be such a fool," Channay scoffed. "You call yourself a shrewd man, and yet you waste your time coming down here and appealing to me, remembering your signature of that document, and knowing all the time the sort of man I am. Martin Fogg is my creature. His one object was to lure you into some such indiscretion as you have committed. He'll have called at your banker's with that document before you get home and have circularized your shareholders before tomorrow. I wonder if they'll send you to the same prison," he went on musingly.

"I was comfortable, you know, in a way. The diet's a little restricted and you'll miss your champagne at first. I may come to the trial. But I can promise you, Sir Matthew Baynes, I shan't come over and shake hands with you."

Baynes sat quite silent for several moments. He seemed to have become smaller. He had the air, indeed, of a man threatened with a stroke. His lips moved again in that ugly fashion, but he said nothing. Then he groped for his hat.

"You're hard, Channay," he muttered as he found it and staggered to his feet.

"Not hard," Channay replied; "only just."

Sir Matthew Baynes walked down the narrow dike path to his car with stumbling footsteps and unseeing eyes. Gilbert Channay returned to the sheltered little corner in the garden, to meet with what he swiftly recognized was a grievous disappointment. The same perfume was being shaken from the roses by even a gentler breath of the slackening west wind, the sun was pouring down into his corner, but the seat was vacant. He strolled back at once to the little lawn in front of the Grange. About a hundred yards away, in the center of the marshes, Martin Fogg's daughter was seated upon a little mound of green moss, putting on her shoes and stockings. Without a doubt she had waded through the creek and was taking the circuitous but fascinating way back to the village. He stood and watched her gloomily. When she rose she raised her hand in what might have been a gesture of farewell, a little abrupt, certainly perfunctory. He made no effort to return it, but watched her disappear, walking, sure-footed, around the pools and bog holes, pausing every now and then to gather a handful of wild lavender. She was gone—for the day, at any rate. There was no surety even of seeing her on the morrow. Channay turned back to his empty study. The glow of somber triumph with which he had concluded his interview with his former confederate had passed. Solitude had lost its charm. An unusual sense of loneliness oppressed him.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of stories by Mr. Oppenheim. The next will appear in an early issue.

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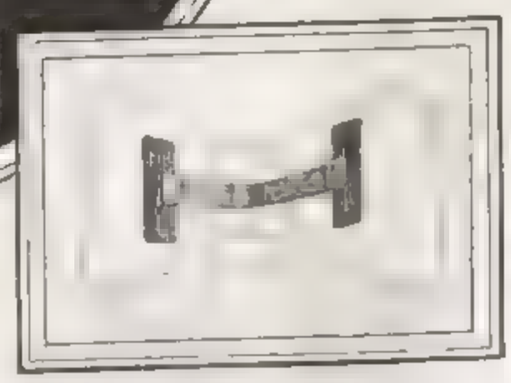

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MUCH TOO CLEVER

(Continued from Page 9)

Vernon found him. Tom could say the strangest things with a perfectly straight, almost mournful face.

"Er—does what?" asked Vernon.

Tom Rogers smiled faintly and looked at Vernon with deep-set, unblinking eyes. Always, always since they were boys in school, Tom was a puzzle to Vernon, restless and inscrutable, slender and adroit. Though Vernon did not know what Tom Rogers meant, Tom always had a reason for everything he said, which suddenly made its appearance.

"So you weren't looking at your complexion then," said Tom. "Well, well, only think of that!"

"Of course I wasn't!" replied Vernon. "Why the deuce should I be? Here, what are you laughing at?"

Tom seated himself carefully in a leather armchair, reached toward a table for a match and lighted a cigarette, and answered in a half-grave, half-bantering way.

"I'm a philosopher," he said, "and I'm laughing at the frailties of humanity; not at you particularly, my boy, but at all of us. It's a wild, Socratic laugh, because I feel rather wild myself tonight. Don't mind me—please don't mind."

"I don't," said Vernon. "I'm used to having you laugh at me, you know."

Vernon paused and frowned perplexedly and sighed.

"Tom," he said, "will you tell me something?"

Puffing comfortably at his cigarette, leaning far back in his chair, Tom Rogers considered Vernon's request judicially, and finally rubbed his slender hands.

"All right," he answered; "fire away."

Despite the encouragement, however, Vernon appeared to have difficulty in framing his question. He looked restlessly at Tom's bright motionless eyes and at his thin inscrutable features; restlessly, almost with apprehension.

"Fire away," repeated Tom. "If it's anything about yourself I can tell you the whole story, right from A to the funny little sign at the end of the letters, my boy. I think sometimes I know you better than I know myself. Fire away."

"I suppose you do," sighed Vernon. "You ought to, I suppose. Tom, am I very stupid? Naturally, I know I'm not particularly bright, but am I very stupid?"

Vernon might have known that Tom Rogers would do something queer. Instead of answering directly like a normal man, he raised his thin dark eyebrows and placed the tips of his long fingers one against the other.

"So that's the way it blows," he said. "So that's the way it blows."

"What blows?" stammered Vernon. "What the dickens do you mean?"

"Sit down," said Tom Rogers, looking thoughtfully around the noisy, smoky room. "Sit down quietly. You've come to the right man, my boy. I'll keep your secret safe."

"Who said anything about a secret?" demanded Vernon, reaching for a chair. "Tom, honestly I think you might say things straight sometimes. There isn't any secret."

"Isn't there?" Tom smiled faintly. "Well, perhaps you're right. 'Secret' is not the word. I've seen these things too often, and the signs don't change. First, you come to a dance, and I know you don't like dances; and then what do I find you doing? Looking at yourself in a mirror like a leading man at a matinée! And then what do you do?" Tom's smile grew broader as he watched Vernon's furrowed face. "You ask me if you're stupid—not ordinarily stupid, but very. Now listen carefully. Here's the important part." He brought his hand down softly on Vernon's knee. "When anyone acts like that, he's hit!"

"Hit!" ejaculated Vernon. "How do you mean—hit?" And he moved his feet restively.

"I mean there's a girl at the bottom of it," said Tom. "I know the signs. Come on; who is she?"

Vernon passed his hand across his forehead nervously.

"Look here," he said, "I didn't say anything ——"

Tom Rogers laughed noiselessly.

"There you go," he said, "just the way you always do. Come out of it now! I've known you long enough to guess a thing or two. Tell me who she is."

"You needn't be so all-fired bright about it," said Vernon, "because I was going to tell you anyway. Don't I always tell you everything?"

"I know you do," agreed Tom kindly. "And I'm always right beside you; you know that. Come now, here we are right in a corner where no one's going to hear you."

Vernon looked very uncomfortable and plunged his hands aimlessly into his dinner coat.

"She," he began -"she —— Oh, what's the use? I know it's all foolishness, just the way it always is when women get into things."

"Exactly so," agreed Tom; "exactly so."

"When I see her," continued Vernon, "I feel like a monkey on a stick." Tom nodded in sympathetic acquiescence. "And I keep wondering what made me—what the devil should have made me. She's all covered with powder and has on a different dress every minute. I don't even understand half what she says. You know the way the young ones are. She might just as well be a foreigner sometimes. She might ——"

"Young, you say?" Tom sat up straight in his chair. "How young? Where'd you meet her?"

"Don't talk so loud," begged Vernon. "I met her at one of these dinners last week. They put me next her, and I don't know what happened, but there's something about her—something about her ——"

"Yes, yes," said Tom; "but who is she? Is she here now?"

Vernon nodded gloomily.

"Oh, I know what you're going to say—why don't I go and dance with her? I don't know any of the things she dances—not even the names—that's why. And when I try to talk to her, there just doesn't seem to be anything to talk about. I don't know—when I see her I can't think of anything. What had I better do? Tom, you always give me good advice." Vernon stopped suddenly and sighed again. "There," he added, "I knew you'd laugh; but it's not funny. Maybe you'd laugh the other way if you only knew her."

Tom Rogers whistled softly and stepped on the glowing end of his cigarette.

"You've told me everything," he said, "except who she is."

Vernon hesitated and cleared his throat. Something between them seemed strained and not exactly normal.

"You won't believe it," he explained. "You'll laugh when you hear it. I don't know her first name. She just said 'Call me Bunny.'"

"Bunny!" Vernon noted that his companion gave a slight start, though he never thought of it until it was too late to think. "Not Bunny Jennings?"

"Here," cried Vernon wonderingly, "do you know her too?"

The color in Tom's face had altered. He bent down to light a second cigarette and dropped a box of matches.

"Yes, I know her," he said. Only later did Vernon remember how clumsily Tom groped for the matches on the floor and what a long time he needed to recover them. "Of course I know her. She's staying at the Winslow Smiths', isn't she?—for the week, isn't she? Yes, I know her, and I know the way you feel now—exactly the way you feel."

"What?" said Vernon. "How do you know that?"

"Never mind how," said Tom hastily; "except I know. Well, how far have you gone?"

"How—how do you mean?" asked Vernon uncertainly.

"I mean, what have you done about it? naturally. Haven't you made love to her? Haven't you said anything?"

"What?" Vernon felt his forehead grow moist. "Made love to her? Why, I hardly know her; and besides ——"

"Well, you better," answered Tom incisively; "right now—tonight. That's my advice. She's only going to be here a few days more, and with modern girls—well, you've got to show 'em."

"Show 'em what?" Vernon inquired uncertainly, for he felt beyond his depths.

"Why, show 'em you're interested, naturally." Tom leaned closer to Vernon and watched him very closely. "If I were you I'd go and find her now and walk with her—well, to the jumps out in the exercise

(Continued on Page 149)

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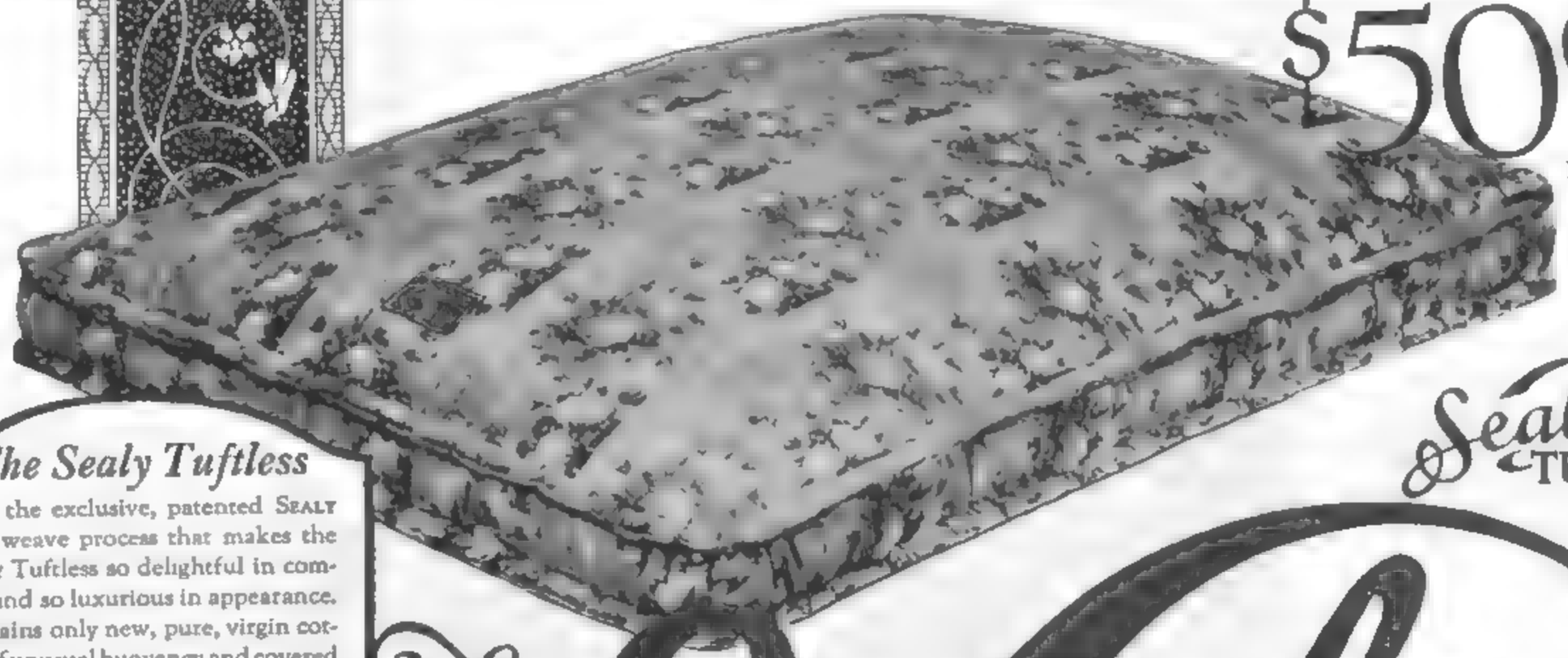

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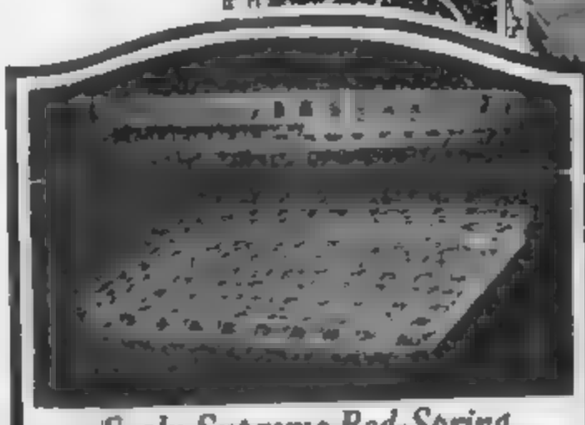

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CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 146)

field. That's a good place. And I'd tell her how you felt about her—artistically, of course, and then—well"—Tom smiled encouragingly—"I should kiss her."

"Kiss her!" breathed Vernon. "Are you crazy?"

"I should kiss her," repeated Tom firmly. "Don't interrupt! I know you've never done such a thing, and you're shocked; but now's the time to rise above yourself. That's my advice. It's the way you've got to act to make any impression. Come on, pull yourself together!"

"Look here," gasped Vernon, "you know I'm no good at that sort of thing. You know it, Tom! I couldn't—not right off."

For a second Tom did not reply, and Vernon gripped hard at the arms of his chair. Tom was looking beyond him, staring intently at the blank wall.

"Vernon," he said at length, "I really think you'd better right away."

"But why?" Vernon was an awkward, desperate spectacle. "What do you take me for, man—a Don Juan? I can't do things like that, you know. I never even would think of it! I wouldn't know what to say! I wouldn't ——"

"Just the same"—the other's voice so altered that Vernon opened his eyes wide—"you'd better."

"But why?" Vernon repeated. "Why on earth?"

"Because"—though the noise in the room was too great for anyone to hear, Tom lowered his voice—"because, I may as well tell you, I'm going to do it myself."

"You—you are!" Vernon started out of his chair.

"Not so loud," cautioned Tom. "Let's not make a show. I wish it wasn't you and me; but here we are, both of us monkeys on sticks, as you put it—you and me, my boy. It's what I was afraid of—just that. Do you happen to know she likes you?"

"What?" gasped Vernon. "What's that?"

"Isn't that like you?" rejoined Tom. "Of course you wouldn't know, but she does. You've done something or other—I don't know what. Now don't say I'm not playing straight. She likes you already, and I'm giving you first chance, which everybody wouldn't. Her name's not Bunny. It's Susan, if it helps you any—and it's you or me, right now, tonight. Go up and find her, Vernon, and remember what I said."

"Now?" groaned Vernon. "Look here, Tom, you can't mean it. I—I don't seem to get it straight. You want me to go first? I—I hardly know her!"

"Neither do I," Tom answered.

"Can't we wait?" pleaded Vernon. "Why right off? It's—it's ——"

In his perturbation he could not think of a simile. He was too dumfounded to think at all.

"Do what you like," replied Tom. "I'm simply giving you every chance, even to telling you she likes you. She was just saying, to look at you, she'd know you were the hardest rider in the bunch. Think of that! Are you going?"

Vernon's sporting blood caused him to pull a coin from his pocket.

"I'll match you," he suggested, "to see who goes first."

"No"—Tom shook his head decisively—"I'd feel better about it if you went. I always would. It'll be a real favor. I'm willing to wait."

Vernon pulled at his tie, stared at Tom Rogers pitifully and extended his broad palm.

"Anyway Tom," he said brokenly, "may the best man win."

"Yes," said Tom Rogers, "may the best man win; and, Vernon—Vernon, I wish it wasn't you and me."

Was it contrition which made Tom Rogers frown as he watched Vernon's retreating back? Was it contrition which made him make a half-hearted move to follow? It probably was not; for, as Vernon walked up the stairs—one step, two steps, with a steady dogged motion—Tom murmured something to himself.

"She'll never guess," he said in a scarcely audible voice; "she'll never guess. How could she?"

III

A BLAST of wild music greeted Vernon as he got upstairs. It occurred to him that the music grew wilder every year, and, with the music, that everything else assumed a proportionate wildness. The main room of the club, where he had often dozed of a quiet afternoon, was like some alien transplanted scene, with black coats and violently colored dresses gyrating in disorder. There was the odor of the dance everywhere—a close warm smell like a box of heated talcum powder—which sent his memory back to the trying times when he had genuinely tried to excel on the polished floor.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Vernon; but only his lips moved and anything he might have said or thought was lost in a frantic blast of saxophones.

Bunny was dancing in a corner. Vernon had discovered that she always chose the corners. A slim, loose-jointed adolescent had his arm wrapped about her bare white back and her nose was buried deep in the young man's coat.

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Vernon. "I guess ——"

He paused, clutched by a horrid diffidence. The sight of her twinkling ankles, the glimpse of her shining yellow head, made him feel how completely beyond him she was and how desperate his task.

She saw him, though he could not tell how, for all that he could see was her blue dress, her slender shoulders and the back of her head. She saw him, even as he paused and hesitated; and he knew it was too late to turn and leave, for she stopped and disengaged herself from her partner's grasp with the adroitness of a prize fighter slipping from a clinch.

"Hello, old dear!" called Bunny.

Old dear she had said, and there he was and there she was. Her arms were half raised toward him, but he was very clumsy, and motion and speech fled from him like scurrying wild things before a sudden light. Though he did not touch her, he could feel her body swaying with the dance like a part of the absurd music that filtered through his brain. She was like the music, mysterious and alluring, filled with a life that was like all his wildest wishes and unchained thoughts. She was smiling, just as she had smiled when he saw her first, slowly, invitingly, and her wide gray eyes were both dimly soft and gay, now light, now dark, as if their color gained reflection from some light that burned within her.

"I'm glad it's you, old dear," she said. "I felt a tingling in my spine. I knew it must be you."

"In—in your spine?"

The light came into her eyes and she seemed to be all light, soft and white and warm. Her cheeks glowed with it and seemed to give a hallowed sound to all she said, so that even a startlingly frank discussion of anatomy—nothing was out of place.

"Aren't you just excruciating?" said Bunny. "When your back's turned, don't you feel things in your spine? I do. My spine crept up and down, all queer, and I know something heavy's coming when my spine does that."

"Heavy?" Vernon repeated slowly. "How do you mean—heavy?"

"Why, the heavy ones and the light ones, of course." Bunny gave a merry little laugh that set his heart to beating. "The cases, of course; and you're pretty heavy, you know, and ——"

Though he could not understand a word, he knew that she was surprisingly confidential.

"Aren't you heavy? I don't know as I mind," she said.

What was he to say and how was he to say it? Vernon's tongue stumbled clumsily and halted in its duty.

"Well," said Bunny, "come on!"

"Don't make me," said Vernon. "I can't dance these things. Let's—let's go outside."

"Aren't you excruciating!" exclaimed Bunny. "Don't frighten me! I thought you were going to ask me something hard. I'll get a coat. Wait for me at the door."

Outside the club, as they walked down a narrow path, she passed her arm through his. Though he knew it was only confiding friendliness, the gesture made speech more difficult. She seemed to expect him to say something, but he could only wonder how he could make a beginning and reach an end all in a short half hour.

"You are an old dear, you know," said Bunny. "Well, start in."

Vernon's arm grew tense.

"What?" he asked. "What?"

"Start in," she said, turning her face innocently toward him in the half light. "When you take someone outdoors, don't you talk? Where's your line? You must have some sort of a line. Won't you say something, or shall I begin?"

"I guess"—to Vernon his voice was like a stranger's—"you'd better."

"Aren't you just excruciating?" said Bunny. "But I think you're awfully nice. You're so nice and quiet. I like quiet men, and you're so restful that it's lovely. I always feel so rested when I'm with you. I know all about you, you know, and I feel I know all about you, which means a whole lot more."

"I guess," said Vernon sadly, "nearly everybody feels that way."

"Oh-h!" said Bunny. "How simply extravagant! I just knew you'd say something like that. You are an old dear. You're so calm and safe—and—and gentle."

Vernon bit his lip. After he had tried frantically for days to be something entirely different, "calm and safe and gentle" was the summary of his achievement—hardly more than a cold, insipid negative. If that was the extent of his best endeavor what would have happened if he had not tried?

"That's the only thing I can't understand," she was saying. "How can you be so calm when everybody says you're positively reckless riding across country? I always thought I'd be afraid of anyone like you."

"I'm not so calm," replied Vernon; "in fact, I'm not calm at all."

"Is that why you're so quiet? Are you worried about tomorrow?"

"No," said Vernon, "not about tomorrow."

"I'm so excited. I'd just love to see you even the least bit reckless."

"Would you?" asked Vernon hopefully. "Would you really?"

"Of course I would," said Bunny. "And now please say something nice. Don't you think—you might be reckless now?"

"Now?" Vernon started apprehensively. "Now?"

"At least you might say you like me. You do, don't you?"

"Yes," said Vernon, "I like you. Of course I like you." He paused to steel himself. Tom Rogers, who knew about such things, had said you had to show 'em. "Naturally, I like you—very much"

"There!" said Bunny. "I knew you did the very first time I saw you; but it's much nicer to have you say it. It's so sort of nice and comfortable."

"Oh, Lord!" groaned Vernon.

They had walked through the gates of the exercise field and were standing near the jumps, and from the lighted windows of the clubhouse the music sounded very faint and distant.

"What did you say?" exclaimed the girl beside him.

"Nothing," said Vernon; "nothing—but I'm glad you like me. Most girls don't. I never could get on with girls. Someone said women are like horses, but they're not. They're just—I don't know what they're like."

"But you know what I'm like," Bunny suggested. "You've seen a lot of me all week."

She looked up at him again, and he could see her smile, so sweetly, so confidingly, that his courage ebbed to nothing. Tom Rogers would have said something then which was apt and to the point. Vernon knew he would have; but, personally, he could think of nothing. A panic of indecision made him stare fearfully into the dark.

"Aren't we a little far from things?" said Bunny finally. "Hadn't we better be getting back?"

Vernon felt the coldness of despair.

"No," he said hastily; "no, not yet!"

"I don't mind, if you don't." Bunny tossed her head. "But you seem awfully bored."

"Oh, no!" cried Vernon. "Please don't think that! I'm not bored! I'm only ——"

"Only what?"

"Never mind," said Vernon, and clenched his teeth.

He had to do something. He thought of Tom, and he knew that time was flying and that he was no nearer than when he had started. Filled with this sickening realization, he watched her move toward one of the jumping standards and look up at the row of rails. It was like taking a jump, a final terrible jump, from a bad take-off onto unknown ground.

"Oh-h!" she said. "Isn't it high! Could you jump a horse over that?"

"Yes," said Vernon; "of course I could."

"Oh-h!" said Bunny. "But isn't it hard?" She dropped his arm and stood looking up at him.

"No"—for a casual statement, Vernon's voice was unnecessarily harsh—"it isn't hard if—if you throw your heart over."

"Throw your heart!" She gave a little unsuspecting laugh which stopped in mid-career. "Oh! What—what ——"

Vernon had done it. Vernon had rushed the jump. He had thrown his arms around her blindly and had kissed her fair and square with conscientious thoroughness, and all his heart was in it. His arms were still around her, and he could feel her tremble beneath her soft woolen coat, and he bent again and kissed her.

"Oh!" she gasped. "Let me go!"

"Bunny ——" began Vernon, but his voice quivered with a horrid premonition.

"Let me go!" she cried angrily. "To think you'd do such a thing! To think it!"

It occurred to Vernon that she could not be more surprised at his actions than he was himself. He dropped his arms in dull surprise and observed that she was staring at him coldly and patting at her hair.

"Why," she asked, "did you do that?"

It was the voice of reason speaking, cold and limpid as the Pierian spring, and it remained only for Vernon to say the worst thing possible, which was what he did.

"I sort of thought—it was the thing—to do," he faltered.

"Oh, did you?" she answered icily. Where were romance and poetry then? To Vernon it was like a rude awakening on a cold gray winter morning by the pangs of a guilty conscience. "So that's all you think of me—that I'm someone you can take outdoors and kiss, just like that—like that! Don't say any more. I'm going back now."

"No! No!" cried Vernon desperately. "I didn't think that! I swear I didn't! Please listen! I never did anything like that before!"

"So you start in on me!" she answered furiously; and in his wretchedness, every word was like a lash. "Why do you make me feel cheaper after you've acted as though—as though —— Don't say any more!"

"But I only wanted to show you I cared!" pleaded Vernon. "And I didn't have any time—and ——"

Vernon's voice grew louder, desperate, and his brow was moist from the clammy fingers of despair.

"Don't!" he cried. "You mustn't go like that!"

She was walking away from him as he spoke, but all at once she stopped and turned, and her answer came to him through the dark like a cold projectile:

"Don't say you care for me! I know how you care! How could I tell you were so perfectly common?"

His whole soul seethed hopelessly for expression. He was wrenched by the injustice of it, and his face was drawn and pale.

"No!" she cried chokingly. "Don't come with me! I can find my way back alone, thank you!"

Then, inexplicably, indignation burned through his bewilderment like fire through smoke.

"See here," he demanded, "what's the use in acting as though you've never been kissed before?"

It was like him—right to the very end he said the worst thing possible. For a second time she turned squarely on him, so quickly that he started

"Be quiet, you inexpressible idiot!" she said.

IV

THAT was all there was—no more, no less. White of face, with set lips, Vernon entered the room beside the lockers, pulling savagely at his collar with trembling fingers. Tom Rogers was waiting just where Vernon had left him. Vernon could perceive only a single change in the scenery. Tom had drawn the table nearer and upon it was a bottle and two glasses. As Vernon's eye lighted on the bottle he stalked toward it and seized its neck belligerently

"Help yourself," said Tom, raising his eyebrows in wordless interrogation.

There was no need for Tom to speak, for he surely must have known. Vernon's hand trembled so that the bottle shook, and the look he bent on Tom was almost savage.

"Would you mind telling me," he inquired, "why you put me up to a thing like that? You knew I couldn't do it, Tom! I say you knew I couldn't!"

"Don't make such a noise, Vernon," cautioned Tom. "What on earth did you do?"

Vernon raised a glass four fingers full of an amber fluid and gulped at it recklessly.

(Continued on Page 153)

Now Have

Elisabeth Rethberg, Soprano, Metropolitan Opera Company, of the New Hall of Fame

THE SUPERLATIVE THRILL OF RADIO'S

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—*Both in a single instrument*

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Remember—Brunswick now offers the choice of two supreme musical instruments the Brunswick Phonograph alone without radio, and the Brunswick Radiola, which is a phonograph and a radio in one. Convenient terms of payment at all Brunswick dealers'.

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It is the joint attainment of the Radio Corporation of America, to whom radio's outstanding achievements are traced, and of Brunswick, an outstanding leader in phonographic reproduction.

Designed and built as *a scientific unit*, it is not comparable with any so-called "combination" phonograph and radio.

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* * * * *

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Some styles embody the Radiola Super-Heterodyne, others the Radiola Regenoflex, others the Radiola No. 3 and No. 3A. All are obtainable on surprisingly liberal terms of payment. For a demonstration, call on any Brunswick dealer.

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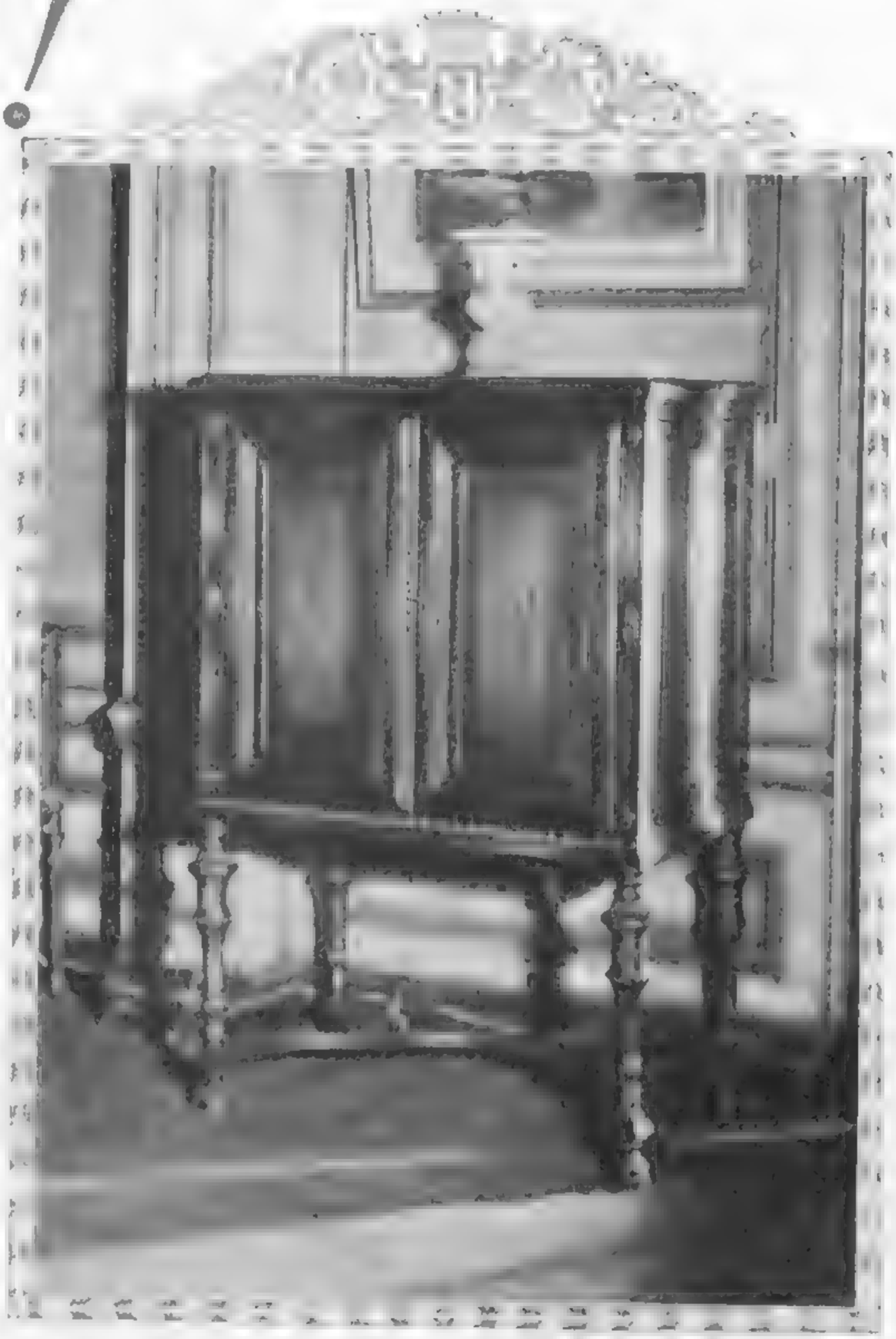
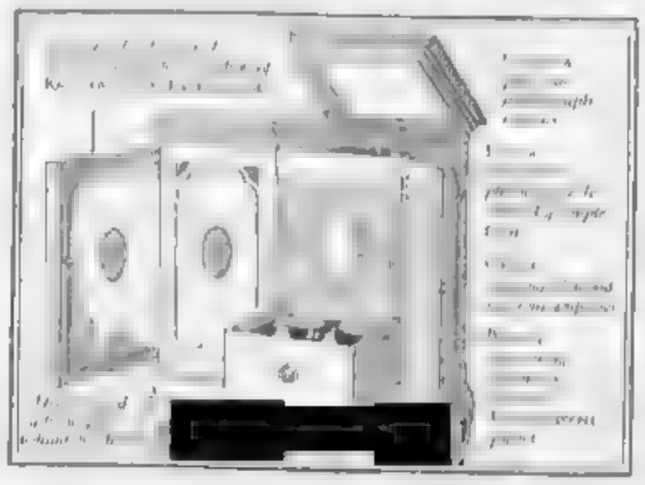


Brunswick Radiola No. 460



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—some remarkable features

1. Requires no outside antenna—no ground wires. You can move it from room to room—plays wherever you place it.
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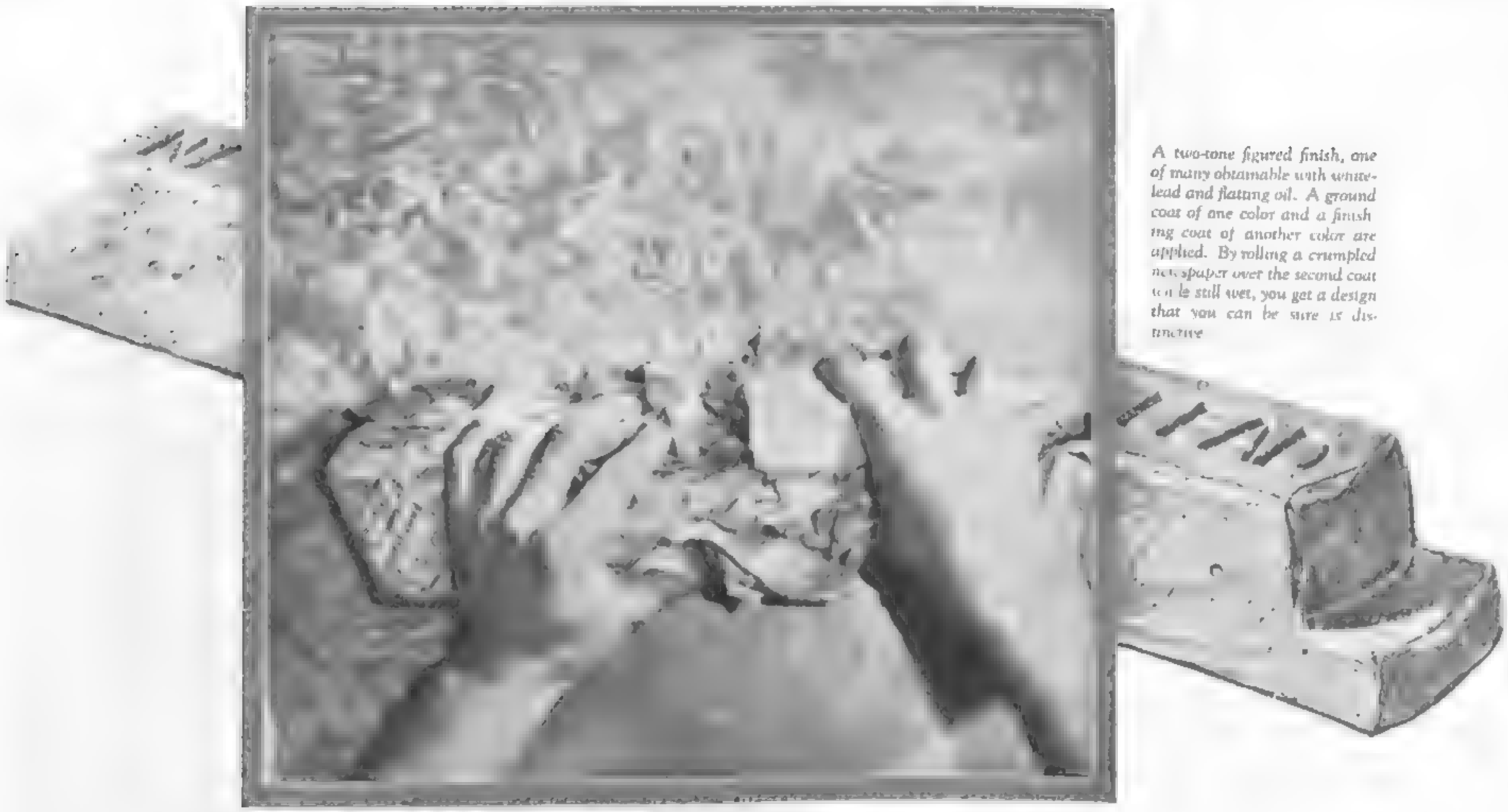


A two-tone figured finish, one of many obtainable with white-lead and flatting oil. A ground coat of one color and a finishing coat of another color are applied. By rolling a crumpled newspaper over the second coat while still wet, you get a design that you can be sure is distinctive

Interior finishes once found only in the houses of the rich—

Now made available for every home by white-lead and flatting oil

WHEN great-grandfather was a boy, the interior beauty and charm of American homes were due in large measure to the beautiful and artistic woodwork finishes. These handsome woodwork finishes, built up with as many as five or six paint coats, were used generally throughout Colonial mansions. You may have seen and admired these rich, velvety finishes in reproductions of Colonial houses and in the finest modern homes. But these finishes were expensive and took a long time to put on.

Up to a short time ago such interior paint finishes were a luxury that only the wealthy could afford. But there is available today for interiors of homes everywhere a flat paint finish that is similar in beauty and durability to the old rubbed-down finish.

This flat finish is easier to apply than the rubbed-down finish, much more economical (because fewer coats and less labor are required) and very durable. Not only for woodwork but for the painting of walls this finish is ideal. With it many very beautiful and distinctive effects can easily be obtained, among them two-tone figured finishes, like the one shown above, two-tone mottled effects, two-tone glaze and Tiffany finishes.

What paint to use

Dutch Boy white-lead and Dutch Boy flatting oil make this new flat paint. The pigment ingredient is Dutch Boy white-lead, made from the metal, lead.

Dutch Boy white-lead is the highest grade white-lead obtainable. Mixed in the right proportions with Dutch Boy flatting oil, it makes a paint that can be quickly applied, and that produces a finish absolutely free from brush marks, laps or streaks. This paint makes a tenacious, durable, moisture-proof film that really becomes part of the covered surface. This film can be cleaned easily with soap and water without any harm to the paint.

Experts help to select colors

Dutch Boy flatting oil and Dutch Boy white-lead can be tinted to the shade or tint that will harmonize perfectly with your furnishings and draperies. National Lead Company maintains a Department of Decoration made up of experts who will gladly give advice on the proper selection of the colors for interiors of new houses or old. These men can also tell you about distinctive finishes and give you formulas for obtaining these finishes. Address your inquiries to Department of Decoration in care of the nearest of the branch offices listed below.

Send for free booklet

We will gladly send you actual, painted samples of the two-tone figured finish, and a new booklet, "Painting—Protective and Decorative." This booklet tells what paint is, what paint does and why paint protects the surface. It contains color plates of interiors and exteriors and also of interesting and unusual artistic wall finishes that can be obtained with paint. Both the booklet and the samples are free.

In addition to Dutch Boy white-lead and flatting oil, National Lead Company makes lead products for practically every purpose to which lead can be put in art, industry and daily life. If you desire specific information about any use of lead, write to our nearest branch.

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; St. Louis, 722 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Avenue; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.

The figure of the Dutch Boy Painter shown here is registered on every keg of Dutch Boy white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.

"Save the surface and you save all"

(Continued from Page 149)

He drank very seldom, and the spirits only intensified the blackness of his mood and stung his lacerated pride.

"Leave me alone," he said shortly.

Tom looked at him stubbornly and rubbed his chin.

"Better take another," he suggested. "I'll leave the bottle. I know it won't help; but, Vernon, I'm awfully sorry."

"Are you?" said Vernon with a queer rising inflection. His face was unattractively flushed and his hair disheveled, and even his single drink appeared to thicken his speech. "Are you? Then leave me alone—that's all."

When Vernon finished the contents of his third glass he passed his hand unsteadily through his hair. He had taken more than he had meant to take from the bottle on the table, as he could tell from a sensation of general numbness and from a recession of feeling in his hands and feet; but instead of helping matters it made them worse. He was shaken with the force that only people know who are unable to express a hurt, but can only wall it up alive.

The room seemed small to Vernon, and finally so close and cloying that he rose, collided with a chair, tripped against another, and then walked very carefully until he found himself outdoors. Outside, he leaned a while against the white clapboards of the clubhouse. The moon was rising through an autumn mist that blanketed the woods and fields, covering everything, the whole world, the universe, with its cold white light. Down a little slope, a hundred yards away, he could see the place he had quitted growing clearer as he watched, and it made his spirit writhe. He could see something moving in the exercise field. Vernon shook his head and blinked his eyes.

How it happened he could not tell, but everything assumed a different aspect as he looked, leaving him no longer sorry for himself, but suddenly ashamed and angry.

"Tom Rogers can wrap you and post you any time—and he knows it, Vernon." He seemed to hear his mother's voice mingling tauntingly with the music behind him: "Just suppose there was a girl, and just suppose you and Tom —— What would happen then? . . . Very stupid, dear. Very stupid. Very stupid."

In the depths of his despair he had a flash of intuition, as clear and bright as the moonbeams, which made him swing back on his heels.

"Very stupid—very stupid—very stupid, dear." It was a part of the music, jigging monotonously with the dance. From the clubhouse it mocked him in muffled voices and laughter. The numbness was leaving him from the very strength of his revelation, and his head was as clear as a bell. It was one of those uncanny bursts of intelligence which come when least expected, without logic or effort.

"Confound him!" muttered Vernon. "He put me up to it! He put me up to it on purpose!"

He saw it all. He remembered his mother's words and Tom's words, and everything inside him seemed to clash and jar like breaking china. Though he knew he had taken too much to drink, he did not stop, and he could not have stopped if he'd tried. The sounds from the club, the contents of the bottle, all beclouded his reason and forced his mind into a single burning path where consequences meant nothing.

They saw him in the moonlight stumbling across the turf, but Vernon saw Bunny and Tom Rogers first.

"Oh!" cried Bunny.

If he had not seen he would have known from her voice; and what Vernon had seen set all the fiends of jealousy at work. Tom Rogers had been kissing Bunny right where he had tried, with a grace and aplomb forever beyond Vernon. Tom had done for him deliberately. Vernon knew it then, just as surely as he knew his name.

"Don't mind me," said Vernon. "Go right ahead. I'm watching how it's done."

"Heaven help us!" exclaimed Tom in polite surprise. "What have you been doing, Vernon? What ——"

"Thinking," said Vernon, moving toward him. "That's all—just thinking."

"Drinking, you mean," Tom retorted cheerfully. "What is it now? Do you want me to take you home?"

"Thinking, I told you," retorted Vernon obstinately, "you—you infernal shyster!"

"Here now!" cried Tom. It was acting. Vernon could swear it was acting. "What are you calling me names for? Don't you think ——"

"I don't think!" cried Vernon. "I know! I know you didn't act like a friend to me tonight, Tom. You scored me off like a—like a ——"

"Go on," said Tom. "Don't get excited. Go on. I don't know what on earth you're driving at, but get it off your mind."

Suddenly Vernon stopped. Tom was looking at him in bewilderment and surprise, and Bunny was looking at him. He could see her standing motionless in the half light. "Go on," Tom had said, but how could he go on? It would only be worse if he did. It was contrary to all his upbringing to come running up with alibis, and she would not believe him. No one would believe him. She would never know. She would never understand. What had happened was between Tom and him, incapable of all expression, and Vernon knew Tom knew it. He could tell by Tom's look as he stood hesitating. He was as helpless as though he was gagged and tied -or wrapped and posted.

"It's nothing," he said with difficulty; "nothing. I'm sorry. I don't know what I meant to say. I can't say it."

He knew that every word he said made matters worse, that everything was hopeless, beyond recall. Though anger surged inside of him, he could only stand quite still. Yet they were waiting for him to say something more, for neither of them spoke. He turned slowly toward Bunny and raised his hand to his head.

"Won't you wait till tomorrow?" he said. "I'm better on a horse."

And then he looked at her in dull surprise. Until he had spoken he was not aware that he was ridiculous; but she was laughing as though he had said something amusing, and Tom also was laughing.

"There, there!" said Tom indulgently. "Of course you are. Now just keep outside in the open air till I get Bunny back, and then we'll go on home."

"Very stupid." He seemed to hear his mother's voice again. "Very stupid, dear." He stood alone in the exercise field with clenched fists and set face, lost in the knowledge of failure. He seemed to be standing away from himself, surveying the poor wreck that was his identity, scrutinizing his blunders, railing at his mumbled words. He could see her, though she was lost in the dark, and he could hear her voice, as unattainable as the past.

How could he tell her? He knew he could not. She would never—no one would ever understand. The branches in a tree above him moved fitfully in the wind in futile swaying monotony against the white light of the moon.

"She'll never speak to me again," he murmured. "Never now!"

v

NEVERTHELESS, Vernon was mistaken, for, after all, Bunny did speak to him again. The day after, just before the horses were brought up, she spoke to him as he stood on the clubhouse veranda quite alone, looking at the fields. She came so quickly around a corner that he did not see her in time to get away, and they were face to face before he knew it; and to make it worse, she stopped.

"Oh!" she said, and that was all. Instead of moving on, she looked curiously at his Norfolk jacket and his stained whipcord breeches. There was a pause, and Vernon felt his face flush scarlet, an eloquent silence of reproaches and regrets. She was in her riding habit, with her hair clubbed and tied with ribbon in a way that gave her an air of guilelessness, and her face seemed free from all anger and reproach. Yet she must have remembered, just as Vernon remembered.

"Don't be so ridiculous!" she said. "Can't you even be polite? Don't you know everyone's talking already?"

Vernon placed his hand on the veranda rail and leaned against it so hard that his knuckles grew white.

"Talking?" he repeated after her. "What about?"

"You silly!" exclaimed Bunny. "About you and me, of course!"

"Good Lord!" groaned Vernon. "I didn't say anything!"

She moved her shoulders impatiently, and then sighed, but not with any great sadness.

"Don't you know by this time the less you say the worse? Everybody knows that something's happened, and it's always harder on the girl."

"It isn't," said Vernon, looking across the fields. "It's harder on the man if the man's like me."

Frantically, desperately, he wished that she would leave him, for the sight of her gave him a sensation akin to physical pain. Everything was starting all over again. Her eyes were just the same, wide and provoking, making his spirit waver and grow weak.

"You know you behaved outrageously last night," she said.

"Yes," said Vernon dully, "I know."

"Well, haven't you anything to say?"

Vernon drew a sharp tortured breath.

"No," he answered. "I'm sorry, but what's the use in saying it? I know what you must think of me, and I can't undo that."

She smiled very faintly but not unkindly.

"How do you know?" she asked.

"What's the use in making it worse?" demanded Vernon desperately. "I'm out of the running. Let's let it go at that. Of course I know what any girl would think ——"

"Do you?" said Bunny. "Do you?"

It was all beyond Vernon, why she was there or what she meant. Was she trying to be kind, he wondered, or was she simply there to laugh at him? From the way she spoke, they might always have been friends, which made it wholly inexplicable.

"Don't be so cross," she said, "and spoil all day."

"See here," said Vernon in sudden amazement, "aren't you angry?"

And her answer was still more amazing, for it seemed to have no relation to anything which had passed.

"Why, no!" she said. "Why should I be, now that you've been so nice?"

"Nice?" gasped Vernon. "Why, I haven't been nice at all!"

"Oh, yes, you have," said Bunny.

She paused and looked beyond him down the veranda, but Vernon did not follow her glance. He was trying to solve some riddle of his own; yet even as he tried his heart was beating faster. He leaned toward her, and she looked up at him.

"Bunny," he began—"Bunny"

"There," said Bunny gently, "it's much nicer now, isn't it? I'm glad we're not angry any more; and remember—you said you were better on a horse."

She must have known what she was doing. Delicately, with self-possession, she must have started what she did with a woman's eye for trouble. She must have seen Tom Rogers, but Vernon did not know Tom had arrived until he heard his voice behind him.

"Better on a horse?" said Tom. "What's that?"

Vernon turned and faced him, staring hard at Tom's pink coat and shining boots.

"Better on a horse," he said coldly. "You heard."

"Who?" asked Tom. "You?"

"Yes," said Vernon, "me."

"There now," said Bunny, "you shouldn't have listened. I've got to be going."

Tom and Vernon stood eying each other. More people were coming outside, and more. Horses were being led up the drive and grooms were tightening girths.

"I heard her, Vernon," said Tom; "I heard her."

"What of it?" asked Vernon shortly. "Are you better?"

"At any rate," said Tom, "I'm not afraid."

"Afraid ——"

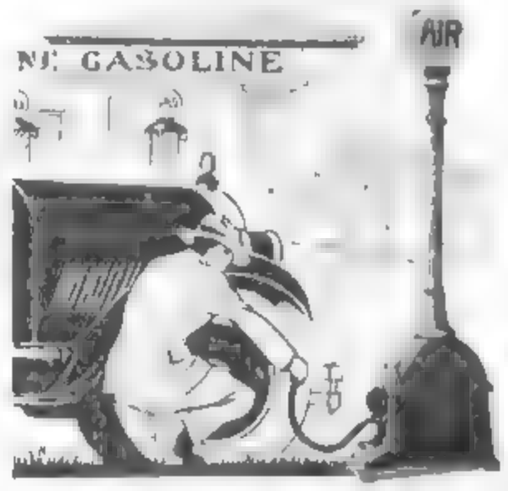
Vernon's voice choked and he lost command of all coherent speech. Whatever bonds of friendship might have held them snapped like tautened ropes. One might have thought they had never known each other except in a hostile way, as they stood watching each other with a conscious masklike calm. The calls, the baying of the hounds—all the noises which usher in a hunt were growing louder. The green before them was dotted with people and the pack was out, a restless noisy party-colored blanket, surging around the whip.

"You say I'm afraid again," said Vernon in a low strangled tone, "and I'll break your neck!"

Tom's eyes narrowed and he nodded a polite assent.

"I supposed," he said, "you'd arrive at that. But not here, my boy, not here. You're too much of a gentleman in the first place. In the second, you don't want to be asked to leave the club. Let's not say afraid then. Perhaps it isn't the word—'nervous.' Let's put it that way—just nervous. Steady, Vernon! It's better to be polite now. Everybody can see us."

Vernon could only glare at him helplessly, with glowing eyes and twitching



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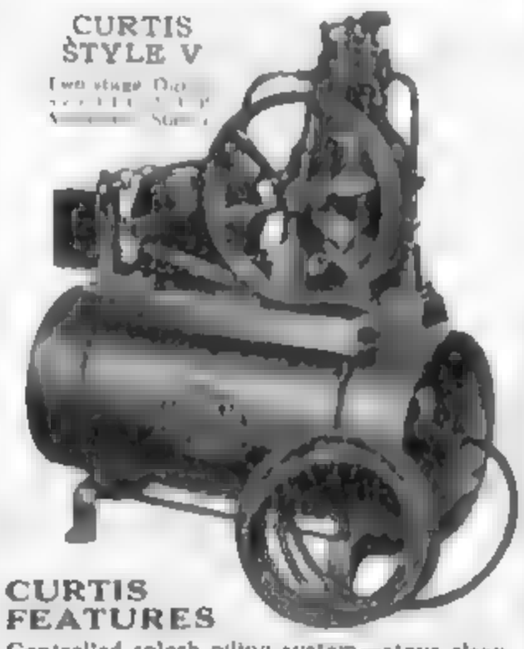

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lips. Again he had the feeling that he was tied and gagged, and powerless against an invisible strength beyond his own.

"The clever ones," his mind kept saying, "will get you in the end."

"When I think," he muttered hoarsely, "I ever thought you were a friend of mine ——"

A dull flush mantled Tom's lean face, and he interrupted Vernon before he could finish.

"Vernon," he said, "did it ever occur to you that everything's fair in love and war?" He stepped toward Vernon, lowering his voice almost to a whisper. "Vernon," he added—"Vernon, won't you leave her alone? I don't like what I'm doing, Vernon; but—Lord help me, I can't stop now!"

For a moment they stared at each other in a strange sort of understanding. For a moment, as their eyes met, each saw through the other's barrier of reserve and manners as clearly as men can ever see.

"If you'd told me first," said Vernon simply, "I wouldn't have minded, Tom." He paused, but the other did not speak. "Go ahead," he added, "and play your game. I can stand it if you can, Tom. I'll be watching now."

He turned away toward the steps and Tom walked down beside him

"You always were a straight shooter," said Tom sadly. "Vernon, I wish it wasn't you."

"Don't mind me," said Vernon with a pale, set face. "Look out for yourself—that's all!"

VI

THERE was no doubt they both could ride. To see them in the saddle before they moved off was enough to prove it, for they were both a part of their horses, and each motion of their hands and bodies blended with the gliding of the muscles beneath them. Vernon, the heavier of the two, astride a dark broad-chested bay with a roached mane and plucked tail, lost every atom of his awkwardness. The slope of Vernon's shoulders assumed an unsuspected grace, and as his horse tossed his head Vernon's hand moved adroitly on the snaffle and quieted him by its touch. Tom was on a horse of a more delicate nervous strain, which reared and capered as he mounted, but Tom did not even bother to check his horse. Already he had seen Bunny a few yards off, also mounted, and watching them both with an innocent smile.

"It's you, Bunny," Vernon heard him say. "You've got us both upset, and you always will."

He heard her laugh softly, but he did not hear her answer, except the very end.

"Here he is now," she said.

It seemed to Vernon that Tom had forgotten everything, for he waved to Vernon cheerfully.

"A handsome man on a handsome horse," he said. "Treat him gently, Vernon."

Vernon gathered his reins and moved nearer without replying. He felt that Tom was watching him; he felt that Tom had some idea which was turning swiftly in his mind, and it gave Vernon an uncanny sense of suspense that was almost like dread. In spite of the brightness of the sun, he felt uncomfortable and cold.

"Oh," said Bunny, "I think he's a lovely horse." And Tom looked at Vernon sharply.

"Do you like him?" Momentarily Vernon forgot his cares in his own enthusiasm. "His name's Vesuvius, and he'll go at anything if I ask him. He always will."

"That's right," agreed Tom; "he'll go at anything if Vernon asks him. It isn't every horse, you know, that trusts the judgment of a man."

No matter what the gossip had been before, everyone knew that noon that something was wrong between Tom and Vernon. As people watched them ride side by side they began to whisper and to look dubious. It was not because they were in the front of the run, for they were always there; but, after all, it was only a drag hunt they were riding in, and not a steeplechase, and their riding was not friendly riding. They went from field to field like riders in a contest, though no one could tell what the contest was. Though Tom laughed sometimes and spoke to Vernon in low tones, Vernon's face was drawn and set, and he never said a word. Both of them took jumps they had no business to take. First Vernon would take the lead and then Tom, deliberately choosing ground where no one would follow. They seemed to be showing off, and yet not showing off. The stragglers, riding through gates and along the roads, wondered; and the harder riders, even the younger ones, kept wondering what they were trying to do.

Perhaps Tom was the only one who knew exactly, and perhaps he had planned beforehand, for he accomplished what he wanted in the end. Though their mounts were seasoned hunters, they began to tire. Their sides began to reek with sweat and their necks were in a lather. Vernon's Vesuvius began to be blown, for he was carrying weight; but Tom's horse kept steadily beside him, exactly where Tom wanted him to keep.

It happened in a piece of marshy country where the going was very heavy. The head of the field had swung around sharply, in fact had almost doubled back, so that the leaders and the tail enders came together. The sun was growing lower and it dazzled Vernon's eyes, but Tom was close beside him.

"You've tried to jump me off all day, haven't you?" said Tom. "Well, you can't do that, my boy."

Vernon turned a dust-streaked face toward him.

"And you've tried too," he called, "and you can't either."

"Can't I?" answered Tom. "Well, here's where you catch it—wait!"

Vernon's hand tightened instinctively on his rein. They were pounding through a marshy bit of meadow. The mud was spattering their coats. Tom moved so close to Vernon that their knees touched.

"There's a jump for you!" he said.

Vernon knew the country, and he had seen it before. They were nearing a dike-like barrier separating two pastures. It was built of loose stones and broken fencing, with a scattering of willow shrubs growing among it. It was a formidable obstacle, made more formidable by a shallow puddle of water which lay before it, against which the sun struck hard and slanting. Vernon reined up and unconsciously shook his head. Already the field was passing them, seeking for some gap, and Tom was laughing softly.

"What are you waiting for?" he said. "Are you nervous about a little thing like that?"

Only afterward Vernon remembered that Tom did not speak loud enough for anyone to hear, but then he did not think. On his left, not thirty yards away, he saw Bunny riding toward them, and she was watching. He felt that everyone was watching, and drew a deep breath.

"Come on," he said, "I'm not keeping you!" And from the corner of his eye he saw Tom urge his horse forward.

Vernon pressed Vesuvius with his knees and loosened his rein, and Vesuvius knew the signal. Though Vernon knew the jump was difficult at best, even for an unwearied horse, without sun and mud to bother, he did not stop, for his blood was running too high to think of stopping. He made for the jump diagonally and straight into the sun. His horse set himself and sprang blindly as Vernon leaned forward.

From the very instant they started Vernon knew it was all wrong. In the moment he was in the air all his instinct told him. In the next instant he was struggling blindly in a mass of broken rails to get clear of his horse's hoofs.

He pulled himself clear, got painfully to his feet and reached for his bridle. Dimly he saw men dismounting and hurrying toward him.

"You idiot!" came a voice beside him. "You jumped right in the sun!"

Vernon pulled at his bridle, but Vesuvius only struggled without being able to rise.

"You've done it this time! You've smashed your horse's leg, my boy. You knew he couldn't see."

Dazed and shaken as Vernon was, he knew the voice, and turned savagely around with his hand still on the bridle of his floundering horse. Half a dozen people had already gathered around him. He saw Bunny had dismounted. He caught sight of a groom and of several older men. Hurrying toward him was old Mr. Hugh Pendleton, the master of the hunt.

"What's all this foolishness?" he shouted.

Vernon, however, scarcely heard him, for he felt a hand on his arm. Tom Rogers was standing at his elbow.

"You've done for him, Vernon," said Tom. "You might as well have shot him."

Vernon raised a muddy arm and shook his fist.

"You infernal quitter!" he shouted so loud that everyone could hear. "Why did you let me go alone? Why didn't you come too?"

"Here," said Tom gently, "don't lose your temper in front of everybody because you acted like an idiot! What's got into you today? Of course I didn't follow you. I don't jump anything I can't see."

"You backed out on me, you mean," cried Vernon hoarsely. "You quit! I don't care who hears me! Let go of my arm! I say you quit!"

Mr. Pendleton moved forward hastily, pulling at his white mustache.

"Stop talking like that, and mind your manners, Bradley," he said. "I've had my eye on you. Anyone would have known the jump was impossible. He called to you to stop!"

"He—what?" shouted Vernon with wide staring eyes.

"Be quiet," said Mr. Pendleton, "and try to behave like a gentleman."

And suddenly Vernon was very quiet, for suddenly he knew exactly what Tom had done. Tom had maneuvered him there as a general might maneuver troops. He had sent him flying off his horse where everyone could see. He had made him do a piece of riding which was close to insanity, where everyone could watch. Again he was like a criminal where everything he said would be used against him, and he had said enough already.

"Haven't you the decency to be polite to anyone who helps you up?" It was Mr. Pendleton still speaking. "Shake hands with Rogers and tell him you're sorry."

"That's all right. Don't worry him, Mr. Pendleton." Tom came to Vernon's defense at once. "Of course he's sorry. Nobody means what they say after a fall like that. Let's be thankful he didn't kill himself, and let it go."

It was a time for a cooler head than Vernon's, a time for diplomacy and tact; but the edge of Vernon's nerves was frayed and his soul was black with hate. All his ideas of etiquette and sportsmanship fled from him, all his ideas of fitness and breeding left him to his fate.

"Confound you!" he cried. "I'm not sorry, and I'll show you I'm not if I ever see you alone!"

And Vernon turned his back to them and bent over Vesuvius' head.

"I guess," said Tom, "under the circumstances, we'd better be going on. Bunny, will you ride with me a while? I've had about enough today."

"The clever ones will get you in the end." Vernon seemed to hear his mother's voice as he listened to the agonized breathing of the animal beside him. "In the end they'll make a fool of you, and make you play the fool."

VII

VERNON knew he was done for. As he rode toward the club on a groom's horse he was able to see himself as others saw him. His face worked painfully, not from his bruises and contusions, but from laceration of the spirit. He shivered as he felt the chill that came with the waning sun, for it was like the chillness of his soul, and all the while his thoughts moved back and forth in painful, swinging rhythm. Tom Rogers had got him just as his mother had said. He could not speak or object, but could only bear in silence the injury heaped upon him.

"She'll never understand," he groaned to the silence about him. "No girl would ever understand."

For what was he to tell her? What contradiction could he ever give to what she had seen and heard, when Tom had moved him step by step, like another Iago with another Moor of Venice? He could see himself as she would see him, as everyone would see him, ill-tempered, boorish in an accident which was all his fault, devoid even of the rudiments of sportsmanship—just what Tom had made him, as though the last night was not enough. He was afraid of Tom, afraid of some strength that was beyond him. He was humbled, and he bowed his head.

Muddy, bedraggled and ashamed, Vernon climbed the clubhouse steps. He hoped he would see no one who would ask him questions, for the thought of what everyone must be saying of him was a torment. It was growing dusk when he arrived, and the gloom was friendly, for he hoped that he could get a coat and hat and leave without a word to anyone and without a sight of anyone; but his hope was denied him. Just as he descended the veranda steps, a group of people came out the door, for it was late and time to be going home. They were laughing and talking, and as he stepped

(Continued on Page 157)

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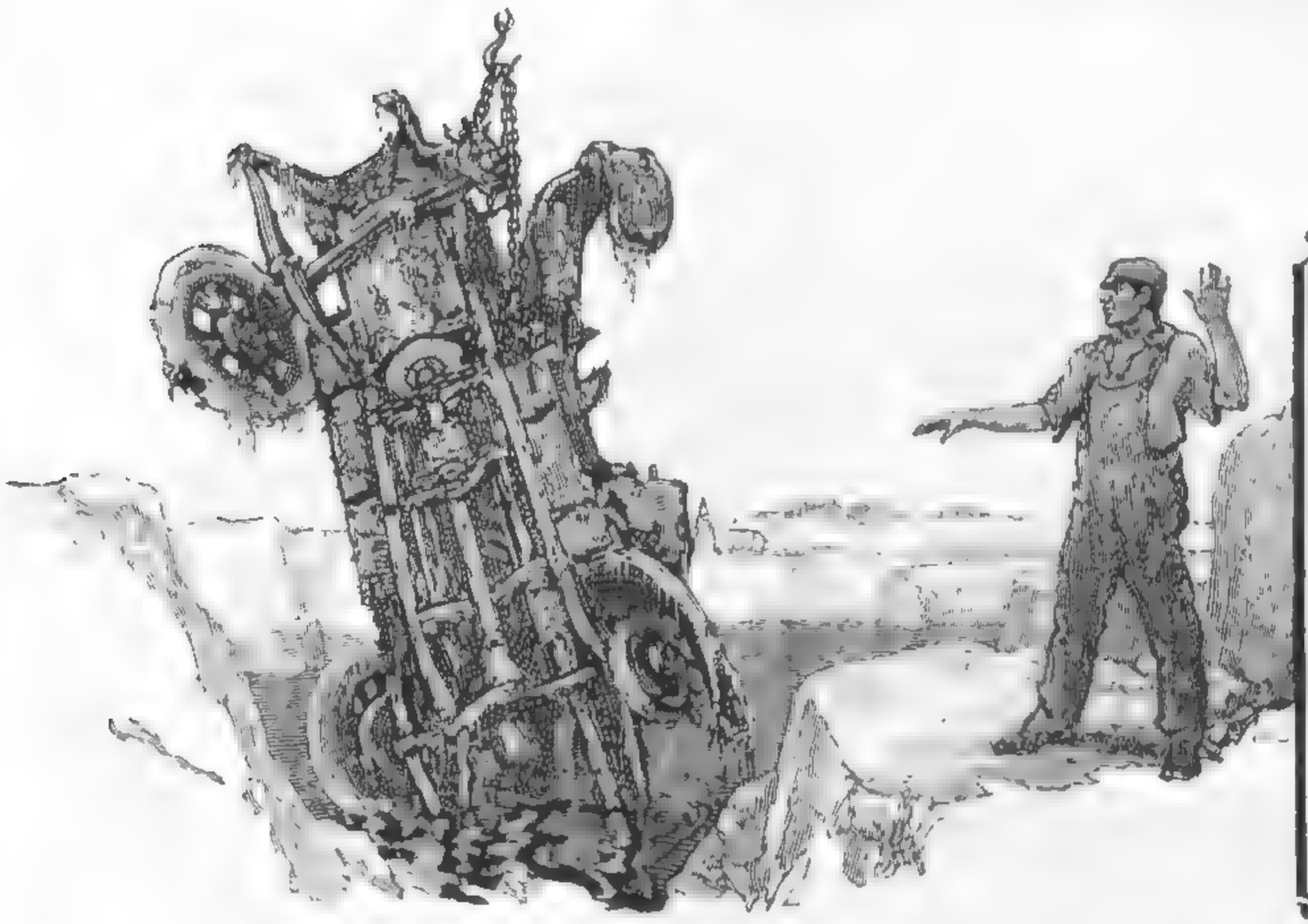

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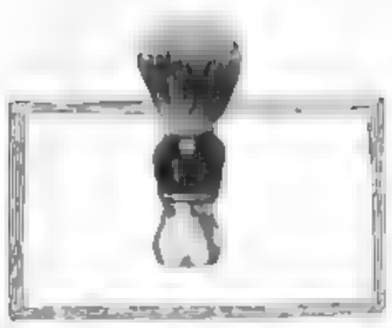

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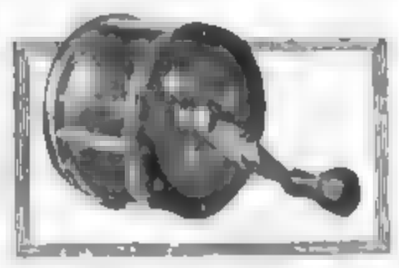

Fishing Reel parts
of molded Bakelite
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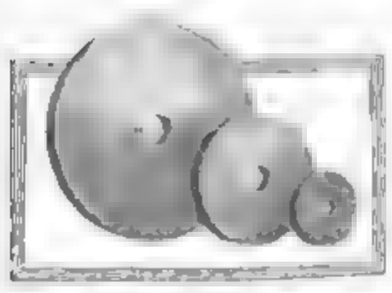

Pump Valves
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"Little Jove" water heater
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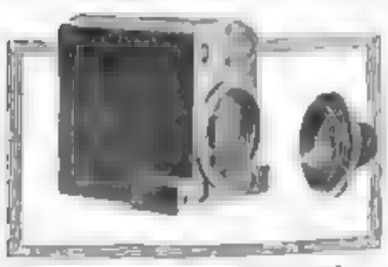

Kelvinator automatic control
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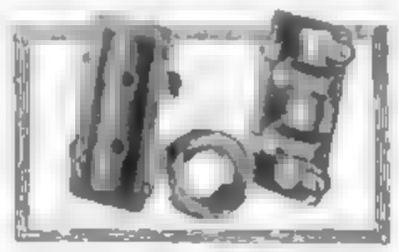

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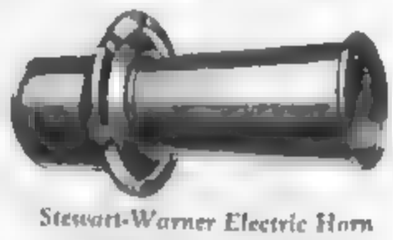

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(Continued from Page 154)

aside to let them pass, he saw that Tom and Bunny were with them; and to make it worse, both Tom and Bunny stopped and let the rest move on.

Vernon stood silent, with his nails biting deep into his palms, while his spirit strove for some expression. It was the last weight on his tautened nerves, and he knew in some instinctive way that Tom knew it, though it was hard to see him in the dim light. Tom had stopped with deliberate intent. Vernon could feel his intent, just as Bunny had said she could feel things in the spine. The knowledge that Tom had not finished with him sent Vernon's pulses running in wild dizzy tumult, and yet he could do nothing but stand still and listen.

"So there you are!" exclaimed Tom, and Vernon knew that he was acting, that every word was balanced and calculated. Tom's voice was as kind and friendly as if nothing had happened. "Well, it's time you got back, isn't it? I was just getting ready to go out and find you, wasn't I, Bunny?"

As Tom turned toward her Vernon trembled and struggled for self-control. He knew it was a time to be calm, but he hated Tom's look, hated the sound of Tom's voice, with its gentle possessive inflection.

"Thanks," Vernon answered shortly; "thanks—you're more than kind."

"Nonsense!" replied Tom. "I oughtn't to have left you anyway. I wouldn't have except you didn't seem to want me."

Though the duplicity of it was like a blow, Vernon had to keep his peace. For a moment he glared at Tom uncertainly and then turned silently away.

"What?" cried Tom in polite and hurt surprise. "You're not going? Well, better luck next time. I'll see you—won't I?—when we start tomorrow."

From the tranquil way Tom spoke, Vernon knew where he stood—a self-convicted boor, incapable of meeting a friend's advance. Vernon did his best, but he could not speak pleasantly. It was a struggle to frame any sort of answer.

"You won't see me, Tom," he said. "I'm through. I won't ride tomorrow."

The three of them were standing alone in the dust. Now and then a motor would circle the drive and its headlights would pass over them, so that they saw each other first clearly then dimly; but Vernon knew Tom made the best of the light.

"You won't?" said Tom slowly. "Well, I don't know as I blame you."

Though Vernon knew what Tom wanted, he could not stop himself. There was innuendo and the slightest trace of contempt in the way Tom spoke, which was too much to bear.

"Tom," cried Vernon chokingly, "what do you mean by that?"

"Mean?" Tom raised his hand appealingly. "Vernon—Vernon, what's got into you today? I only meant I saw you fall, and it's the first time you ever took a bad one. Nobody's going to blame you if you're not exactly the same after it. If it happened to me, I know I wouldn't feel as keen as I used to feel either."

Vernon knew where Tom was taking him, and it was a time for a cooler head.

"Go on," said Vernon ominously, "I'm listening."

"But there's not anything to go on about," said Tom. "We've all noticed you've been nervous lately and —— Oh, well ——"

The delicate insinuation, the lack of a word to put one's finger on, was too much.

"Get out!" said Vernon hoarsely. "Say another word and I'll throw you down the steps!"

It was like some horrible dream where he could see himself blundering knowingly and yet could not stop. Even as he spoke, he knew that Tom had arranged it all. Tom had been kind, sympathetic, conciliatory—everything he should have been; and now to cap it all, he answered in patient indignation.

"Is there any good," he said, "to say I don't know what you're raving about? All right! I won't say any more, except to ask you to behave yourself in public. I've done my best, but I know when to stop."

That was it—he knew exactly when to stop. Even in his anger Vernon felt the planned exactness of every word Tom spoke. Adroitly, patiently, Tom had led Vernon on until Vernon appeared odious even to himself; but Tom knew when to stop.

"Bunny," Tom ended, "can I take you home? Wait, and I'll get my car—that is, if you don't mind waiting."

Though Vernon did not speak, it was only too apparent why Tom had left him alone with Bunny. He could see it was a part of Tom's schedule to leave them and let matters end, and, grudgingly, he could admire the way that Tom had done it. For what could she possibly think of him? What was there for her—for any girl—to do but to send him on his way? For a moment they stood in a silence which was only disturbed by Vernon's sharp breathing, for she seemed in no hurry to speak.

"Well," she said at length, in a low passionless voice, "haven't you got anything to say?"

"About what?" said Vernon, for even then he followed the habits of a lifetime and strove to delay the inevitable.

"You know what about," she said impatiently.

"Go ahead," said Vernon resignedly, "pitch into me. Tell me what you think."

"Can't you tell me?" She sounded curious rather than angry. "What's got into you to act the way you have? It isn't like you. At least I hope it isn't "

"Go on," said Vernon between his teeth. "He left you here to say it."

"But what is the matter?" she persisted, and Vernon was surprised at her great patience. "I'm not saying anything. I'm not even angry. Can't you tell me?"

It was on the tip of his tongue to tell her everything, but something forbade him; his common sense or his sense of decency—he could not tell which.

"I can't," he said. "It wouldn't make it any better. You wouldn't understand. You'll never understand. No girl ever would."

It was curious and quite beyond him, for he thought she would be angry then; but instead she was only puzzled.

"Wouldn't I?" she said. "Wouldn't I?"

He was tired, and sore and weak, and though she was close to him, so close that he could see her clearly through the dusk, she seemed a long way off. He seemed to be looking at her from a point hopelessly far away, so far that she was not even angry, so far that he was not worthy of being considered with anger. As she stood regarding him dispassionately she seemed utterly incomprehensible. As he thought of it later, it must have been her aloofness that stirred him to desperate speech.

"What's the use in asking questions," he demanded, "when you know everything? You're the matter—you know that."

He never felt further from jesting, and nevertheless she smiled.

"Am I?" she said. "Am I?"

She paused, and Vernon found the silence disconcerting. Her impassive listlessness hurt him. It would have been much better if she were angry.

"Well," he said heavily, "I guess that's all there is to it, except you won't believe it. Why should you? I tried to make you like me."

"Like you? You haven't done very well, have you?"

"No," said Vernon sadly; "I guess I tried too hard."

"You know you were impossible last night, and worse today. I wonder what you'll be tomorrow."

"Yes," said Vernon; "and I know everyone will talk about it for months, if that helps you any. I know there won't be any tomorrow."

She smoothed her riding habit and patted at her hair.

"And Tom behaved so nicely all the time," she sighed. A sharp intake of his breath was Vernon's only answer. Tom's car was coming up the drive.

"You know," said Bunny suddenly, "sometimes you're awfully nice."

"What " began Vernon in a stricken tone, and then he gave up speaking, for as usual things were quite beyond him, and her reply also was quite devoid of meaning.

"So easy to understand," said Bunny; "always so easy. Don't you ever see anything at all? Didn't you ever think—no man can ever fool a girl unless she really wants him to. Now do behave! Here's Tom."

Now what induced her to say that? Despite his black despondency, Vernon felt its irony and thought how Tom would have smiled if he had heard. Tom was coming, trotting up the veranda steps whistling, and Vernon was almost glad, for at least there would be a definite ending and he would be left alone. When Tom saw Vernon he stopped whistling and showed polite surprise.

"What?" he said. "Are you still here?"

"I'm going," said Vernon slowly. "I know when I'm not wanted."

"He can wrap you and post you any time," he seemed to hear his mother say, "and he knows it, Vernon." And Vernon knew, as he had known for several hours, that Tom did know it. The searching, satisfied look Tom gave him showed exactly what he knew—that the game was finished according to plan and that Vernon was finished beyond possible redemption.

"Ready, Bunny?" asked Tom. "The car's here now. Good night, Vernon. I hope you're feeling better in the morning." Then, on some sudden impulse, he stretched out his hand. "Good night, my boy," he added. "And I'm sorry—awfully sorry."

An uncomfortable silence ensued, for Vernon looked at Tom and did not move.

"Haven't you done enough," he said at length, "without ending off with that?"

Tom shrugged his shoulders and turned away. "Coming, Bunny?" he asked.

She made no move to go, but instead looked first at Tom and then at Vernon.

"Come on," said Tom, "it's getting late, you know." But Bunny did not move.

Her silence also was uncomfortable, so uncomfortable that Tom himself must have felt it, for his manner began to betray annoyance.

"What are you waiting for?" persisted Tom. "I'm ready."

"Yes," said Bunny, "I know you are; but I've changed my mind."

"Changed your mind?" echoed Tom in astonishment.

"Yes," said Bunny sweetly. "Vernon said he would take me home—and I'm going back with Vernon."

That was all she said, but it was enough. Tom gave a half-repressed start. Vernon cleared his throat. Though it was difficult to see, he could feel Tom's eyes peering at him through the dark, and Tom's stupefaction seemed to mingle with his own. Something, some unseen element had entered into the plan of things and warped it, something which was beyond them both. Vernon knew he had never asked her, and yet she had said—she had certainly said ——

"What!" exclaimed Tom.

"What? What's that?" asked Vernon.

But Tom was quick to recover himself. He was always very quick.

"Look here," he said, "I don't understand you, Bunny. If you want to have Vernon take you, all right. But why?"

His bewilderment was so obvious that Bunny paused, and as for Vernon, it was all beyond him until he heard her answer, low and soft, but like clear music from the sky.

"Because you're much too clever, Tom," she said.

That was all, but it was enough—enough for them all to understand. Tom stared at her in a startled way and Vernon caught his breath. He seemed to be in some great, beautiful and unexpected light, suddenly transported from the Slough of Despond up and up, where everything was right and justice held undisputed sway. Too clever too clever—it was the last thing he had thought of; even his mother had never thought of it. It was all too clever for such as he, all so clever that he knew that Tom had never thought Vernon heard him give a low exclamation and saw him poise himself to speak.

"What's Vernon been telling you?" Tom demanded. "We better get this straight."

What had he been telling her? Clumsily, Vernon racked his brain, but he could not think. All he knew was that right before his eyes Bunny was throwing down Tom Rogers. She had seen through it all—he knew and Tom knew.

"He didn't tell me anything," said Bunny. "How could he? Of course you knew he couldn't."

"But then"—even Tom's skill had gone as he answered—"but then, you're just guessing."

It was all too fast for Vernon. He heard her answer lightly and it was enough for Tom.

"Do you think I need to guess? Don't you think I've been watching you work? Why does any man, even the clever ones, always take it for granted a girl hasn't any sense? Come, Vernon, let's be going."

"Bunny," cried Tom—"Bunny, won't you wait?"

It seemed to Vernon that Tom's voice was exactly like his as they moved down the steps, and Bunny did not answer. Instead she took his arm and held it very tight.

"Hurry!" she whispered. "Do let's get away! Please hurry! Don't you see I can't stand him?"

Vernon did not see. It was still all too fast for Vernon. They were walking down the drive toward the automobile shed, and she kept pulling at his sleeve.

"Oh," she sighed, "I'm awfully glad you're stupid—awfully glad!"

And though Vernon was dazed and bewildered, he, too, was glad he was stupid and yet endowed with sufficient senses to realize that she was beside him.

"I wish you'd tell me ——" began Vernon.

"Oh," she said with a little laugh, "I'm so glad you're not clever. If he hadn't kept on and on with you like a—like a matador —— It was dreadful. And you—you're too nice to be clever, Vernon dear."

"But I don't see ——" began Vernon again, for he had a hard time leaving any subject.

"Don't let's talk about it," said Bunny. "Don't you see I knew everything Tom was doing? Do let's talk about something else!"

"But how?" said Vernon. "I know I'm slow, but won't you tell me how?"

She hesitated, clung closer to his arm, and answered very softly.

"Because—because I've always liked you better, really, almost all the time, and besides ——"

"Besides what?" asked Vernon. Though Vernon was always vague about it, at least he was always himself.

"Oh, dear," said Bunny, "wasn't I just telling you? No man can ever fool a girl unless she wants him to, and —— Don't you see? Don't you see I didn't want to be?"

It must have been some involuntary reflex motion that made Vernon put his arm about her, for he was never conscious he had done so until he saw he had done it.

"Yes," said Bunny softly, "except ——"

"Except what?" said Vernon.

"Except you never would," said Bunny.

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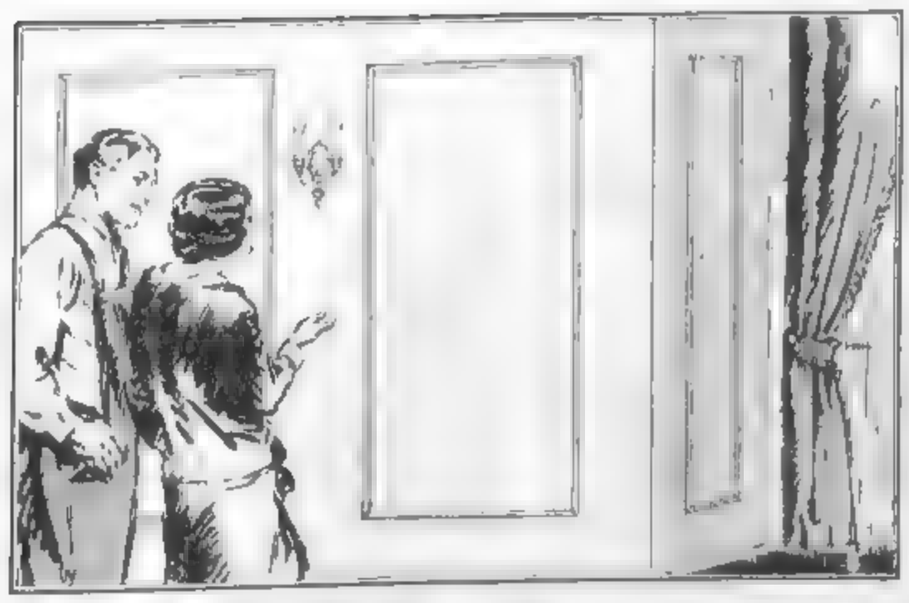

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Gentlemen: Please send me a complete explanation of your new "Partial Payment Plan." I am a ☐ Homeowner ☐ Roofer ☐ Carpenter ☐ Contractor ☐ Dealer. Yours truly,

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I am particularly interested in making the improvements listed below:

What's Wrong With Shorthand

Secretaries say:—

He talks so fast, I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."

"No one else can read my notes."

Cold notes are maddening."

"Shorthand is nothing to boast of."

Swell chance of a raise. I've no time to show initiative!"

I'm 10% secretary and 90% slave to my notebook

Personal business calls always interrupt when I am taking dictation."

"Those awful waits while he chats over the 'phone!"

Hours wasted while he's in conference."

"Nothing doing until 3, and then two days' work."

Yes, I do mind staying late."

Charles E. Dunbar

is Director of Sales for Johnson-Cowdin-Emmerich, Inc., largest manufacturers of silk ribbons in the world (established 1884). Medals from Art Museums testify eloquently to the distinguished beauty of these goods.

Mr. Dunbar's secretary can be a real assistant to him now, because she doesn't have to take his dictation in a shorthand note book.

What's Wrong With Shorthand

Executives say:—

"When I most need her, she's gone."

"She's busy now. Let it go."

"Has all she can write today. I used up her time dictating."

"She can't get out all she's taken."

"How do I know what I said?"

"She can't help me with other things."

"Forgot it before she came in."

She was out to lunch."

"If I could only dictate while it's fresh in my mind."

"Out sick, so my letters have to wait."

"When here alone, I'm helpless."

They faced the facts— and shorthand had to go

How much more work does a man turn out with The Dictaphone than the same man shackled by the delays and mistakes inseparable from shorthand?

FIFTY per cent. is a conservative estimate. That's apparent when you consider how neatly The Dictaphone solved the problem of C. E. Dunbar, Director of Sales for the largest silk ribbon manufacturers in the world

Millions of dollars' worth of sales are cleared through Mr. Dunbar's office. It would be next to impossible to direct this mass of correspondence without maximum efficiency. In addition to actual sales an enormous volume of inquiries received daily must have immediate attention. And, most important of all, Mr. Dunbar is responsible for the making of prices, directing of salesmen and seeing important customers

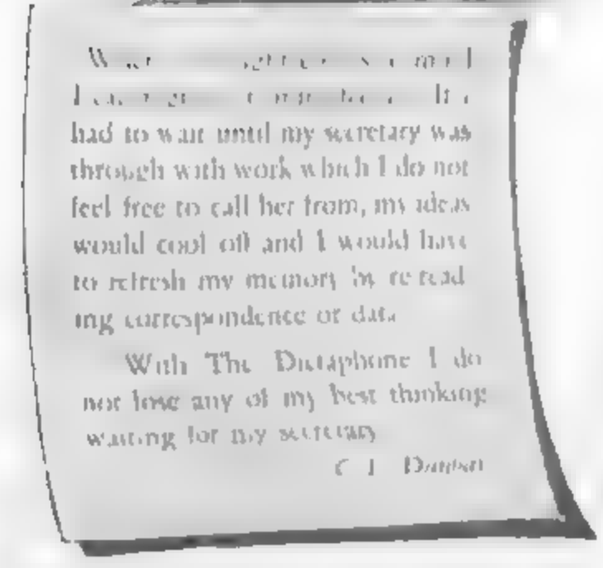
Saving his time, therefore, was the essence of his problem—the *very* problem which confronts thousands of other executives. Mr. Dunbar solved it by a natural line of reasoning which he incorporated in the Foreword of his own official Sales Manual for Johnson-Cowdin-Emmerich:—

"*Day before yesterday our great-grandfathers wrote their letters with quill pens. They were delivered by riders on horseback. Yesterday our grandfathers wrote their letters with steel pens. Today we do not write them at all—we talk them into a machine and twenty letters are written in less time than it took to write one yesterday.*"

The Dictaphone! To Mr. Dunbar it is not new. Years ago he sensed the value of The Dictaphone and lost no time in instituting a modern system in place of antiquated methods which slowed everything up

While he dictated to The Dictaphone, his secretary handled other vital work in the time she formerly wasted taking his dictation in shorthand. He didn't have to put off the bulk of his dictation until routine work was out of the way. He found that he got through the morning mail in half the time because he could answer letters on first reading

It's obvious, of course, that since his secretary no longer wastes time in writing every letter twice—once in shorthand and once on the typewriter—she now relieves Mr. Dunbar of far more detail than was possible in the shorthand days.



...had to wait until my secretary was through with work which I do not feel free to call her from, my ideas would cool off and I would have to refresh my memory by re-reading correspondence or data

With The Dictaphone I do not lose any of my best thinking waiting for my secretary

C. E. Dunbar

Double your usable time— at our expense.

Isn't a man's executive ability measured by the manner in which he delegates detail—cuts out lost motion and loose ends?

Anybody who really cares to can easily find out how shorthand dictation is delaying and hampering him—wasting usable time in unnecessary detail. We'll gladly lend him The Dictaphone to try out at his leisure. And it won't cost him a cent or place him under any obligation. If you find it indispensable we can arrange terms to suit your convenience. Phone or write the nearest Dictaphone office to lend you a New Model to.

Look in your Telephone Book for nearest office

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154 Nassau Street, New York City

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

and double your ability to get things done

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Continued from Page 36

Still Another Invention, or Our Own Contribution to This Inventive Age

"Why, it never is," said Alice. "But they have to tell you it is, otherwise you'll think the show was a failure and you wouldn't want to go."

"This is most amazing," said the Mad Hatter. "I should think the proper place to buy theater tickets would be at the theater."

"You certainly are behind the times," said Alice. "I suppose you'd buy candy in a candy store, wouldn't you?"

"Why, of course. Where else?"

"In a cigar store, foolish! They do such a big candy business in the cigar stores nowadays that if you want to buy cigars or tobacco you have to go to a drug store."

"I never buy tobacco in a drug store," said the Mad Hatter.

"Perhaps not," said Alice. "The drug store you patronize is probably too busy selling toys and books to bother much with tobacco. A cousin of mine had a sad experience recently."

"What was that?" asked the Mad Hatter.

"Her old mother was sick, so she went around the corner to have a prescription filled. 'I'd like to have this filled,' she said timidly to the young lady behind the jewelry counter. 'You'd better ask the floorwalker,' said the saleswoman. 'He's standing over there near the lunch counter.' She approached the floorwalker. 'I'd like to have this prescription filled,' she said. 'Go right down through the sporting-goods department,' said the floorwalker, 'and when you reach the haberdashery department it's the second aisle to the right.'

"My cousin followed his directions and after pushing her way through the crowded toy department where they were having a sale of mechanical toys she found herself in front of a counter stacked with electrical appliances.

"'They told me I could have this prescription filled,' she said. The saleswoman gave her an amazed look and burst into laughter. 'Say, kid,' she said, 'what kind of a store do you think this is?' 'A drug store,' my cousin replied. 'Sure,' said the saleswoman, 'but you certainly don't expect to get a prescription filled here, do you? We had to move out our prescription department a month ago to make room for this new line of electrical appliances. Here's a swell coffee percolator I'd like to sell you — '"

"What happened?" said the Mad Hatter.

"After wandering around the streets," said Alice, "the poor child finally managed to have the prescription filled at a near-by laundry. But it was too late. When she arrived home her old mother was dead."

"That's a sad story," said the Mad Hatter wiping his eyes with his handkerchief.

"But how about that show we were going to see tonight?" said Alice.

"That's so," said the Mad Hatter. "What have you picked out?"

"Let's go around the corner to the butcher," said Alice, "and see what he has tickets for."

Newman Levy.

The Lure of the City

A JACK RABBIT, blithesome and dapper,
Was caught by a cunning old trapper.
Now he's seeing the town
As a boa—marked down
On the neck of a Manhattan flapper.

Otto Freund.

Famous Falls

THE Roman Empire,
Niagara,
The German mark,
Humpty Dumpty,
London Bridge,
Fall River,
Autumn,
Fallen arches,
Prince of Wales,
Albert.

-Oliver Lea.

Bride (to Soliciting Grocer)—"No, Thanks! We're Going to Raise All Our Own Food"

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The Land that Time Forgot
by Edgar Rice Burroughs

The author of the famous Tarzan stories at his best! Wild adventures with odd beings on a lost island.

THE ACE OF BLADES
by Charles B. Stilson
Here's another "Scaramouche!" Steel blades flash and a girl's heart throbs while the best sword fights for the honor of France.

The Fascinating Stranger
by Booth Tarkington

Those who have chuckled over "Penrod," "Seventeen," "Gentle Julia" and "Monsieur Beaucaire," and have felt the sweep of power in "Alice Adams" and the "Magnificent Ambersons" will know what to expect in this new Tarkington book. "The Two Vanrevels" and "The Quest of Quesnay" are also out this month in the G & D 75c edition.

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By Katharine Reynolds
The heart of a small American town. It is the answer to Sinclair Lewis' novel and shows beauty and happiness on the other side of "Main Street."

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FROM CÆSAR TO MUSSOLINI

(Continued from Page 7)

debts, internal and external. They seem very large. Thought of paying them is extremely disagreeable. There is the natural impulse instead to reduce the external debt by propaganda. It is forgotten that what was borrowed from other countries during the war was not all delivered to the maw. Much less of it was shot away than is commonly supposed to have been the case. The rest is represented by new industrial equipment which not only is wealth in itself but means to the creation of further wealth, progressively. But if you want to test it, ask any thoughtful Italian whether he would, if by wishing he could, wipe out the war with all its consequences to Italy. He will almost certainly say no. And it is even clearer to an outsider than to him why he should say no.

After the war there was much disorder of mind and function. It continued during four years and became more and more alarming as one dazed government succeeded another and authority declined. One government laid its hands roughly upon capital and profits to appease the proletariat, and industry fell into a panic. Then the proletariat laid its hands upon the factories. This was thought to be communism. It was not. Evidence that it was not is that afterward communism as such was mobbed with popular fury. What it was cannot be clearly defined. It may have been a gesture of simple rage toward the futilities of politics, the workers thinking industry was moved by its wheels, which they could turn for themselves. Nobody else appeared to have any solution and that at least was something to try. There were riots and strikes without end, and you would have imagined Italy was falling apart. Above the streets, among the political leaders, was the sound of violent, fatuous quarreling. They supposed there was a political solution, and that was as childish as any idea motivating the angry proletariat. There was nothing really the matter except that authority was wanting.

The Master Craftsman of Politics

Out of all this uproar came Benito Mussolini, a complex phenomenon, combining in himself every idea of the monument, particularly action, power and nationality. He had been thought a revolutionary. Well, what of it? Revolution is prefigured on the altar. He had a cynical philosophy, Machiavellian, disbelieving that pure wisdom abides in the masses. But there is nothing on the altar to say that philosophy shall be cynical or otherwise; simply, philosophy is enshrined there. He had been for getting Italy into the war, for her own sake, and was once arrested in the streets of Rome for saying so. But again, it is the figure of war that stands on the altar, and one may say what war one prefers. And as for politics, Mussolini, unawares, was the master craftsman.

His followers, who had been radical socialists, became radically conservative because he knew the way to lead them. That was all they wanted. He led them to Rome and its gates swung open. The King gave the government of Italy into his hands, and he was not in the least flattered. He, Benito Mussolini, already was the government. He had that power, and the source of his power was the will to decide.

The first thing he did in Rome was to put the parliament in its place, on sufferance. He said to it, "I could have turned this gray hall into a bivouac of Fascist battalions." That was a language they understood. He added: "All the problems of Italian life have been solved on paper Only the will to deeds is lacking. The three principles of internal politics shall be economy, work, discipline"

With that, he abolished disorder, riots and strikes. He decreed work. What this meant may be indicated statistically. In the year before Mussolini the number of strikes in Italy had been 1223 and the number of working days lost thereby had been more than 8,000,000. Thus production had been interrupted by quarreling over division. Unless this were stopped there would soon be nothing to divide. In the year after there were only 156 strikes in Italy, and the number of working days lost was less than 250,000. He abolished politics, too, by the simple expedient of total appropriation. None but Mussolinis. One blessing that followed was that he was able to cut away thousands of superfluous civil servants, thereby at one stroke reducing the government's pay roll and causing a lot of people to go to work. Next, so far as possible, he got the government out of business, turning back to private hands various economic functions that had been wastefully performed under public management.

What Italy needed, had always needed, was after all a thing that belonged to the past. That was an instrument of authority, one human will above the rest; and Mussolini was its manifestation. He is perhaps a sport of the old Roman blood, running deeply through all these years. Maybe not. There was a celebrated Italian bandit of the same name, which, so far from seeming a blemish at all, gives him an extra touch of romantic luster in Italian eyes. Probably many strains of ancient Italic blood are in him. There is no doubt he comes from the deep. He knows the Italic people much better apparently, or perhaps only more consciously, than they know themselves. This he proved in a theatrical manner, though with the true genius, in a recent crisis.

The Withered Apple of Glory

To comprehend what now occurs you must remember their background. Personal glory had been always their superior nourishment, more appeasing than food, and Rome the arena in which that fickle, ravishing bauble was most free to competition. You will see this confirmed in the ancient ruins. The pyramids were impersonal, but the great structures of pagan Rome were projections of the human ego. If you did not know better, you would imagine that such colossal creations as the Caracalla Baths, the ruins of which, irreducible by time, are comparable only to the Garden of the Gods in Colorado, had been built by men who were fifty feet high. They may have thought they were. Not one of them, however, was interested in another's stature except as it scaled his own. Never was there any such thought among them as to render unto Cæsar the things that were his.

There were only two ways of the Roman ego with Cæsar. One way was to say, "I am for him," which was to put one's private seal upon him and gave one for the moment the sense of being even greater than he. The other way was to say, "I am against Cæsar," with a thought to destroy him; and of course if one could do that, or plausibly imagine it in secret, one certainly felt greater than Cæsar.

The apple of glory is withered; the taste for it is undiminished. And the two ways of the Italian ego with Mussolini are not in fact different from the two ways of the old Roman ego with Cæsar. The first is illustrated by the dramatic act of the venerable old sculptor who emerges from his retirement, saying, "Mussolini is great. I am for him. Therefore I have made him immortal in marble." Thereupon he presents a heroic bust of the man. It is set in a public place. Huzzah!

The other way is illustrated by the act of an unknown person who comes in the night and paints beneath the bust a dagger running with red blood. This symbol is for all that other ego, which is saying, "I will kill Mussolini." Whether it is meant literally or figuratively does not matter in the least. These things occurred.

The bust may have been unprompted, spontaneous in motive and origin. The dagger apparently was premeditated, for simultaneously with its appearance beneath Mussolini's bust there was discovered a plot to overthrow him. His principal enemies had made a truce among themselves in order to combine their strength and accomplish his political death.

But this Cæsar, knowing his people, trusting none but himself, was greater than the sum of his enemies. First he suppressed the newspaper through which the conspirators harangued the mob, meaning to turn it against him; then, lest his followers should have a sudden impulse to violence, he put a guard of soldiers around the property. No violence. It is not permitted. No destruction of property. Merely a hand clapped on the mouth of intrigue.

So far, well. The sting of the reptile had been plucked out. There was still the heart of it to be paralyzed. Mussolini thought:

"What can I do to show them once for all what I am? Shall I face my enemy's mob? No; I have done that before. Besides, it is a dirty, viperish little mob, not deserving to be so flattered. But this is the ripe occasion. What is the thing?"

Now one of the secrets Mussolini knew about his people was the extraordinary significance of the lion symbol in their imagination. Victory on the altar, you recall, is supported by two lions. It goes all the way back through Italic lore and fantasy that triumph of man over lion in combat is the supreme test; but if the lion, face to face with the man, is cowed, that is the very pinnacle. His will is supreme in Nature.

Ah, that was the thing! And having remembered it, Mussolini, in riding breeches, unarmed, goes straightway and gets himself photographed in a cage with five lions, petting one of them on the head. This picture, when it appeared in Rome, even on the wall of the suppressed newspaper, produced a marvelous effect. People clapped their hands to their foreheads, stared at it with all their senses, and cried, "See! That's Mussolini! Look at him! He has no fear! His enemies will die!"

Instantly there was no more talk of killing Mussolini, literally, politically or otherwise. The authority of one fearless human will was renewed in Italy, tranquillity was restored, people went on with their work.

Such being the case, one may return from regions of painted mist and look to the common earth. What is the economic condition of Italy, with the sun rising? What is the state of living there? Are people in the average better or worse off than before the war?

The answer is definite. They are better off. Here, as elsewhere in Europe, the standard of living is higher.

In 1923, at Triest, the best financial and economic minds of Italy gathered to discuss the future, and their ground was this:

"No country in the world requires more than Italy to increase her foreign trade. After Great Britain and Japan, it possesses the greatest density of population. The growth of population and the gradual improvement in the standard of living have led to an increase in the consumption of foodstuffs and industrial products. Under the circumstances, she must produce more, export more and find new foreign markets for her products. She must produce more not only in order to provide the means to pay for her imports but also in order to utilize the new industrial plant which she has introduced."

Improved Living Conditions

This is very interesting. Italy must increase her foreign trade because the standard of living has improved and in order to utilize her new industrial plant. Effects precede their cause. She already has the rising standard of living; she already has the industrial equipment to produce a surplus of goods for export. She already has the imports.

Her imports of wheat are running one and three-quarters times the prewar quantity; her imports of corn, or maize, are a fifth greater; of cocoa, one and three-quarters times more; of tea, more than double the amount; and of coffee, four-fifths more. Not only has the amount of imported food increased, in total and per capita both; a better quality is required.

On the occasion of an outcry against the price of the loaf in England, the London Daily Mail of February fourth called on its foreign correspondents to report the price of bread in other countries. Its Rome correspondent reported as follows:

"Bread here is made in two qualities, popular and luxury. The price of the former from next Monday will be equivalent to seven pence for four pounds, while a similar weight of the best luxury bread will cost nearly eight and a half pence. The latter variety is more than 90 per cent of the total sale."

It is unmistakable. In all physical aspects living is better in Italy.

Mussolini once was editor of a socialist newspaper. Some may take that to account for the fact that he has economic understanding. Many socialists have such understanding, but no wisdom with it, or not enough to keep the simple principles clear. The business of government is to increase the common welfare by practical means. This Mussolini knows, and it is enough. If he knows too much, he puts the riddles away.

Imposing first of all discipline, he suppressed in Italy that disastrous quarrel over division which is the curse of Europe. By economy he stopped the wasteful expenditure of government funds. And by turning people to work he increased the product to be divided.

Those were his three principles. The result of their application is that the nation has more of such things as cotton fabrics, woolen textiles, artificial silk and motor cars to sell abroad, and therefore greater means wherewith to buy abroad the other things it needs

Then the lira stopped falling. The national budget was balanced by two very simple methods. One was to collect sufficient taxes in a rigorous, equitable manner; the other was to reduce government expenditures and stop borrowing. As soon as the government ceased to borrow its debt stopped growing and the savings of the people became available for productive purposes—that is, to build and equip more factories, to produce more electrical energy, to drain and irrigate waste land, to build ships, to increase their power of wealth. Confidence returned. Savings-bank deposits at their gold value now are greater than before the war.

The number of new companies formed in 1924 was 1596, besides which more than 1000 increased their capital. The total amount of new capital invested last year in commercial and trading enterprise was more than 4,000,000,000 lire. Nearly all of it was found in Italy.

Italy's New Industrial Plant

Exports in 1924 were more than half again as great as in 1921. The total of imports at the same time was not much increased because, although more food was bought abroad, the Italians were satisfying by their own manufactures a larger proportion of their own wants. With exports rising and imports falling, the chronic debit balance of trade, meaning the excess of their purchases abroad over their sales abroad, fell from nearly 9,000,000,000 lire in 1921 to less than 5,000,000,000 in 1924; and very largely this apparent adverse balance of 5,000,000,000 lire against her on the exchange of ponderable goods with the world was offset by remittances from Italians abroad, the money brought home by returning emigrants, the money spent by tourists in Italy, and the returns from Italian shipping services, which are notably increasing. Taking all these matters into account, Italy in 1924 perhaps came out ahead.

Italy's industrial machine, postwar and all new, must now be seriously regarded by all the other fabricating nations. It is geared high in textiles of cotton, wool and silk, especially artificial silk, which is made from the chemical residue at the base of certain coarse vegetable fibers, like wood pulp, that only a few years ago had no value whatever. This is one of the wonder industries of the world, increasing from year to year in a fabulous manner. It is ideal for Italy owing to the fact that the raw material, which she has to buy, is cheap. Its cost in proportion to the finished fabric is nominal. The value is in the labor. Three years ago Italy held seventh place in the artificial-silk trade. Last year she was fourth. Next year she expects to be second.

You would not expect Italy to be competing in an effective manner with such countries as England, France and Germany in the motor-car trade of Europe Yet she is doing it. What enables her to do it is that a tradition of fine craftsmanship has survived from those old Roman artificers of iron and brass whose descendants may still be seen, bending over their anvils, in little black niches about Rome. Italy is selling motor cars all over Europe, both very little ones that are like ants for running uphill as fast as down, and luxurious high-powered cars that are proud in any class.

The national intention for industry is clearly understood. It is to increase the sale of fabricated goods in foreign markets in order that the growing Italian population may be able to buy abroad the staple food commodities it cannot, or does not,

(Continued on Page 167)

Check No. 709 was written for $10

For the purpose of protecting the name of the individual who committed this alteration we have removed the name from the payee line.

IT WAS one of several written by hand and given to a servant girl. Days passed, and then the balance furnished by Dr. Thompson's bank did not agree with the balance he had kept. The canceled vouchers told the story! Check No. 709 had been *raised* to $20 . . . and paid for $20!

As Dr. Thompson writes, "The girl, although an ordinary domestic servant, without any particular ability at penmanship, was able to twist the word 'ten' into 'twenty' and the figure '1' into a '2' without rubbing anything out or leaving any particular evidence of the change."

The New Personal Protectograph guards personal checks at the amount line

Is there any wonder that Dr. Thompson now writes all his checks on the Protectograph! So would you, if you had ever had a check "raised" by pen changes. But the fact that none of your checks has as yet been raised should not prevent you from availing yourself of this certain and reasonable protection. You may be the next to sustain personal loss! Every check you write passes through the hands of unknown and, very likely, uncertain people on its way from you to the bank. Any one of them may raise the amount —unless you use the Personal Protectograph!

The new Personal Protectograph

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Same method used by big business

The Personal Protectograph shreds the amount into the very fibre of the paper. It writes, in large, clear figures, with indelible ink. Erasure is impossible. It operates easily and quickly. Its clear, closely spaced figures give positive protection against raising the amount, even by "pen changes"—the clever method that does not need erasures.

Most reasonable in cost

The Personal Protectograph places at your personal service twenty-five years of experience in the specialized field of check-protection. Only by Todd manufacturing efficiency could a machine so complete, so durable, so faultless in operation be purchased for the remarkably low price of $15.00. At this reasonable figure no one with a personal checking account need be without the Personal Protectograph.

Send for "Check No. 197"

Your name on the coupon will bring to you a copy of "Check No. 197," an interesting booklet on the adventures of a personal check, as well as detailed information on the Personal Protectograph. The Todd Company. (Established 1899.) Rochester, N. Y. *Sole makers of the Protectograph and Todd Greenbac Checks.*

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1144 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your booklet, "Check No. 197," and detailed information about the Personal Protectograph.

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The Protectograph, it is estimated, eliminates at least one-third of all check frauds by preventing *raised amounts*. The Protectograph is made in a variety of standard models, one for every type of business, priced from $37.50 up. Only Todd can make a Protectograph.

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"Save the surface and you save all" -Ben Franklin
PITTSBURGH

ON paddles—the severest test for varnish! Submerged in water—scoured by sand, scraped by rocks—left baking in the sun! Varnish that stands that, stands anything on floors and furniture—anywhere!

Water-Spar Water-*Proof* Varnish *and* Enamels

Stood the test for 438 miles. "The paddles came back to us good as new, the skin of your Water-Spar Varnish unbroken, while paddles made by guides went to pieces," writes Albert Winslow Company, Manufacturers of Paddles!

Whatever you need—Glass, Paint, Varnish or Brushes—the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company has a product that exactly fills your requirements. Sold by quality dealers; used by exacting painters.

"Guide to Better Homes"
sent you free. Equal in information to any five dollar book on home furnishing and decoration.

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As with diamonds— so with men

A child, playing with what seemed only a piece of glittering gravel, led to the discovery of diamonds in South Africa. To the child, the rough, unpolished gem was no more than it appeared to be—a pebble. Polished, it became a diamond appraised at $25,000. But while still "in the rough" its true value went unsuspected beneath its coat of clay.

So with men. The world seldom recognizes real worth that is concealed by careless appearance.

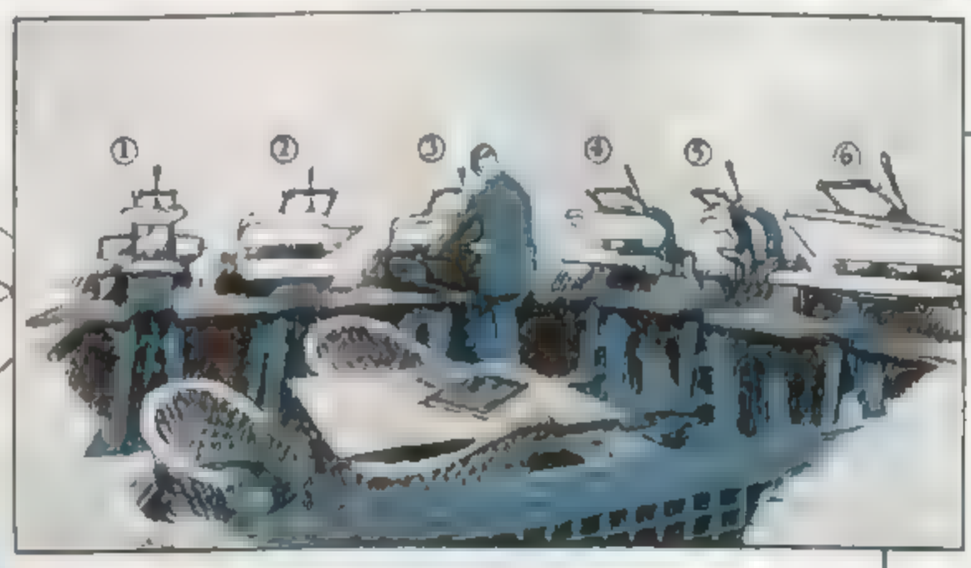
Fortunately, however, most men know this, and realize how important it is in business—and in social life also—to be presentably dressed, *and pressed* to look like what they are.

It is for such men that Valeteria pressing service has been developed. Valeteria not only presses clothes—it shapes them. Instead of the graceful curves of your coat being flattened, as with the handiron, each detail is shaped on a press designed for that particular part. Instead of a *single, flat* iron, there is a battery of six specially shaped presses—exactly the same equipment as is used in the shops of the country's best known makers of clothing. Indeed, this is the pressing method employed in these establishments for pressing and shaping the finer suits.

And, too, Valeteria offers you a sanitary pressing service—hot, dry steam is caused to surge through the fabric, raising the nap and restoring its freshness and lustre, after which this steam is drawn off, and the garment quickly dried by the exclusive Hoff-Man vacuum process. Your suit is pressed, shaped, steamed, vacuum-cleaned—a quadruple pressing service obtainable only from Valeteria equipment. Clothes pressed by the Valeteria method keep their shape, and stay pressed longer.

Telephone the Valeteria shop in your neighborhood today for a trial pressing. Your clothes will bear witness to your wisdom. If there shouldn't be a Valeteria close at hand, call any modern dyer and cleaner, ask for Valeteria service, and he will see that you are served. A tag, bearing the words, "Pressed by the Valeteria Method," is attached to every Valeteria pressed suit. United States Hoffman Machinery Corporation, 105 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

1
The collar is pressed and shaped on a special collar press.
2
The left front of your coat is pressed and shaped on a forming press specially designed for the left front.
3
The right front is pressed and shaped on a specially designed forming press for the right front.
Shoulders are pressed and shaped on a special shoulder press.
5
4
Trousers (or skirts) are pressed on a press made for trousers (or skirts) alone.
6
Overcoats are finished on a special overcoat press with oval surface and long lines designed exclusively for overcoats.
Valeteria
The garment has been pressed and shaped by the Valeteria Method
You will find this tag attached to every suit pressed by the Valeteria Method



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Valeteria

THE PRESSING SERVICE THAT *SHAPES* YOUR CLOTHES

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(Continued from Page 162)

produce for itself. What happens naturally is that more goods of Italian manufacture are consumed at home. Internal activities thereby are enormously stimulated. Perhaps the readiest measure of what has already taken place in that respect is the movement of freight on the Italian railroads. It has increased roughly one-half in three years. This means but one thing—namely, a larger exchange of goods, both internally and externally; that is to say, in both domestic and foreign trade.

People are producing more, not per man or woman per hour, perhaps, or at least that seems to be very doubtful; but certainly the total national production is greater than it ever was before. More people are working; they may work fewer hours per day, but they work more days per year, and new tasks much more productive than the old ones have been provided.

They are consuming more, too; yet they do not consume the whole of their increased product. That is proved by the amount of capital they find among themselves for investment in the means to further production, as, for example, in works of electrification.

Since Italy is without coal of her own and at the same time rich in waterfalls, it is important that she should develop hydroelectric power in a scientific manner on a large scale. This she is doing. The amount of electrical energy produced—white power in place of imported coal—is more than three times greater than before the war. It has doubled since 1920. Imports of coal therefore are relatively falling.

Reclamation Projects

The potential supply of hydroelectric energy in Italy is equal to 40,000,000 tons of coal annually. Her largest import of coal hitherto has been 11,000,000 tons in one year. So it appears that an industrial machine three or four times as large as the one she has might be electrically equipped.

Her zeal to exploit this enormous natural resource is a symptom of the new spirit. It looks in other directions. She is seized at the same time with an idea to reclaim her waste land by irrigation and drainage. Under a six-year program begun in 1919 the reclamation of more than 2,000,000 acres is indicated. There is more to be reclaimed, including the Pontine marshes near Rome. This classic ooze, neither land nor water, is believed once to have been under cultivation. There are certain signs to that conclusion. But the fact, if it is a fact, was long ago forgotten. It is estimated that there is enough hitherto neglected land in Italy to grow all the grain she now buys abroad. Also important port developments are taking place. A country that has pitched its destiny in foreign trade must have proper port facilities, expanding as commerce does.

All these schemes—hydroelectric-power development, great storage reservoirs, drainage, irrigation, aqueducts, roads, port improvements—involve both private and public capital, and are carried forward under two heads—current and deferred. The deferred work is that which will become active only when private industry is slack. This is a forethought against the evil of unemployment, fear of which is constant.

The extraordinary fecundity of the people is both an asset and a liability. By reason of it they are imperishable; but with births exceeding deaths at the rate of nearly 500,000 a year and the great American spillway no longer free, the oldest and most troublesome question in the world reappears in an ancient place.

How shall a race of virile people with an unlimited power of procreation be geographically confined?

Deduct Ohio from California and what remains is nearly equal to the area of Italy. The population of Ohio and California together is less than 10,000,000. The population of Italy is 40,000,000.

At the present rate of increase the population of Italy by the end of the century would be greater than the total existing population of the United States. No such thing is likely to happen. The counteracting forces are both social and biological. Almost any form of life would displace upon the earth every other form of life if its impulse to do so and its power of increase were unrestrained. But they are restrained in a thousand ways. What else will happen in the case of Italy you cannot precisely say. Probably as the country becomes more intensively industrialized the birth rate will tend to fall. Certainly as the standard of living rises it will fall. That is proved by all experience.

The future to its own invention. Life is meanwhile; and it is important to know that the possibilities of life have not yet been exhausted on any given area of the earth's surface, no matter how densely it may happen to be populated. So far is it otherwise that we do not know, have perhaps not even guessed, the utmost power of the earth to sustain life. We do know that we have already enough unutilized knowledge to increase the means of life two or three fold; and the body of knowledge is still increasing, faster now than at any time past.

Italy, for example, now and no doubt for a long time to come, could be self-sustaining in food. She has only to improve her agriculture. The practice of it is very old and for that reason inefficient. The Italian farmer milks his sheep and does not spray his fruit trees. His apples ought to be the finest in the world. They are not; they are such as might be rejected at the cider press in the United States. Europe imports grapefruit from across the Atlantic. The Americans abroad eat it, and it is dear. Italy could supply all Europe with grapefruit. She has never thought of doing it.

The Minister of Agriculture goes to the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, founded by David Lubin, an American, and asks for access to the knowledge accumulated by the United States Department of Agriculture, with which there is nothing comparable in the Old World. He learns how by seed selection and better cropping the yield of wheat may be increased one-fifth, as by magic; or how wool, of which there is a deficit in Italy, may be got as a by-product of the sugar-beet field. He tries it on his own farm, and it is true. But there his problem begins. How shall the knowledge be made operative in the minds of several million Italian peasants? They are fixed in superstitious reverence for the old ways and averse to the sacrilege of exploiting their soil by new methods.

It is not that their minds are inert or dull. You cannot say that a people are unimaginative who work beautiful color designs on the exterior of their dwellings, who treat every sunrise as the beginning of a new adventure, as if it had never happened before, and who sing for sheer zest of living. They are probably the least bored people in the world and the richest still in simple happiness. But they have for all these reasons a most uneconomic habit of living one day at a time.

Natural Resources

This is true not only of the peasant; the trait is characteristic. When the hour comes to think of other things the merchant puts up his shutters, strips the till and goes to his pleasure. That day is done. Tomorrow will be a new time, and may—who knows?—never come at all. If it does, the till must fill itself again. So it may easily happen that if you go to a first-class shop in Rome to make a small purchase in the morning, you will be unable to get change for a fifty-lira note. The idea of opening shop with money in the till to make change with is difficult for the Italian merchant to grasp, for that means relating one day to another continuously.

Diamond Head, Honolulu

There is a proverb, beginning with the Italians, that Italy is a poor country. It has no coal, no iron, not enough land, no rich colonial territory, only what the other nations did not want to bother with. This notion hinders them. When you talk to them of what they might do, or of how they might do differently with what they have, they say:

"That is easy for you to say. You come from a rich country. It is hard for a country as rich as America to understand one as poor as Italy."

But Italy is not poor. She is rich in waterfalls, in climate, in situation, in youth, in labor that is strong and persevering, with a traditional cunning of the hand. In technology, in ways of new thinking, she is poor.

The French silk trade of Lyons has been supported for many years by raw silk from Italy; but when Italy weaves silk she must send it to be dyed in Lyons. The art of dyeing may be learned like any other. She does not know the taste of the world in color and design. That also may be learned; and until it is, the textile industry of Italy will be confined to the staple fabrics of common commerce in which there will be always the hardest competition and the least profit. She does not know how to sell what she has. And until she learns this she will trade at a disadvantage. She has the talent to add quality to anything she makes. How to merchandise quality she does not know at all. She is selling the products of her industry as she used to sell oranges in the United States and now sells them in Europe—poor, middling and fine all in one box together, the run of the loom, for an average price. Packing, grading, how to add the sign of premium, she has yet to get the art of; but it is easily acquired.

Undiscovered Riches

And as for her natural resources, she does not know what she has. The country is unexplored in any modern scientific sense. What an intensive geological survey would discover in this old volcanic region nobody can imagine. There is superficial evidence of a little of everything. Where there is a little of everything there is likely to be much of some things. There is much sulphur, and it is badly exploited. Sulphur is still carried out of the mines of Sicily on the backs of men. She is buying potash from Germany, both for fertilizer and commercial purposes. Yet in her leucite deposits, which until recently were unknown to exist and are perhaps even now better known in America than in Italy, she has enough potash to supply the whole world for hundreds of years. They lie unworked. And along with the potash are immense quantities of aluminum.

Not long ago an American corporation proposed to the Italian Government to explore the country for oil on a sharing plan. Oil has been found in Italy. There may be a great deal of it. The Americans were willing to gamble for it. At the last minute the Italian Government said no. If there was oil it wished to have it all for Italy.

Quite right. The sense of proprietorship is very strong in Italy. When it came to writing a law that should encourage foreign capital to invest itself there, they made an interesting distinction between creditor capital and proprietor capital. Interest on foreign loans is exempt from tax—loans only. The exemption applies to bonds and annuities which may be paid off, but not to shares, which are forever and represent a proprietor interest. That may seem both wise and intelligent. Bondholders are creditors; they may be got rid of. Shareholders are partners; they cannot be got rid of.

The only point of the instance is that the Italian Government, having declined the American partnership, very wisely perhaps, is not itself exploring the country for oil. She does not know whether she has it or not. And when you call attention to the fact you get the familiar answer—Italy is poor.

It is very costly to sink oil holes at the bottom of which you may find nothing for your trouble. At the same time, however, the government is building brilliant new embassies in foreign countries.

Thinking more of monuments than of oil holes. What a pity they cannot go on in that romantic manner! Unfortunately, it may be, they have come awake and propose to compete in a world where people think a great deal, too much perhaps, of ugly oil holes.

6 Protecting Plies

SEE how GOOD LUCK hose is made! Around the live rubber tube are six tightly wrapped layers or plies of stout cotton fabric filled with rubber gum and encased in a tough cover. Tube, plies and cover are all vulcanized together into a solid yet flexible wall. The result is a light, strong garden hose which gives years of service around the house or garden. GOOD LUCK hose is "built to stay alive," because it is built of live materials combined with long manufacturing experience.

GOOD LUCK Garden Hose

has a ⅝" water channel, because this is the logical size for hose to be used with house or lawn silcocks. Sizes smaller than ⅝" will not deliver all the water from ½" hose fittings, and larger sizes will not deliver enough more than ⅝" to justify their increased weight and expense.

Ask your dealer to show you GOOD LUCK hose. To use with it, buy a Boston Nozzle—*"Stream, shower or mist with a twist of the wrist."*

SEND 10 CENTS in stamps for our book, "Making the Garden Grow." 48 pages, three colors, richly illustrated. "A professional handbook for the amateur gardener"

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THE LONG-BELL LUMBER COMPANY
R. A. LONG BUILDING KANSAS CITY, MO.

REDWOOD DIVIDENDS

Continued from Page 11

The gigantea, or big tree, is of no commercial importance whatever. Too many have been cut, but they are uneconomic as lumber; and besides, the bulk of them will never be cut, because a large portion are within national-park limits, and others are likely to be placed there. The redwood is a commercial tree, is economic to cut, and except for relatively insignificant areas purchased in the last few years for preservation, is entirely in private hands. Despite the enormous extent of the national forests, there is no national forest within the redwood belt and no redwood national park.

The redwood is taller and more graceful than the gigantea, or big tree, less ponderous and massive, and somewhat younger. Yet the virgin redwood forest is practically the same today as it was 1000 years ago. The oldest trees are possibly 2000 years of age, with those of 300, 500, 800 and 1000 years very common. As the older trees have fallen from wind and rot, those which were younger have grown up to take their places.

Very few of the works of man are as lofty as these trees. Thousands of them are higher than was the Tower of Babel. A few are twice as high as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. They stand close together, in a noble sort of density, suggestive somehow of mythical gods. Yet the redwood grows so gracefully and symmetrically that the impression is one of beauty and majesty rather than of mere size.

Perhaps this quality of gracefulness is due largely to the fact that the trees rise to such extraordinary heights without a branch. The first limb on one well-known tree is 264 feet from the ground. Trunk upon trunk tapers far up into the heavens, without a break; always the crown of the redwood seeks the light. But this same quality of being clear is what makes the trees so commercially desirable; there is so much more to cut.

Yet do not minimize the redwood's size. A church to seat 500 people has been made from the lumber from a single tree; small houses have been carved out of a single section of a tree. One tree covers a long trainload of flat cars. An especially large burl, or excrescence, from a redwood was moved only when twenty-two horses essayed the job.

The oldest trees are found where there is the most moisture and shelter, on the flats near the rivers. There are authorities who say there is no other region in this country so favorable for the growth of trees as the redwood belt. There is a long mild growing season, endless fog and an annual precipitation of from forty to seventy inches.

Living Memorials

In connection with the redwood groves preserved as living memorials to such men as Franklin K. Lane and Col. Raynal C. Bolling, it has been remarked more than once that these forests are redolent with the very idea of immortality. This statement is true in more, or at least in other, than an æsthetic or spiritual sense—a fact recognized, of course, by the botanist who gave the tree its scientific name, sempervirens. It is easy enough to cut down a redwood tree, but very hard to kill redwood life, either in the stump or even in the lumber.

Few if any other trees have stumps which sprout so readily. Upon a fallen redwood giant as many as twenty spruce trees of commercial size have been known to grow. Though fire does now and then conquer even a full-grown redwood, few trees are so resistant to its effects. Even redwood lumber holds off fire, as proved in the San Francisco disaster.

Redwood construction has about it an uncanny permanence. Grapes packed in its sawdust keep as well as or better than in cork. Gutters are made from it. 'A lumberman told me that man does not live long enough to understand the redwood, and I could understand his remark in view of apparently authenticated cases where trees felled by the wind from 200 to 600 years ago have been hauled to the mill and made into useful lumber.

How long it will be before all the redwoods are lumbered off, except the few small tracts preserved through purchase or gift, is difficult to say. Roughly, about 500,000 acres have been cut off; something like 900,000 remain. Possibly the public has received an erroneous impression that the redwoods are nearly gone.

But prior to 1921 only something like 1000 acres out of the original area of nearly 1,500,000 had been permanently saved from the woodman's ax. Until 1919 none had been saved in Humboldt County, which contains the largest stands and possibly the oldest and largest individual trees. Years of education an l agitation have been required to bring about the saving of 9000 acres in all, with possibly another 1000 in sight, or roughly, 1 per cent only of the present stand.

How long the privately owned trees, which form 99 per cent of the whole, will stand depends, of course, entirely upon the rate of cutting. If it does not increase, the last tree will not go for something like a century. But an increase in demand, as other woods are depleted, might well clear off the whole vast area, except for the few small parks, in fifty years. Although the oldest tree on the continent, except for its uncommercial cousin the gigantea, the redwood was the last to be put to extensive service. It was not cut for the market at all until 1850.

Not until ten years ago did a railroad penetrate the more northerly and heavily timbered of the redwood counties, and the highway is even newer. Nor has it yet been brought up to anything resembling trunk-line standards.

Until the railroad went in, Eureka, the county seat of Humboldt, was the largest town in the country without railroad connections, and they still ask you there whether you came overland—in the old days by stage—as distinguished from a sea voyage. On the as yet imperfect highway the average motorist can now make twenty-five miles an hour, although the towns are about that far apart.

Until 1915 redwood could be placed on the Eastern markets only by water shipment to San Francisco or Los Angeles, where it had to be rehandled and reloaded for rail, a slow and unsatisfactory process. But almost simultaneously with the incoming of the railroad was the opening of the Panama Canal, and it became possible to send small lots directly to Eastern buyers.

"Placed thus within the reach of all," says the trade catalogue of the largest manufacturer of this lumber, "the natural and distinctive advantages of redwood are certain to become better known, and, as it is more fully appreciated, redwood will be used in ever-increasing quantity. With the constantly developing new uses and new markets for this wonder wood, it has become known and accepted as a standard specialty lumber in all parts of the United States and in the principal foreign countries."

But, however long before the last of the privately owned redwoods fall, there can be no question that the best and most accessible of them will go first. Naturally, it is cheaper to cut those nearest the highway and railroad. These two arteries of travel are not far apart, and both tend more or less to follow river courses. But the tallest, straightest and largest trees grow on flats or bottoms near the rivers. Moreover, they grow in denser stands in such places.

A General-Utility Tree

These are the profitable trees to cut, and thus many of the best areas from both the scenic and commercial viewpoint will go in far less than fifty years—perhaps in ten. After the trees are cut, of course, there is no argument about saving them. Trees cannot be saved in the past tense. New ones, it is true, may be grown in 500 or 1000 years which will reach an equal height and girth. But that is rather long to wait.

It is difficult for the native or early Californian to think of the supplies of redwood as other than inexhaustible. It was in former days so abundant, of such high quality and so exceedingly cheap that, as one native son, Prof. Willis L. Jepson, the botanist, has said:

"We came to think of it as of the natural order of things, as of something which we should always have as a matter of course, like the rising of the sun over the Sierras or the breath of the afternoon trades in the Great Valley.

"I am a Californian. I was rocked by a pioneer mother in a cradle made of redwood. I lived in a house largely made of redwood, went to school in a redwood schoolhouse, sat at a desk made of redwood, used a slate bound in redwood and wore shoes the leather of which was tanned in redwood vats. The clothing which I wore, the books for my juvenile library, the saddle for my riding pony, were brought in railway cars largely made of redwood, running on rails laid on redwood ties, their course controlled by wires strung on redwood poles. Everywhere about one one touched redwood, one had to do with redwood. Boxes, bins, bats, barns, bungalows, barrels and bridges were made of redwood. Poles, posts, porches, porticoes, pergolas, pails, pencils, pipe lines—sometimes even policemen—were made of redwood. It entered directly or indirectly into every phase of our lives. And when we come to die—we Californians—unless we are profiteers, we are buried in redwood coffins. It is a fine wood."

Naturally, with such an abundance of resource, the local attitude was until recent years much like that of the colonial settler. A tree was something to be cut down, got out of the way, so many boards. With a few exceptions no one thought of looking at redwoods. No beauty was to be seen in anything so common. Even today, if one of the local newspapers is to be believed,

Bull Creek Flat

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make this your greatest summer vacation trip

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we will gladly help you

our first-hand information will save you time and money.

The Santa Fe will offer low fare summer xcursions to California Colorado

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Health and energy go with sound teeth. Keep your teeth not only white—but safe—with Pebeco

The new natural way to prevent *Dry Mouth* and keep your teeth safe

This tooth paste increases the natural protective fluids

MEN AND WOMEN are finding that the only way to keep the teeth permanently safe is to keep the mouth glands working.

In hardly any instance do these glands flow normally today. Modern foods are too soft, too hastily swallowed.

From sheer lack of exercise the mouth glands dry up.

Yet their alkaline fluids are nature's method of cleaning your teeth. When they flow normally, they completely neutralize the acids that cause decay.

* * *

Physicians and dentists today say brushing alone cannot protect your teeth. Five minutes after you stop brushing, the acids of decay begin to form again. To keep your teeth permanently safe you must restore the natural protective fluids of the mouth glands.

Gently stimulate the glands

With this tooth paste you can gently stimulate the glands to flow normally. As soon as Pebeco enters your mouth you feel the difference. All dryness is gone.

With daily use Pebeco completely restores the normal, protective action of your glands. Good healthy amounts of alkaline saliva flow continuously. The acids of decay are neutralized as fast as they form. Temporary cleaning is now recognized as insufficient. Everywhere people are using Pebeco to keep their teeth *permanently* safe.

Send for a trial tube of Pebeco. Made only by Pebeco, Inc. Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc. Canadian Agents: H. F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul St., Toronto, Ont. All druggists.

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"people still live in —— County unable to see anything in a redwood tree except so many thousand feet of merchantable timber," redwood-board-minded people, as it were.

But there has been a revolution in local attitude, largely because of highway development. It is only within the last few years that an automobile road has penetrated the entire redwood belt, a distance of some 400 miles north of San Francisco. Only a relatively small part of this road is paved as yet, but most of it is passable except in the rainiest winter weather, and is satisfactory in the comparatively dry summers.

Much of the virgin timber adjacent to what is now the highway has been cut off, part of it long ago and portions very recently. The writer saw one tract being cut late in the winter of 1925. But numerous primeval forests, a few for distances of quite a number of miles, do line the road. The groves that have been saved, which are relatively narrow strips, but very beautiful, will never be cut off. In general, the country becomes wilder and more primitive and with denser stands of trees the farther north one goes.

So often has the redwood forest been likened to a cathedral that the present writer hesitates to use such a threadbare simile. Unfortunately there is no other equally exact comparison. The redwood forest should be compared perhaps to a series of cathedrals; nowhere else could one find so long a lane through architecture so sublime. But unlike man's creations of stone, the motorist can go right through these living edifices.

The tourist and his toy engine are dwarfed by the giganteas of the Sierras, but these are scattered; they do not, like the redwoods, present a seemingly endless vista through almost solid walls of trees blending into a perfect grace and symmetry.

Now this road bears the official name of Redwood Highway, and in one place where a fourteen-mile strip of virgin trees has been saved it is locally known as the Highway of the Giants. It is a main north-and-south trunk line, connecting San Francisco with Oregon, and should eventually receive a large share of the vast traffic that pours over the Pacific Highway, through Sacramento; which route, of course, has no such trees to attract the tourist. In the last two years travel on the Redwood Highway has increased 100 per cent.

Upon even the puniest intellect the thought gradually dawns that if all the redwoods are cut from along the highway it would, to say the least, become a misnomer. The drawing attractions of a mere redwood-stump highway might be less. It is true the stumps are prodigiously large; it sometimes costs $150 to blow one out. As one writer has said, "Even in ruin, their dignity was—well, appalling." But to speak less poetically, automobile tourists never make long trips to see stumps.

There begins to be wonder why California should plan to spend a total of $250,000,000 upon scenic highways, with at least $70,000,000 already expended, if the scenery is to be destroyed. As Harvey M. Toy, now chairman of the State Highway Commission, said to the writer: "I don't see the sense of high-priced roads through devastated country."

A Step Toward Preservation

In the mania for highway construction there seems to have been very little regard for anything except the highway. It must be as straight and broad as possible to make way for the greatest amount of traffic, regardless of what happens to adjacent features. Under a former commission, hundreds of giant redwoods were sliced off on a most generous scale to make a few inches more of roadway. Anything to make a speedway, even in a cathedral! What matters it if a 2000-year-old buttress is hacked and scarred, provided two cars are thereby enabled to pass each other at a trifle higher speed?

Mr. Toy has had introduced into the state legislature a bill giving the State Highway Commission power to condemn much wider rights of way than at present, perhaps even up to 500 feet. If this bill becomes law, the commission itself would have power to preserve much wider strips of forest than at present. In other parts of the state where important highways parallel the ocean, with only narrow strips between, the land could be taken over, especially where covered with unsightly shacks, which is so often the case.

The widely accepted theory that a scenic highway needs only a narrow strip of trees requires modification. The redwood has extremely shallow roots; it stands because of the protection given by its fellows, in close, dense, soldierly ranks. When suddenly exposed by a new edge, the danger of wind-throw is greatly increased. Strips or screens of 100 yards or so are inadequate; except where topographical protection is favorable, it is said that at least a quarter of a mile is needed.

There are still many tracts of wonderful timber extending for miles along the highway which will have to be preserved if the scenic beauty of the route is to be kept anything like intact. It has been a hard struggle to save the fourteen-mile strip which constitutes the first and as yet main and only unit of the Humboldt State Redwood Park. Generous timber owners have given tracts, the state and county have provided part of the funds, wealthy private donors have given groves, either as memorials or merely to add them to the park, and women's clubs have collected small sums from many people for the same purpose.

A Wise Public Policy

The areas saved thus far are almost entirely on the east side of the highway, for on the west the road touches at many points the South Fork of the Eel River, a gentle, sparkling stream in summer and at times in winter a raging torrent. On the opposite, or west, bank of the river is as virgin and untouched a forest as the eye of man will ever again be privileged to see—a great, compact body of timber of the highest value, but inaccessible for lumbering until now.

One strategic tract, but in itself a small fraction of the total forest, will probably be saved; but the great bulk of this long stretch on the west bank of the river is certain to go, for there is no money to buy it. Anyone with a few thousand dollars to spare can purchase a proud estate on the west bank of the South Fork of the Eel. It is an estate that will last about twenty times the life of a human being, at any rate.

The redwood forest across the river appears from the highway to be a prodigiously high and thick battlement of green. I have never seen such an effect of sheer mass, mile upon mile, of colossal green wall. On one prominent projecting point there is 100 acres of close serried ranks of these giants, to be had for the price of a couple of racing automobiles.

But the Save-the-Redwoods League needs all available funds to purchase three strategic groves, only one of which is on the west bank of the river. A few years hence, instead of miles of dense, vast, living things, the tourist will gaze upon desolation and carnage that no strip between road and river can hide.

I am not dealing here with the sentimental aspect of the subject, with that very natural but purely negative and impractical attitude of those who regard the cutting of any big tree as an outrage, an act of vandalism. I am merely trying to make the simple and, it would seem, eminently practical point that a wise public policy should see to it that enough redwoods are left along the Redwood Highway so that in course of time it will become one of the few highways that the whole nation will want to see.

For let there be no mistake about it—there is no one living in the northwestern part of California, or who in any way comes in contact with this tree, who does not appreciate, consciously or unconsciously, its importance. During four or five days spent in the redwood belt I did not visit a single business office that failed to display as its chief ornament a superb photograph, not of unsightly stumps, but of dense virgin forest. Banks, county offices, hotels, chambers of commerce, lumber company offices—in all of them were pictures of giant redwoods.

But why the pictures, if the only purpose of such trees is to cut them down? Why not pictures of youthful second growth? A representative of a state normal college located in one of the northern counties said that it was very difficult to attract students from other and more populous portions of the state—"But we find that redwood publicity helps more than any other thing to attract students."

"I went East last summer," said a lawyer, "and wished to cash a check in one of the largest banks in New York. They had

(Continued on Page 173)

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KITCHEN CABINETS

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The Headlight That Is Bringing Revolution In Motor Car Lighting

E & J Type 20 is undoubtedly the greatest advancement ever registered in motor car road illumination.

Everywhere it goes—as each new E & J trade connection is established—it is being welcomed for the qualities which are peculiar to it alone.

For E & J Type 20, with its far-reaching, penetrating illumination, *positively without glare*, spells lighting safety for those driving with this wonderful lamp and for those driving toward it.

For years, the motoring public has wanted and sought a lamp that would provide full illumination without dangerous blinding glare.

That is why Type 20 sales to car-owners are mounting daily, and why responsible dealers are applying by the score for E & J sales rights.

As rapidly as responsible outlets can be secured, E & J Sales and Service Stations are being established. We welcome applications from responsible business men. Desirable territory is still available.

The story of Type 20 results is simple. Age-old optical laws have been applied for the first time to a motor car lighting-unit.

That is why E & J Type 20 gives you illumination 500 feet down the road; why it penetrates dust and smoke and fog; why on-coming drivers see only two softly-glowing amber balls instead of a dazzling glare; why you drive with the Type 20 full-on all the time and *never dim*.

Eighteen states have already passed rigid lighting regulations, recognizing the danger of both dim lights and glaring lights.

Not another day should pass without E & J Type 20 on your own car. Any one of 7200 motor car dealers or E & J stations —and the number is growing rapidly—can fit you out.

Dealer inquiries should be addressed to the Sales Department.

E & J Type 20 Makes Night Driving Safe

The exclusive attributes of Type 20 are—

Positive non-glare.

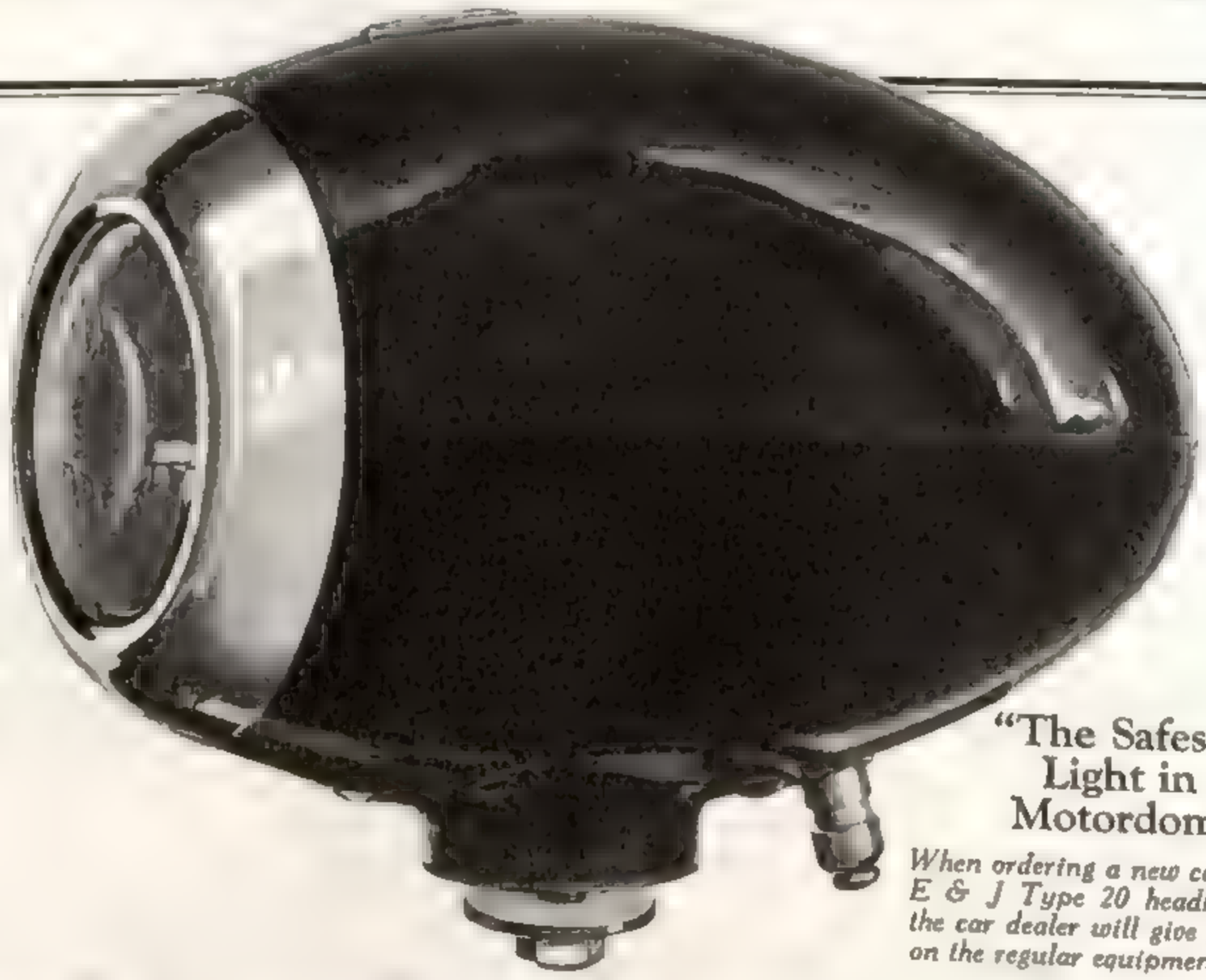
500 feet or more of white light penetration. (Twice the distance of ordinary lights.)

Illuminates the way even through fog, dust or smoke.

Uniform illumination from the very front of the car.

Illumination which extends beyond both sides of the widest road.

(Manufactured under Bone patents, 8-30-21 and 1-15-24, other patents pending)



"The Safest Light in Motordom"

When ordering a new car, specify E & J Type 20 headlights and the car dealer will give you credit on the regular equipment.

EDMUNDS & JONES CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

For Twenty Years the World's Largest Manufacturers of Quality Motor Lamps

(Continued from Page 170)

never even heard of this town, although it is the county seat, or of the bank here. Suddenly it occurred to me to say, 'That's where the redwoods grow,' and they said, 'Oh, we have heard of those.' They kept me there half an hour talking about the trees.

"I traveled all over the country by automobile last summer. Why, in New England they cut ten-inch poles and call it lumber! It was not until we came home that we saw the real forest. We didn't grow these trees, we didn't even protect them. We should leave a fair share of them."

The present Humboldt State Redwood Park runs along the highway in the basin of the South Fork of the Eel. Two heavily timbered areas, known as North and South Dyerville Flats, which are not yet in public hands, stand at the junction of the main branch of the Eel River and the South Fork and at the point where the railway meets the state highway.

Across the South Fork, and but a little way from where the junction of rivers, railroad and highway occurs, stands Bull Creek Flat, commonly considered the most perfect remaining specimen of a primeval redwood forest, and one of the densest stands of timber of any description in existence.

All three groves, or flats, are in the hands of a single owner, which happens to be the largest of all the operating redwood companies, and which has been anxious for a long time to cut these stands. On one portion of the Dyerville area, lumbering, close to the highway, was begun a few months ago, but later halted through local pressure. Efforts, extended over a period of years, to induce the company even to consider selling these tracts met with no success until very recently.

The Klamath River Region

The company was willing to give one of the two Dyerville tracts, about 290 acres, as a park; but it hoped that those "seeking to acquire other such park areas would look elsewhere than amongst our holdings." At present a large sum is available to purchase the three flats, or large portions of them, and negotiations to that end are expected to begin shortly.

Several years ago a committee of three experts, consisting of an assistant district forester of the United States Forest Service, the deputy state forester and a professor in the state forestry school, investigated the entire redwood region. In their report it was said of Bull Creek Flat, "The investigators have never seen as fine a stand of timber on any single area."

It is probable that the tallest living trees on earth are in the Bull Creek Flat, a few being not far below 400 feet in height. They grow so thickly that no underbrush or even ferns impede walking. The writer visited this flat during one of the worst rainstorms in years, a continued downpour that had already washed out the railroad and highway and had stopped most logging operations.

But I do not think that any mere climatic conditions could add to or subtract from the effect of Bull Creek. So many professionally eloquent pens have described these trees that it seemed worth while to get a different slant—that of people whose business is neither to write nor to make speeches. Said a local business man:

"I never get tired of going in these woods. They are different somehow from what man can build, and I know lots of other local people who feel that way."

"When I go there I feel as if I were in heaven," said another, "and I don't see how anyone who's normal and human can look at it any other way."

Bull Creek is most accessible, being about a mile from a railroad station and the main highway, yet off the beaten track and untouched by traffic. The area represents a natural drainage basin, which is compact and protected. The setting is singularly tranquil. On the north is Bull Creek, a stream of perennial flow, while on the east are the smooth waters of the South Fork of the Eel, a great bend at this point adding to its charm. On either side of the flat, steep well-wooded ridges form high barriers which lend a delightful feeling of seclusion. From rim to rim of the valley, except where the rivers flow, stand the aged redwoods, tier upon tier.

Bull Creek has been called the climax in forests. Surely it is within reason to say that the preservation of this grove, or bottom, together with the Dyerville Flats, is essential to the integrity as well as the proper rounding out of the first unit of the Humboldt State Redwood Park. Public opinion could hardly take a different view.

On the other hand, the lumber interests have frequently suggested that persons desirous of saving redwoods should concentrate and confine their efforts to areas more remote from operating zones. About 100 miles farther north, in Del Norte County, on the banks of the Klamath River, are virgin areas which could be purchased much more cheaply. On the whole, these trees are younger and more vigorous, and not quite so large, although many large ones are to be found among them.

If the tourist did not see Dyerville and Bull Creek Flats first, he would think the redwoods which line the banks of the Klamath the finest in existence. No railroad enters this or much of the adjacent Oregon country to the north. The highway is very new and incomplete. It is a region as yet utterly untouched by the lumberman, safe until now because inaccessible to him. In the thirty years from 1890 to 1920 the population of this county grew less than 200. The Klamath River redwoods can be bought for less than Bull Creek and Dyerville Flats, and will cost more in the future when the operating companies have extended their equipment into this region.

No doubt there is opportunity on or near the Klamath for a redwood park, state or national, on a much larger scale than the few thousand acres of highway screenings farther south. Its inaccessibility, the lack of a railroad, will make no difference, the lumbermen argue, to the motorist, to whom 100 miles additional means nothing.

But such organizations as are interested in saving what they consider an adequate area of redwoods are not thus to be put off. They regard the idea of the Klamath Park as an additional rather than an alternative proposition. The integrity of the Redwood Highway, and of the areas already saved only in consequence of years of persistent effort, depends upon preserving these more accessible tracts.

Naturally, the lumberman prefers that the more distant areas be saved. He is less concerned with what he may want to cut twenty or thirty years hence than with what he knows he may cut tomorrow. The forests to lumber now are those which combine high quality with convenience and accessibility.

In the process, it is true, the tourists may be obliged to ride past miles of ragged slash to reach the larger park. If one has to go clear to the very end of the 400 miles of Redwood Highway to see really extensive forests of these trees, the name Red Stump Highway may in fact become more appropriate than the official title.

The Lumberman's Viewpoint

When the question of preserving scenic areas, now in the hands of private owners, comes up for discussion, the point is often made that a high price must be paid for something which the Government originally gave away for nothing, or almost nothing. Attention is arrested by the striking fact that the public, which less than a century ago practically made a gift of the lands for a few dollars an acre, is now buying them back for several hundred, in some cases even thousands of dollars an acre.

It may be that Federal and state governments were shortsighted in earlier days, and in their anxiety to give every man a chance, made a crazy bargain in disposing of lands so cheaply. Those were wasteful times, when treasures were to be had for the asking or taking, and posterity's heritage was carelessly dissipated. But all this has nothing to do with the present, even if the Government was not always too exacting in the restrictions with which it hedged its sales about.

However cheap the original price paid, or however sketchy in occasional instances were the titles, the present owners may have been paying taxes, and in some cases heavy interest charges, for years. The operator cannot build a mill or railroad unless he has thousands of acres of green timber to back it up. But upon all this land taxes must be paid to support county activities, and even if interest rates on the capital required to run the enterprise are moderate, the land must double in value in a comparatively few years to meet the charges.

The lumber industry, like any other business, is based upon getting out production—in this case, trees. The company which owns the Bull Creek and Dyerville Flats has invested millions in mills, railroads and other equipment. It has built a modern costly hospital, bank, motion-picture theater and 350 houses for its employes in one town alone.

The statement is literally true that every tree owned by this company is burdened with part of the cost and liquidating value of its great expensive plant. Thus it is jealous, and has a right to be jealous, of all its standing timber.

No one proposes, naturally, to take away the lumberman's necessary timber without paying him a fair price. But in his mind there is doubt whether outsiders, the public in general, realize the fact that timber is worth all the way from zero to the most fancy figures. The public, the lumberman feels, has little understanding of the relation between standing timber and the liquidation value of railroads and mills plus fixed charges and taxes. After all, the public often gets a vague idea that the lumberman is nothing but a vandal, and that this outrageous cutting of trees should stop—an attitude that hardly makes for judicious analysis.

Arguments Pro and Con

Now it so happens that the very circumstances which make Bull Creek and Dyerville Flats so desirable for park and scenic areas render them equally choice for lumbering. They form the cream, the very heart of the operations of a corporation which has made unusually large investments in modern equipment, and which no doubt has predicated future profits upon these, the choicest of its holdings.

It is natural for an owner under such circumstances to fear that to ask a suitable price might seem, to the uninformed public, grasping and outrageous. These flats are within a mile of a main railroad line, owned by and connecting with two of the great transcontinental systems. Only a minimum of additional investment by the lumber company itself is required to reach these trees.

Being on flat land, the cost of logging is but a small fraction of that on the steeper slopes. If the flats are sold to the public to be preserved as a park, the company will have to build much longer lines of railroad to run through or around the park areas to its extensive reserves beyond the flats. Then, too, these trees will cut more clear lumber per acre than any other piece in the county. It is clear lumber, big sizes, that brings fancy prices. Finally, these giant trees stand in greater numbers here than in any other spot.

To all of which the citizens who desire to save these areas reply that, valuable as they are, they constitute less than a year's supply out of something like forty years' reserves owned by this operator.

Plenty of other reasonably accessible timber may be purchased. It is not so convenient or fine, perhaps; but if the price received for the park areas is large enough, the company can purchase a much larger area for the same money elsewhere. In any case, the company's ultimate reserves will not be reduced.

These arguments, pro and con, seem at first glance to have but slight importance in other than a local way. Yet this whole question of saving redwoods serves to raise in pointed fashion the broader and more general issue of what is a balanced normal ratio between commercial utilization, which in the case of lumbering necessarily involves a certain amount of destruction, and the other functions which we know that natural resources are intended to perform.

It is natural for the lumberman to want to know where saving will stop. Is public opinion going to demand that an increasing proportion of the forest be set aside? He argues that in order to show posterity how the redwood grew, it is not necessary to save extensive areas. Specimens, he thinks, are enough. If scattered in with second growth, the average tourist, he argues, will not know the difference. Is it unnatural that he does not altogether enjoy having outsiders tell him what property he shall sell?

The lumberman feels that he is performing a service in developing the country, and that he is an important part of the existing economic order. His point of view must be understood before we can arrive at a norm, or ratio, between cutting and saving.

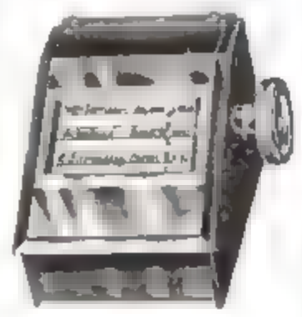
Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Atwood. The second will appear in an early number.

Bates Indexes

Place Information Literally at Your Fingers' Tips

Bates Telephone Index

TO realize how much time a Bates Telephone Index can save you, you need only see one in action. Spin the knob and follow the red line are the simple directions. The best Stationers and Department Stores sell Bates Telephone Indexes, from $2.50 up and will gladly show you them.



Bates Radio Index

YOU are no longer limited by the necessarily small list of broadcasting stations published in your local paper. The Bates Radio Index is a complete log as well as a directory of all stations in North America. Spin the knob and follow the red line to the first letter of the city where the station you want is located. There you will find the call number and wave length of each station in that city with plenty of room to enter your own dial reading. Stationers, department stores and almost any good radio dealer sell them. Price $3.00 East of Rockies.

Bates Ajax Automatic Eyeleters

FEEDS the eyelets, punches the holes and crimps the eyelets automatically—a necessary appliance for the office—thousands of manufacturers also are using it for eyeleting samples, tags, bags, and many other uses. Price $7.50 East of Rockies.

Bates Automatic NUMBERING MACHINES

WHEREVER there is an office, a retail store or factory, there is time and money saving work for one or more Bates Numbering Machines. Railroad and steamship lines use them for numbering tickets, checks, orders, waybills, tags, etc. Advertising agents use them for orders, receipts, bills, correspondence, etc. Librarians find them indispensable for books, index cards.

Hundreds of thousands of Bates Numbering Machines are at work all over the world. Once you get one you will find profitable uses for it in your own work that you never dreamed of. Bates Numbering Machines are sold by Stationers and Rubber Stamp Dealers everywhere. Prices $13.00 up.

THE BATES MFG. CO., Est. 1891
Orange, N. J.
New York Office, 50 Church Street
We will gladly send you on request descriptive booklets on any or all of the Bates Appliances.

For quickest shaving—lather must stay WET!

IT IS LATHER—very wet, stay-wet shaving lather—that has given Williams its huge following. Men have tired (perhaps you have) of thin, quick-drying lathers. Then they try Williams!

—Its wetness quickly penetrates all of every hair.

—Its bulk piles up on the face.

—It strips the oil film from the beard at once.

—Its mildness gives the skin not only a shave but what really amounts to a treatment as well.

Everything that years of specializing in the making of shaving preparations can teach is in the tube of Williams offered you today. It is a pure, white shaving cream entirely free from coloring matter.

A free trial tube of Williams will be sent on request. Use coupon below or a postcard. Large-size tube 35c. The double-size tube at 50c contains *twice* as much cream and is the most economical tube you can buy. Ask your dealer for it.

Address The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 44-C, Glastonbury, Conn. *If you live in Canada, address* The J. B. Williams Co., (Canada) Ltd., St. Patrick Street, Montreal.

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Shaving Cream

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE

Send me free trial tube of your shaving cream.
(Sample does not have Hinge-Cap)

POST 4-25-A

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a *scientific* after-shaving preparation. Trial bottle free—Write Dept. 44-C

THE FARM MORTGAGE—1925 MODEL

(Continued from Page 15)

companies. Elsewhere in this article will be adduced a legitimate and lucrative field for private capital and enterprise in this relation.

Although the total valuation of farm property in the United States is now well over $78,000,000,000, of which $66,000,000,000 represents farm lands and buildings, the total farm indebtedness is estimated at only $8,000,000,000, or about 12 per cent of the physical valuation. Railroad securities, usually a stable medium, sometimes represent half or three-fourths of the physical valuation.

Agriculture is actually carrying a much smaller proportion of indebtedness than any other business of importance. The average farm security is therefore the best in the world. And yet farmers have had to pay from 7 to 10 or even 12 per cent interest on first mortgages or short-term loans in the greater part of the agricultural area of the country—the Middle West, Northwest and Pacific Coast states. Extreme cases of 20 per cent interest are cited.

National and state banks in most of these states are restricted in their power to lend money on land, and a little reflection discloses why the restriction is wise.

The Eastern money lenders do not wish to risk their loans on individual Western farms at a low rate of interest. You can't blame them for that. They are using good business judgment. If they lend money at all in that way, they must have a substantial rate of interest to allow for commissions, much handling of paper, appraisals, inspections, a margin for risk, and the like. Farm-loan companies in the past have been in the grip of a system, or rather the absence of a system, and they were powerless to improve the condition.

Under this system the private investor is compelled to risk money on the integrity and ability of the individual, producing what is called the single hazard, which, because of its variable nature, necessitates a high level of interest charge and unusual precautions as to security because of the frozen nature of the assets. Many states have long-time redemption periods for farm mortgages, and this fact is an added disadvantage to the investor.

The average department-store or implement merchant, even in the smaller towns, has been able to borrow money for 5, 6 or 7 per cent interest on security which in value and stability does not equal farm land, or on personal notes. Brokers and financial operators borrow money at still lower rates. All of which is a highly paradoxical situation. The best security on earth became in practical operation, the poorest.

Frozen Loans

The low commercial rates have been made because the loans are liquid. They are quickly called and furnish a flowing stream in the arteries of the nation's business. The land mortgage is vastly different. It becomes a sluggish or frozen asset under the individual-loan system. And yet it is obviously unfair that the farmer, of all people, should have to struggle along under high rates and unfavorable borrowing conditions when his security is unquestionably superior.

The trouble has been that there was no scientific or efficient coördination of farm-loan agencies whereby the investor might buy a freely flowing, negotiable security at a low rate and get the money into the hands of the actual farmer at a low rate with a small margin for commission and administration. The problem of getting around the slow repayment of farm loans, virtually melting a frozen asset by spreading the loans over the entire country, has been solved.

The Federal Land Bank is the hero that rushes in at the crucial moment, waving its ready cash. It did the work in such an unemotional and undramatic manner in the recent agricultural depression, however, and its machinery is so coolly methodical and huge that its act bore no element of heroics.

For the purpose of this article the Wichita branch of this bank, serving the four states of Kansas, Oklahoma, Colorado and New Mexico, is taken as an example of the twelve branches in the United States. Its district includes all conditions and climates, from the amply watered potato and cotton fields of Eastern Oklahoma to the semi-arid regions of New Mexico or cold and rocky plateaus of Colorado. This bank bore the brunt of a test case intended to knock out the whole Federal system in 1920 and 1921. It had the distinction of issuing Loan Number 1—the first ever issued by an institution of its kind in the United States. Hence it is a representative institution whose record may be studied profitably.

This bank was started February 20, 1917. It received its charter March first and made its first loan April tenth of the same year.

In brief, the fundamental principle of the Federal Land Bank is the pooling of a great number of farm loans under conservative supervision and issuing bonds upon the basis of the combined securities. The farmer pays 6.5 per cent; and out of this goes the interest paid to the bondholder, the expense of administration and a small fractional margin to the bond broker, and payments on principal, which begin at 1 per cent and increase each year as the principal itself it decreased, the indebtedness being constantly decreased according to the principle of amortization. It takes thirty-four and a half years for the farmer to retire the full amount of principal at that rate, but he may pay off the full amount any time after five years, if he desires, and thereby stop interest.

Farm Financing in Europe

There is steadily coming into the bank a stream of money on principal, so that the security as a whole becomes virtually liquid without the individual farmer being pressed for payment, the bonds being readily negotiable. The rotating fund is spread over such a broad territory that it responds readily to the needs of farmers of entire states in times of financial depression.

In 1892 the Department of Agriculture published a study of coöperative farm credit in certain European countries, based upon the experience of the German Landschaft, the French Credit Foncier, the Instituto di Credito Fondario of Italy and other similar institutions. The subject was revived during the latter part of President McKinley's Administration and was studied more and more intensively until 1912, when the Southern Commercial Congress appointed a commission, called the American Commission, to investigate the European land banks. In March, 1913, President Wilson, under an act of Congress, appointed an official commission known as the United States Commission to act in conjunction with the American Commission. The two bodies, under one head, spent several months in Europe, exhaustively studying the subject, and upon the basis of their findings the Federal Farm Loan Act of 1916 was built.

The Prussian Landschaft, the original land bank, was established after the Seven Years' War. Owing to the ravages of the war, agriculture was paralyzed. Frederick the Great took the suggestion of a merchant named Buring in 1779, and by virtue of his absolute power decreed that large landholders in Silesia become members of an association under a blanket lien which was to be security for debentures. A member, to borrow money, was compelled to mortgage his property to this association, the Landschaft. The loan matured in small annual payments. It was a rousing success, and gradually the principle spread to Denmark, Switzerland, France, Sweden, Hungary and other countries.

Although economic conditions are vastly different in these days, there is a striking parallel in the matter of war crises. As with the Seven Years' War, the World War brought about a profound economic disturbance in the United States, which first led agriculture up on a high mountain and then proceeded to throw it off the top of a cliff.

The American land bank was established and had its first experience in a time of inflation. Chance gave it the most unfavorable time for birth that can be imagined. It was attacked in the courts at the most critical period. But it has come through its

(Continued on Page 177)

Engineering Skill Applied to Box and Crate Design is Saving Millions of Dollars

THE same type of engineering genius that has brought transportation from the oxcart to the airplane has been applied to containers of shipped goods.

Years ago, the theory that lumber thickness determined box strength did not lay a heavy burden upon industry. Lumber was cheap. Labor was low. Markets were largely local. Transportation cost did not play a big part in the final cost of goods.

But conditions changed. Markets broadened and transportation expense took on new importance. Lumber prices rose. Labor costs increased.

Design More Important than Weight

Boxes and Crates began to receive serious consideration. Engineers found that proper design and correct nailing were more important than thickness of lumber. Further experiment led to the use of steel strapping that permitted the use of thinner lumber and resulted in a lighter, stronger box.

Finally came the development that has been adopted by thousands of large manufacturers—the invention of the wood box and crate bound with steel wires.

The thickness of lumber used is the minimum consistent with protection of the contents. Lumber is saved. Freight costs are cut. Strength is increased. Loss, damage and petty theft are reduced remarkably.

This type of container—the Pioneer—is made in box or crate form in many sizes and shapes. Shippers in almost every industry are using it.

The reductions in lumber thicknesses are graphically illustrated by the comparisons in the circles to the left, alongside the different stages in box design.

Leaders in Developing Better Containers

In the development of safer, more convenient and less expensive shipping containers, it is only natural that we, as the largest wood box manufacturer, should take a leading part.

General Box Company has a boxing and crating service that is complete—from standing timber to the practically assembled box laid down at your door.

Twelve factories, located in different sections of the country, make available to you a source of supply unparalleled in box and crate history.

Engineering Service

Back of these manufacturing facilities is a corps of practical box engineers. They analyze shipping methods, and recommend the type of box or crate best adapted to the needs of the individual shipper.

This service is available to you without cost or obligation. Write us and we will gladly make an appointment with you and your shipping superintendent. You may save thousands of dollars.

Let us have your address and we will send you "General Box Service"—bulletins that tell how others—some in your own industry—have cut shipping costs.

GENERAL BOX COMPANY

508 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

Note to Receivers

We have just published a booklet "Incoming Shipments," that visualizes how receivers of boxed or crated goods benefit through the use of correctly designed shipping containers. It will be sent you free on receipt of your request.

RISING WATER! Swirling eddies from a river-run-wild usurped the main business streets of Cumberland, Maryland, in the famous flood of March 29, 1924. At flood stage, the invading water stood seven feet deep in the lobby of the Fort Cumberland Hotel, the large building you see in the semi-background of this picture.

Laminex doors were *tested* in the great Cumberland flood!

IN the great flood at Cumberland, Maryland, on March 29, 1924, Laminex doors again proved that, no matter what punishment they undergo, they will not shrink, swell or warp!

A large sash and door warehouse in the heart of the stricken area was gripped in the clutches of the flood demon. A ten or twelve foot head of madly rushing water surrounded it—penetrated it—submerged large portions of its stock!

All doors in the basement and a great number on the ground floor were under water for several days. Doors of many manufacturers were represented there.

The water receded. Doors of other makes were more or less *corrugated*. But *—not a Laminex door had a peeled face—not one had open joints—not one had buckled or blistered panels!*

Moisture menaces doors

Your house may never be in such a flood. But you want to make *sure* that your doors will not succumb to attacks of moisture from wet plaster or from changes of humidity to which all artificially heated rooms are subjected.

Laminex—the only door that will not shrink, swell or warp—costs but little more than ordinary doors! The cost of Laminex doors throughout is much less than that of rehanging or replacing just *one* warped or twisted door!

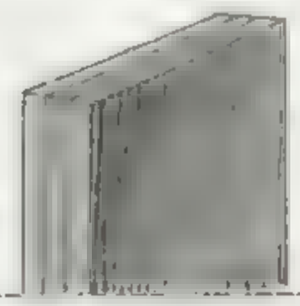
Making Laminex warp-proof

Laminex doors are built up on a scientific principle. Put a piece of wood under the microscope. You will see tiny cells, or *tracheids*, running lengthwise of the grain. When wet, these *tracheids* expand in width but not in length. When dry, they shrink. By crossing, at right angles, several layers of wood, and by uniting under tremendous pressure with a wonderful waterproof cement, we overcome expansion and contraction.

Every Laminex door bears our definite replacement guarantee label. Ask your building material dealer, architect or contractor about Laminex. Mail the coupon for free illustrated booklet and for an actual sample of Laminex wood, so that you can make the famous water test yourself. Sales Offices: New York, Chicago, Memphis, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Spokane and London, England.

SINCE inaugurated a year ago by the Forest Products Laboratory, University of Washington, Laminex water test has been successfully repeated by Pacific Sash and Door Company, Dayton, Ohio; Miller and McCann Lumber Company, New Orleans, La.; Chicago Lumber & Coal Company, Chicago; Manufacturing Company, Memphis; Macaulay, Brooklyn; Central Industrial Exposition, San Francisco; South Texas Lumber, Beaumont; by other leading lumber manufacturers and building material expositions. Under this rigorous test no Laminex door has warped or come apart!

—and make this Laminex water test yourself! *Mail the coupon*



THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY,
Tacoma, Washington.

Gentlemen

Please send free booklet on Laminex doors and sample of Laminex wood. I wish to make the water test myself to prove that Laminex does not warp or come apart.

Name _____

Address _____

Am interested as a _____
(Please state whether Home-owner, Architect, Contractor, Dealer or Realtor)

THE WHEELER, OSGOOD COMPANY,
Tacoma, Washington

LAMINEX DOORS

Will not shrink, swell or warp

(Continued from Page 174)

vicissitudes unscathed. In a few paragraphs, the nature of the Federal Land Bank will be described.

The United States is divided into twelve districts, in each of which is established a central bank, all of them being under the general direction of the Federal Farm Loan Board at Washington. The following cities have these banks: Springfield, Massachusetts; Baltimore; Columbia, South Carolina; Houston, Texas; Louisville, Kentucky; New Orleans; Omaha; Spokane; Berkeley, California; St. Louis; St. Paul; Wichita, Kansas.

At the time of the inception of the district banks the United States Government started a rotating fund in motion by subscribing stock to the amount of $750,000 in each bank, which was to be reduced by each bank to the extent of 25 per cent of its subscriptions taken by debtors.

This government fund has been practically all repaid, and the institution is self-supporting.

Loans are originated by the formation of local corporations called National Farm Loan Associations. These are formed voluntarily by farmers who desire loans. Each farmer must purchase stock of the association to the extent of 5 per cent of the loan he desires. The association must indorse the mortgage notes of the members, which are forwarded to the Federal Land Bank with first farm mortgages as security for the loans. After appraisal and examination the bank advances the amount agreed upon, not to exceed 50 per cent of appraised value. Loans are amortized semiannually or annually.

The district bank is managed by seven directors. The president must be one of the directors. Three of these are appointed by the Federal Farm Loan Board at Washington. Three are elected by the constituency. The other, a director at large, is nominated by the constituency and appointed by the Federal Farm Loan Board.

The district bank in Wichita occupies one floor of a large office building and is managed exactly like a large state or national bank, except that it is not a bank of deposit, but devotes all its attention to the twofold job of lending money and selling bonds to provide money for the loans. A force of about 100 persons is employed. There are no tellers' cages, of course, but a suite of offices for the president, treasurer and secretary, rooms for appraisers and other officers, and desks for clerical help.

The appraisers spend practically all their time in the field, and are practical farm-loan men who understand the difference between hard land and sandy loam; who know what a silo is; who can sound the sentiment of a community as to financial responsibility; who know land values. There are 461 of these in the four states of Kansas, New Mexico, Oklahoma and Colorado, which states are served from this central institution.

Early Difficulties

The first appraisers in the field met with unique experiences. One of them, who operated in the thinly settled districts, makes these observations:

"In much of the territory no precedent had been established for loan values on the lands offered for security. The land was newly settled. Loan companies had not yet accepted it as being agricultural land and therefore would not make loans upon it. As a result, the local banker was able to get a high rate of interest on the loans he could place and the farmers were being badly handicapped in financing their operations. They made application in large numbers and for amounts that were in many cases very unreasonable.

"There was an impression in the minds of many of them that the Government was furnishing the money to lend to them and they were entitled to all they needed or in some cases to all they wanted.

"In Western Colorado and in parts of New Mexico we met many people who were trying hard to build homes under great difficulties. In some cases they were located on poor land, with only half a dugout for a house. Some of them were fifty miles from a railroad, in thinly settled communities. Their stories of hardships were almost unbelievable, and it was sometimes very hard for the appraiser not to allow his sympathy to influence his judgment, for there was no doubt of the great need of money. However, of course, the great majority of farms in the district covered by the land-bank system are productive and are operated by a thrifty and contented class of people."

Conservatism has been a marked characteristic of the Wichita institution. Naturally, many of the borrowers or prospective borrowers think it is entirely too conservative. It has returned to the Government all the original funds for stock furnished in the inception. It has lent more than $90,000,000 since its origin.

In 1880 the population of the United States was 50,155,783 and 28.6 per cent was urban.

In 1910 the population was 91,972,266 and 45.8 per cent was urban.

In 1920 the population was 105,710,620 and 51.4 per cent was urban.

According to a statement made by L. C. Gray, economist in charge of the Division of Land Economics, United States Department of Agriculture, in 1923, the population will be about 150,000,000 in 1950. It is not likely, he says, that we can expand our crop acreage sufficiently to provide for such a large population without encroaching upon the 50,000,000 acres now employed in producing for export.

Free Land Almost Gone

"It should be noted," he said, "that for the past twenty years we have been reducing our crop and pasture acreage per capita. This reduction reflects the fact that our area of virgin land available for the easy expansion of our agriculture has been exhausted."

The era of free land is about over.

The homestead period was a great little period while it lasted. Under its beneficent régime there was developed one of the finest classes of citizenry ever seen on top of the earth. The fears of those who saw too much paternalism in the scheme were found to be groundless. Proving up a claim was a man's job and it tried the mettle of the settler. It furnished equality of opportunity. The tenant farmer or hired man was given a show for his white alley.

But it is a thing of the past. Land is getting higher and higher priced. In 1880 the average value in land and buildings per acre of farm land was $19.02. In 1910 it was $39.60 and in 1920 it was $69.38.

In order to keep up with the requirements of the rapidly increasing urban consumers it is necessary to have greater production. This will require greater capitalization for farm operations. Coupled with this fact is the rapidly increasing price of land as indicated above, and the increased cost of machinery and everything else used on the farm; and if the United States is to continue as an exporter of agricultural products, the problem is intensified. The inevitable answer to the riddle is that there must be a tremendously expanded credit for farmers; not the kind of credit that encourages speculation or extravagance, but the conservatively supervised credit that capitalizes the needed machinery of large production; that permits greater efficiency, speeding up and increased volume of production, such as is made a part of our national industrial mechanism. Until recently, agricultural credit was fifty years behind business credit. The anachronism was absurd. It was like making a team out of an ox and a gasoline tractor. The United States was the last great agricultural nation to adopt the government land bank. The question now is not whether the land bank is a good thing, but whether the principle should be enormously expanded.

When it was first established, in 1917, the state and national bankers as a rule opposed the land bank. They thought it might hurt their business. They viewed with alarm the low interest rate. But now they have changed their tune. This especially is true in the small country towns, where banks are most directly dependent upon the welfare of the farmers.

"The Federal Land Bank saved my institution," said the president of a state bank in a small Kansas town to Milas Lasater, president of the Wichita Land Bank, recently. "When the depression of 1922–23 hit our district we couldn't get any money from the city banks, no matter how good our rediscount paper was. They just didn't have it, or were swamped with demands from merchants or jobbers. Naturally, the city bankers favored the merchants and jobbers because their security was more liquid. What were the country banks to do? We had all lent money on farm land, cattle and other chattels as far as the law permitted. In any case our money was frozen tight.

"Many of the farmers in our neighborhood then turned to the Federal Land Bank and procured money at a low rate of interest. They paid off debts. They paid off our loans. We were able to lend money to our home merchants. They, in turn, paid their wholesalers and jobbers and manufacturers. The release of one dollar, according to well-known workings, liberated five other dollars."

This instance could be multiplied innumerably, according to Mr. Lasater. So the injection of nearly $37,000,000 into the commercial arteries of the four states of this district in 1922-23 was a profoundly important fact.

The loans issued by the Wichita Land Bank in 1919 amounted to $9,232,900; in 1920 the amount was $5,324,400; in 1921 the amount was $7,672,900; in 1922 the amount was $19,815,000; in 1923 the amount was $17,045,200; and in 1924 the amount was $17,072,500. It will be noticed that the institution lent the most money during the period of greatest depression, and the money went directly to the spot where most needed—agriculture.

The loans secured by farmers may be used for only four purposes—for purchasing farm lands, for purchasing livestock and equipment, for improvements or for liquidating existing indebtedness.

In the case of the purchase of land, the prospective owner must have enough money to pay 50 per cent of the value, as a loan will be issued for not to exceed 50 per cent. This provision is established in order to protect the bank against possible shrinkage in value.

Equipment may include implements or other articles necessary to farming operations.

Improvements may include plowing, tilling, irrigating, fencing, erecting buildings, planting trees, and the like.

Under the head of liquidating existing indebtedness some knotty problems are occasionally encountered. One of these came up to Milas Lasater, president of the Wichita Land Bank, for decision not long ago. It concerned the application for a loan from a farmer, one of whose purposes was to pay for an operation upon his wife. After analyzing the question, the president and board decided to make the loan on the ground that the wife's health was an important consideration in the conduct of the farm, and therefore the expense of an operation was a legitimate one.

In all cases the moral hazard is carefully weighed. More than 99 per cent of all the borrowers have turned out to be good moral risks in the Wichita district, according to Mr. Lasater. Of course, the standard in this respect is due largely to the care which is exercised by appraisers and examiners.

Political Influence

By enabling farmers to build silos, barns and other needed equipment, to improve the breeds of farm animals, buy fertilizer, drain pipe and irrigation equipment, the productivity of farms already in operation is increased.

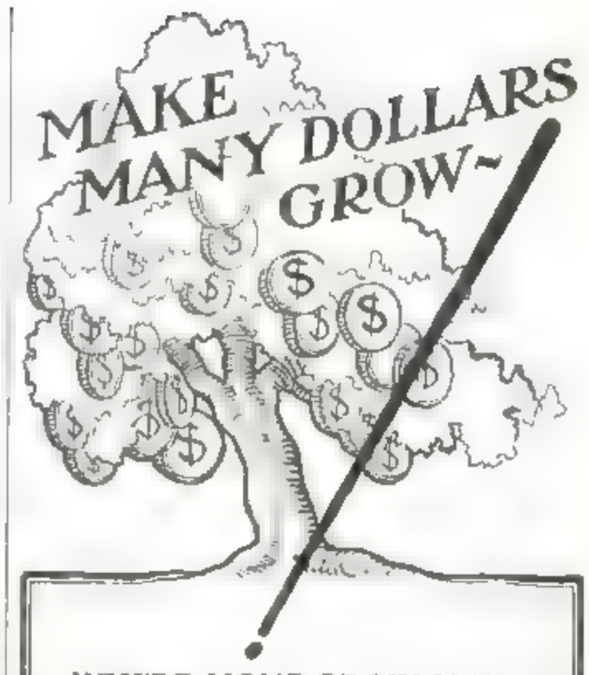
The economy and efficiency inherent in the land bank is brought about by the diversion of capital direct to the farmer by reducing the cost of loans, by the removal of the single hazard, and by the reduction of expense by maintaining a large and permanent personnel of investigators and agents who cover a larger field and are constantly at work.

Do politics enter into the Federal Land Bank? This question was asked of Mr. Lasater.

"Yes and no," was his cautious answer. "In theory, the institution is nonpolitical. The Federal Farm Loan Board, according to law, is composed of three Republicans, three Democrats and the Secretary of the Treasury, who at this time is a Republican. I have seen direct evidence of the fact that Mr. Mellon is absolutely uninfluenced by political considerations. I am a Democrat myself. I don't know the politics of the employes. Nothing is said about politics.

"At one time Senators Borah and La Follette directed a questionnaire to all the district land banks to see whether politics had entered in. No speeches were ever made on the subject in Congress, so I suppose the matter was dropped for lack of material. Apparently there is no appreciable manifestation of undue political influence in the various district banks.

"I am convinced that the whole structure is built on merit rather than political preferment. However, it would be possible, as



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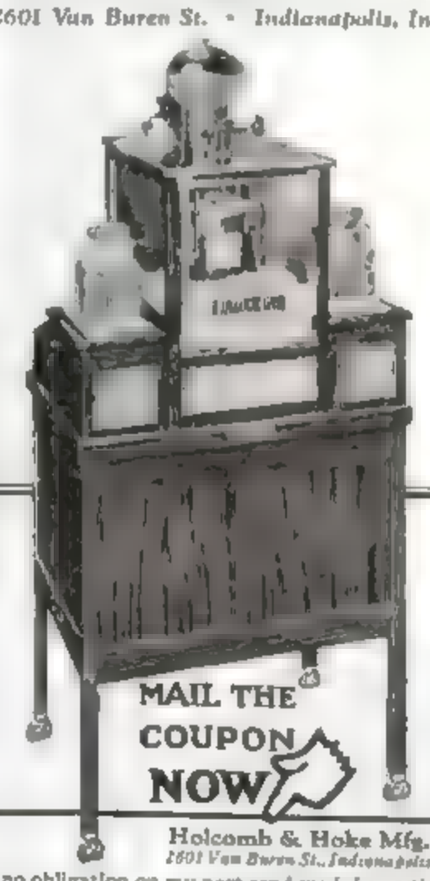

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with almost any official or semi-official organization, to inject politics. This might be wholly innocent, and nevertheless there might be a distinct political complexion in some instances. A man in public or semi-public life naturally makes more friends among men of his own party. In making appointments he is more likely to choose men of his own party than from the opposition

"It is seen therefore that if one party remains in power long enough, its slight preponderance is likely to be reflected in the personnel of the various banks.

"I think the Federal Land Bank as a whole has been very fortunate in keeping out undesirable politics. Secretary Mellon and the Farm Loan Board have rigidly excluded partisanship from the affairs of the institution."

Out of approximately 30,000 farmers having loans from the land bank at Wichita, only 44 have been acquired under foreclosure in the eight years of its existence. In a single county in Oklahoma alone more than eighty foreclosures were made by private mortgage companies in the year 1924. Under the modern land-bank system the Shylock therefore becomes the remotest possible contingency.

Three Great Benefits

The three greatest benefits, according to the opinion of a former Federal Land Bank official from the St. Paul institution, are: The low interest rate as compared with the old high rates once prevailing; the amortization feature, providing easy repayment; and the fact that 30 per cent of the farms examined have been relieved of clouds on their titles because of examinations by land-bank appraisers.

"I know of cases in North Dakota where farmers were paying as high as 20 per cent interest," said this man; "10 and 12 per cent was not unusual before the land bank came. Thousands of farmers were surprised to discover that there were defects in their titles. If these had been allowed to remain, some sharper might have come along and deprived them of their land. Our appraisers and examiners made them correct these defects before approving the loans. This service alone has been worth millions of dollars to the farmers of the Northwest."

A. L. Stockwell, the farmer near Larned, Kansas, to whom Loan Number 1 was issued in 1917, exemplifies the fact of increased production brought about by the use of conservatively supervised farm credit. He is now feeding 5000 sheep direct from the range, along with cattle and horses, and has large and well-equipped barns and silos. The barns are equipped with electric lights, overhead feed conveyors, self-feeders and a water system.

"Nearly all the alfalfa hay and about half the ensilage produced on this farm is fed to sheep," says Mr. Stockwell. "It is a factory, so to speak, converting our farm products into high-priced ,mutton and wool. This feeding plant was built in 1922, or since Loan Number 1 was placed on this farm.

"One point that I wish to make is that a properly financed farm, like any other business, takes out a lot of uncertainty from farming. Too many farmers have an over-investment in land and not enough available capital for operating."

Mr. Stockwell has a large modern home, with hot-water heating, electric lights, running water, electrically driven cream separator, electric washing machine, electrically driven pump, portable heaters, electric range, sweeper, ironer and ice machine. On the farm are electrically driven silo fillers, alfalfa mill and irrigation pumps. A power ensilage cutter cuts Kafir corn in thin slices from standing stalks and blows this feed, thus made into ensilage, into an accompanying wagon. This in turn is emptied into a power silo filler which annually fills four concrete silos with a combined capacity of 1000 tons.

Mr. Stockwell, it will be noticed, went through the 1922 agricultural panic with colors flying.

"The average farmer is receiving benefits from the land bank, whether he procures his money from this bank or from mortgage companies," sagely observes A. N. Rochester, treasurer of the Wichita institution. "It was through this bank that the interest rate on money loaned to farmers has been reduced materially since 1917, when the Wichita bank was instituted."

Aside from the indirect benefit to the country at large that accrues from a more healthy state of agriculture, a decided direct benefit goes directly from the land bank to people who may not know the difference between a singletree and a rutabaga. This is in the availability of a stable tax-exempt bond bearing a satisfactory interest and backed by the best security imaginable—the composite soil of the United States of America.

Because of the fact that the $66,000,000,000 worth of farm land in the United States bears an indebtedness of only $8,000,000,000, the composite farm mortgage is an attractive security.

"Life-insurance companies have been largely instrumental in establishing the farm mortgage as a premier investment in the United States for safety of principal and reliability of income," says William H. Kingsley, vice president of the Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company.

In 1922, 17.92 per cent of the total assets of the principal life-insurance companies of the United States was invested in farm mortgages.

The bonds of the Federal Land Bank usually sell at a slight premium and yield from 4.32 per cent to 4.46 per cent for the 4.5 per cent class of bonds after deducting commissions, and so on. The small margin for handling shows how readily the bonds are selling.

When the land bank was established and announced that it would do business on ¼ per cent profit, the private money lenders said it was absurd, it couldn't be done. But it is being done. The brokers get the difference between 4.5 per cent and the market price of the bonds. The bank takes 1 per cent, the difference between 4.5 and 5.5 per cent. Out of this it pays all its administration expenses and dividends to members for the stock they hold. The expenses amount to ¼ per cent and the profits and savings amount to ¾ per cent. Then there is an added per cent for principal, and thus the total payments made by the borrower amount to 6.5 per cent annually.

The Old Homestead Law

In view of the passing of free land, the continually rising price of land and the increasing demand for food because of greater population, it is the writer's opinion that Federal farm-credit machinery and philosophy will yet see one more important stage of development—the utilization of more marginal lands and the more intensive cultivation of proved lands by means of an increase in farm operator ownership. Marginal lands are those which require irrigation or dry-farming methods, it might be explained.

Intensive cultivation and the development of marginal lands are not often found where tenantry is extensive. Farm ownership is the great incentive for that good farming which leads to increased production.

The old homestead law was one of the greatest makers of citizenship the nation has seen. It developed a hardy, self-reliant race of empire-building farmers who showed their stuff by proving up homesteads in five-year periods, at the end of which the Government gave them the land they were farming. This law was the antidote and preventive of farm tenantry. But in recent years tenantry has been coming back with increasing and discouraging speed. Tenantry makes for lower production per acre, a slacking up of initiative and a decline in citizenship.

Through the Federal Land Bank system, or an adjunct of that system, the Government could take a new hitch on the homestead idea by buying up marginal lands or idle lands in proved areas and giving tenant farmers or young hired hands a chance to show their mettle in a period of proving up. The title to the land would remain with the Government. If the occupant, starting with nothing, could make enough in a given period—say, five years—to pay 50 per cent of the value of the land, then the land bank as now constituted could step in and start its present routine procedure by taking a mortgage and giving the man a deed. In this way an ambitious man would have a chance something like that given the homesteader in the old days. He could start with virtually nothing and hew out his own destiny, confronted by a challenge which would test the best qualities in men. That such a philosophy builds citizenship

(Continued on Page 180)

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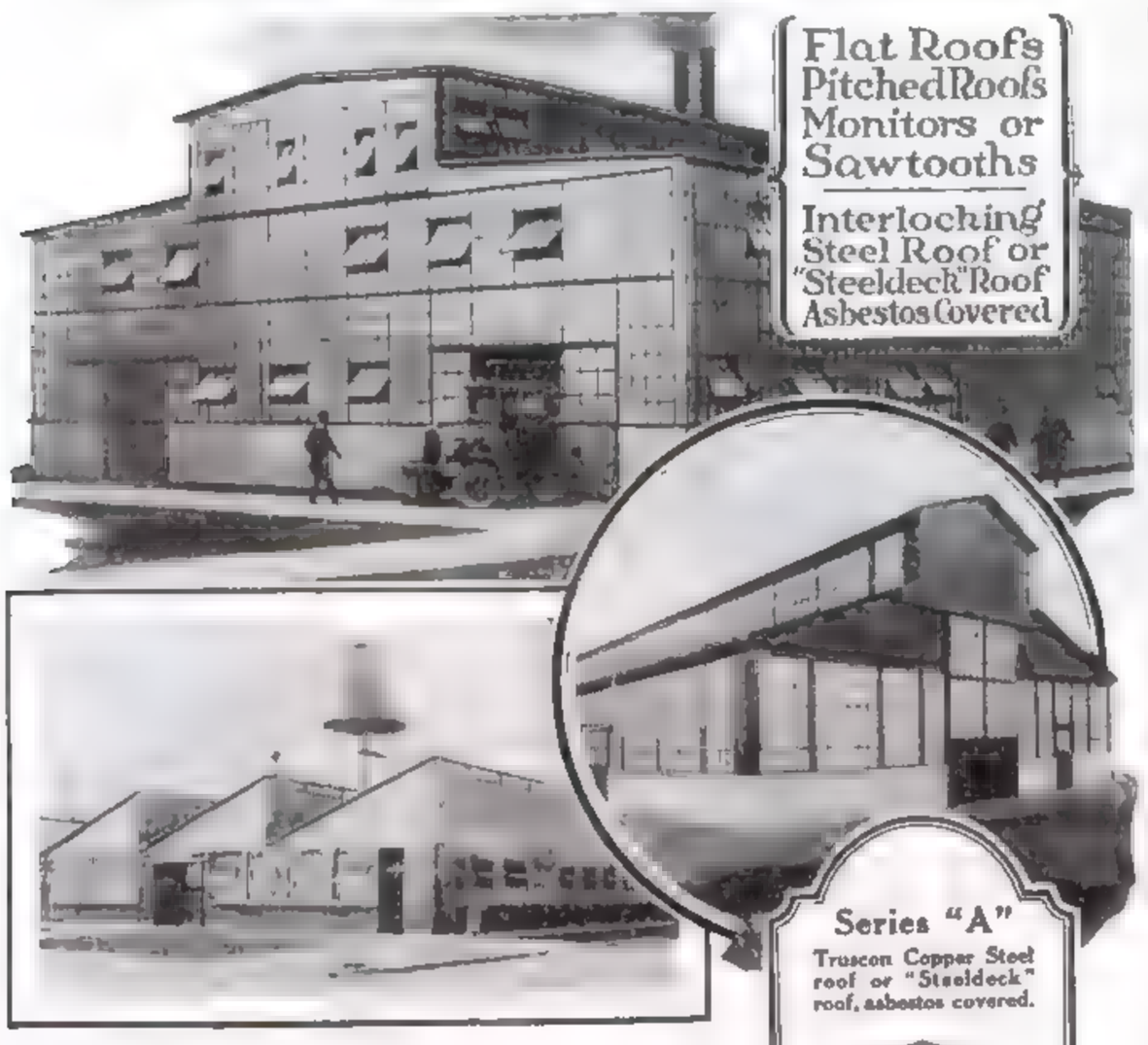

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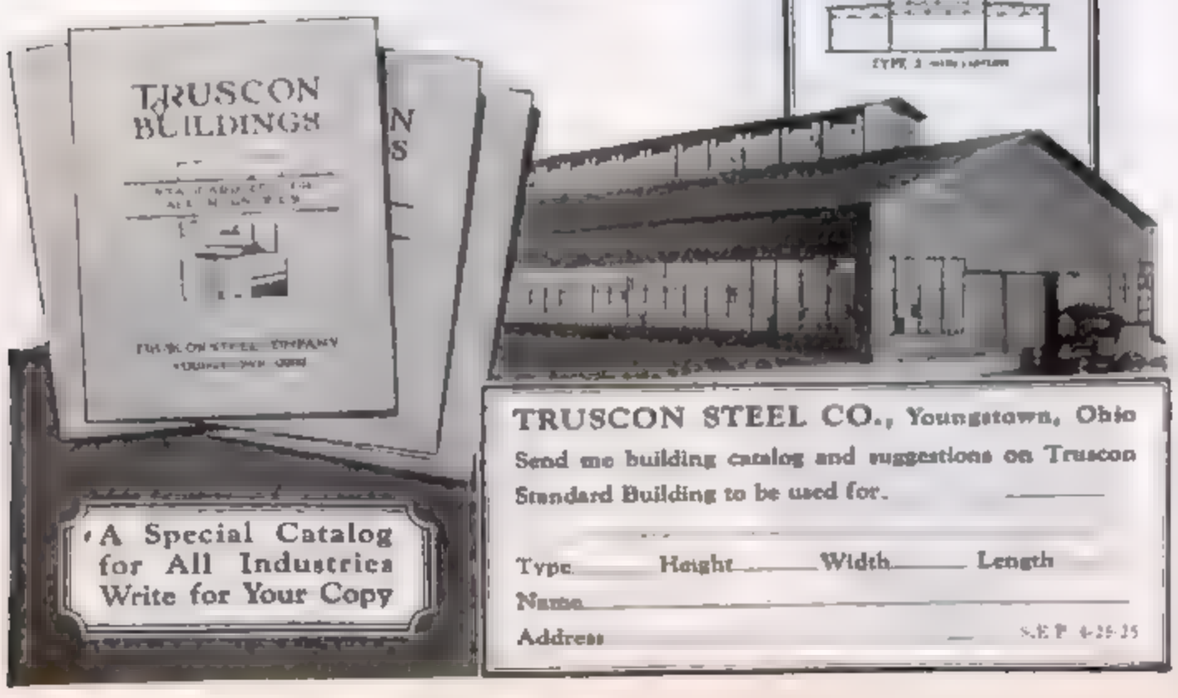

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(Continued from Page 178)

of high order and does not encourage going into debt or drifting with the tide has already been proved.

I am presenting this as my own scheme. Mr. Lasater does not think the Federal Land Bank should extend its operations that far. He believes that the institution should be a very conservative one, confining its functions to the traditional realms of secure banking.

"I do think that the land bank has retarded the otherwise rapid increase of farm tenantry," he says, however. "Farm tenantry is a serious problem. I do not think it can be solved by our bank. But I am sure there would have been more tenants had it not been for the land bank, which stepped in and offered cheap money to hold mortgaged farms for the owners, with liberal amortization terms."

In Western Kansas there are hundreds of thousands of acres of level silt land, washed down from the Rockies in countless geological ages. These are very fertile, but need irrigation or special dry-farm methods. This land is still cheap. It will raise sorghums and various other specially adapted crops practically every year, and frequently an excellent crop of winter wheat. By the use of silos and a rough-forage system of crops it can be made profitable as a diversified farming, dairying and poultry-raising section. Its possibilities cannot be ignored. This furnishes an instance of a great raw material for the agricultural factory, so to speak, needing the injection of additional capital.

When the land bank was established, many of the farm-mortgage companies and some of the banks opposed it bitterly. The opposition crystallized in the form of a suit attacking the constitutionality of the law, filed against the Wichita Federal Land Bank in 1920, in the Federal District Court at Kansas City.

Charles E. Hughes was the principal attorney for the land banks, and he won a complete victory, vindicating the constitutionality of the act establishing the institution. W. G. McAdoo and other well-known attorneys also were in the case as defense counsel, acting for interveners.

During the pendency of this case the land banks practically suspended their operations as far as issuing loans was concerned. This slowed up the whole project greatly. But as soon as the case was decided by the Supreme Court of the United States, in 1921, business was resumed with a rush, and 1922 was the biggest year up to that time.

One of the interesting accompaniments of the Federal Land Bank system is the Joint Stock Land Bank.

Joint Stock Land Banks

This is the Government's reply to the cry of paternalism which was hurled at the land bank as soon as it was proposed. It is also a check against the Federal Land Bank to prevent it from becoming inefficient or politics-ridden, by the sheer force of example. By this means a healthy rivalry is created which is, in some respects, comparable to the rivalry between national and state banks.

Joint Stock Land Banks are private institutions operated on the same principle as the Federal Land Bank. They may be established anywhere by approval of the Federal Farm Loan Board. The supervision of the Federal Farm Loan Board over the Joint Stock Land Banks is mostly perfunctory.

The Joint Stock Land Bank furnishes to private farm-loan mortgage companies the opportunity to do business in competition with the Federal Land Bank upon equal terms.

The purposes for which money may be borrowed from the Joint Stock Land Banks are more liberal than the terms of the other institution. The Federal can lend not to exceed $25,000 to one farmer. A Joint Stock may lend as much as $50,000. The loan in case of the Federal is restricted to the use of the farmer actually owning and farming the land. In the case of the Joint Stock, any person owning a farm may procure a loan, even though he may not operate it. The formation of a local association is not necessary in the case of the Joint Stock. The Federal is a mutual institution, the Government having the major voice in management. The Joint Stock is a corporation operated for private profit by a directorate elected by stockholders. The latter may be incorporated upon the subscription of at least $250,000 capital stock and is limited in respect of territory to two adjacent states. There is no guaranty of the bonds of the bank by any other agency, while in the case of the Federal the bonds are guaranteed mutually by the entire system of Federal Land Banks.

The interest paid by the Joint Stock is therefore a little higher—usually one-half of one per cent—than that paid by the Federal Land Bank bonds. The usual rate for a twenty-year Federal Land Bank bond is 4.5 per cent and for the same term Joint Stock Land Bank bond the usual rate is 5 per cent. If bought from brokers, the net yield will be about .15 to .30 per cent lower, to allow for commissions.

Federal Land Banks may purchase Joint Stock Land Banks, and in several cases have done so, absorbing the business of the latter.

There are a few more than sixty Joint Stock Land Banks in the United States, and their combined capital on December 31, 1924, was $34,487,185, their outstanding bonds amounting to $435,067,400.

On the same date the combined capital of the twelve Federal Land Banks was $49,582,045, and the outstanding bonds amounted to $914,763,416 25.

On December 31, 1924, the total assets of the St. Paul Federal Land Bank were $119,632,235.14, this being the largest figure of the twelve banks.

Intermediate Credit Banks

An afterthought connected with the Federal Farm Loan system was the Intermediate Credit Bank, established in March, 1923, for the purpose of extending the farm-loan principle to chattels. These institutions are conducted by the same officers and in connection with the Federal Land Banks. These have the effect of further relieving the farmer in times of stress. Special consideration is shown for farmers having dairy cows and breeding stock. The capital of the twelve Intermediate Credit Banks of the country is $24,000,000 paid in.

The Intermediates, although they have not attained an imposing stature, form a very significant feature, as evidenced by a quotation which is to follow.

In summing up the effects of the farm-loan agencies mentioned in this article, and comparing them with the functions of state and national banks, an important fact becomes evident and is stated by the president of one of the largest banks in the four states of the Ninth Federal Farm Loan District. He says:

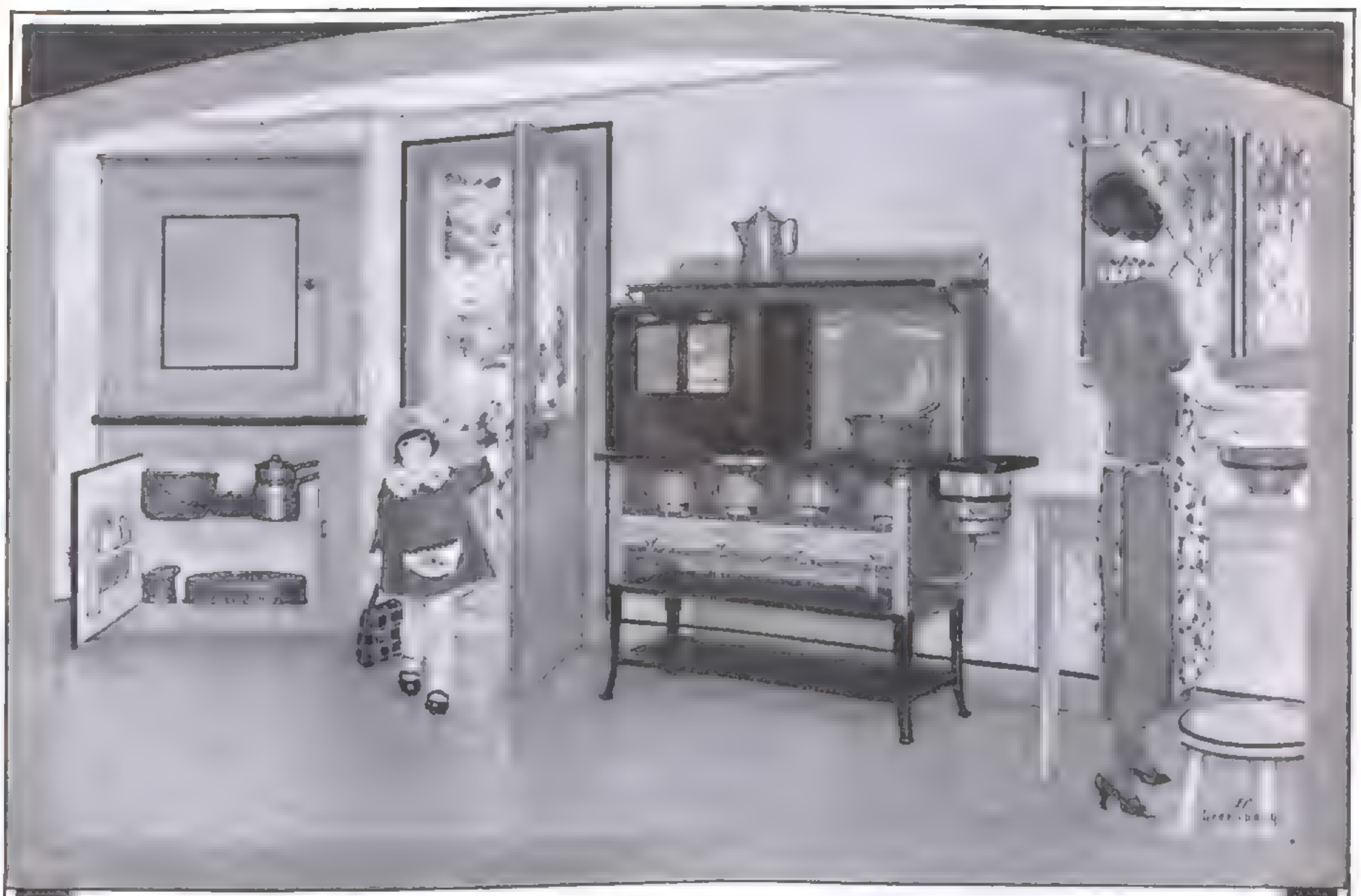
"The tendency of state and national banks is away from farm loans; not only on land, which are already very restricted by law and by common-sense banking principles, but on cattle.

"The best banking practice in banks of deposit requires liquidity of loans. This practically excludes real-estate security, and it also counsels the strict limitation and perhaps elimination of cattle loans.

"Our best loans are on quickly moving merchandise, such as stocks of goods or raw material in process of manufacture. The logical field for our business is with business men, in big and small towns, whose stocks in trade turn over quickly. We are therefore not averse to the government agencies taking over the loaning of money to farmers on land and cattle, which can be made the basis of bonds backed by diversified and stable security."

It is only fair to say that this represents the views of an individual. The views of all the bankers could not be ascertained. However, there are indications that these views are becoming more and more general in the banking fraternity.

It is apparent, of course, that the safety of banking, where ready cash is at the mercy of depositors who may withdraw millions in a week or two, is dependent upon the ability of the banker to call his loans on short notice. The Federal Reserve has helped wonderfully by providing a reservoir for lending money on rediscounts, but the Federal Reserve cannot do it all. Individual banks must frame their policies so as to meet emergencies. Shorter and shorter term loans, with more and more liquid assets, mark the development of the state and national banking business in the agricultural regions. The coming of the nation-wide farm-loan agencies constitutes a development of major importance in the financial world, furnishing at once a new form of security of unquestioned merit and stability, and a relief to the basic industry of agriculture which will react favorably upon all other business.



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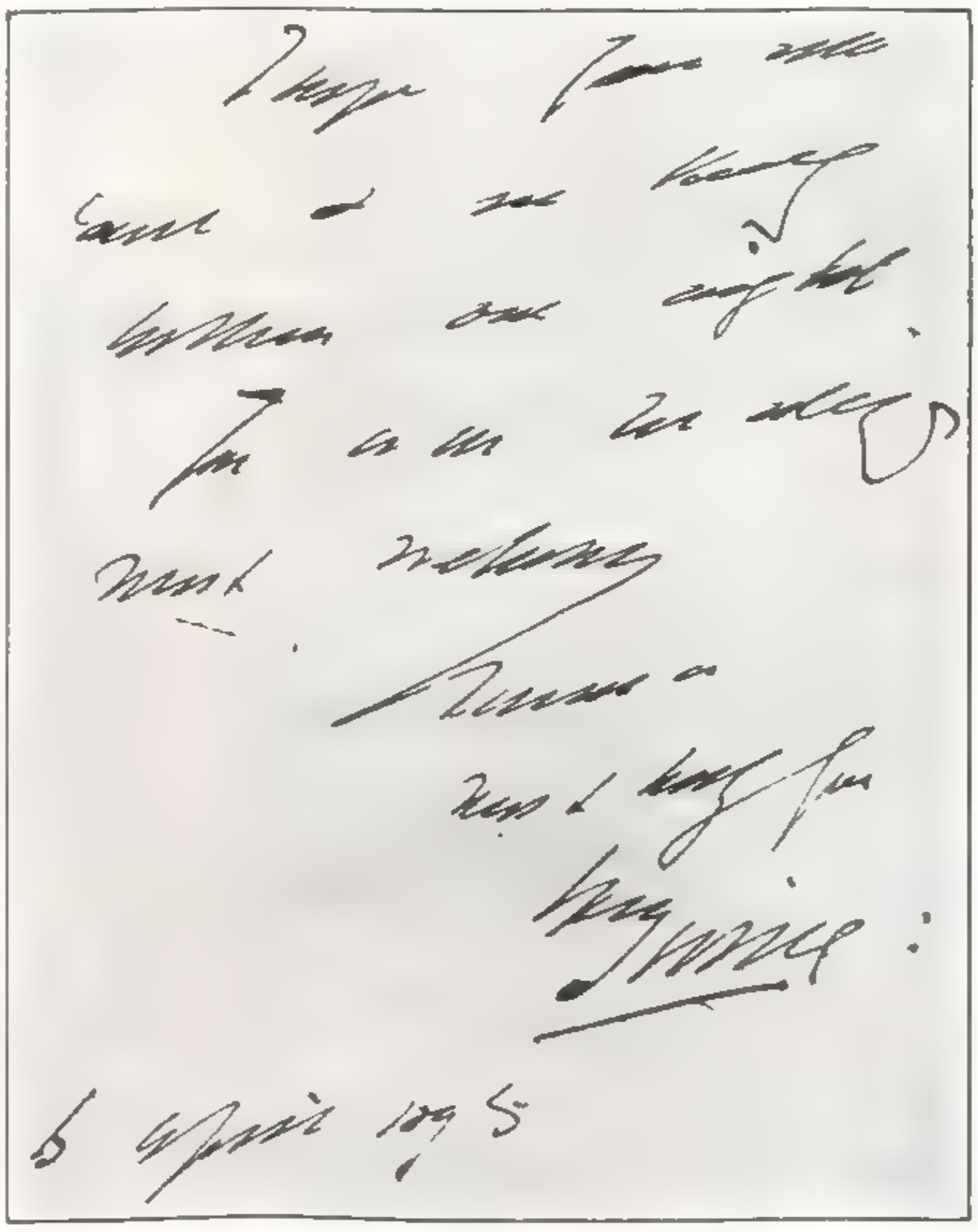
THE ROMANTIC '90'S

Continued from Page 25

far from unaware of the honor. Still, as Swinburne entered the room and greeted me once more with that beautiful courtesy, I was impressed as never before by the peculiarities of his figure. He was a rather short man, with incredibly narrow "champagne" shoulders, a disproportionally long and slightly exuberant trunk, and short tripping legs. His splendid head seemed far too big for his body, and gave him the appearance of one of those caricatures in which a fantastically large head is placed on a diminutive figure. His head, too, lolled to one side, as if too heavy to carry, and the lower part of his face was disastrously unfinished, almost chinless; and from the wrinkles of his rather disagreeably inadequate chin grew out a scant beard of thinly scattered hairs. (As a compensating feature, a large, commanding, aristocratic nose must not be omitted.) Seated at the table, he continually jerked his body in a nervous way and his hands twittered before him in an uncomfortably weird manner.

He had come to the table waving a copy of the St. James's Gazette with considerable excitement, even irascibility. Something he had been reading had evidently roused his indignation. It was a review of a new poet for whom he expressed a true Swinburnian, polysyllabic scorn. He read aloud to us some extracts, with his high, singing voice, breathing hard and spasmodically; and, catching sight of the paper afterward I noticed that he had written in French on the margins remarks of a highly objurgatory nature. The poet, I regret to say, was Francis Thompson. (I kept to myself the fact that, as Mr. John Lane's reader, I was responsible for the publication of the offending poems!) I forget what Mr. Watts-Dunton had to say by way of soothing agreement and mild rebuttal; and I remember better the conclusion of the lunch, which struck me as delightfully funny, though I rather despair of conveying the fun of it to the reader.



Tarts

Mr. Watts-Dunton was seated at the head of the table, and did the carving, Mr. Swinburne on his right and myself on his left. Mr. Watts-Dunton was a tiny man whose careless clothes always seemed too big for him. His face was as small as Swinburne's was large, a good brow, with keen kindly eyes and a long rat-like—or I had better say Mongolian—mustache. I have remarked on Mr. Swinburne's impenetrable deafness. Now Watts-Dunton also was deaf—deaf enough for all practical purposes.

He was also very nearsighted, so that when a dish was put before him he had to bend his head close down over it, scanning it as nearsighted people scan small print. Well, at the end of the meal, the maid who waited upon us placed before him one of those tarts with crisscross open-work pastry through which the jam of which it was composed was plainly visible—the color of it unmistakable.

Bending over it, and scanning it as though it were some obscure Greek text, Mr. Watts-Dunton turned to Mr. Swinburne with that ceremonious address which they always observed one toward the other, and called out in a loud voice, "Mr. Swinburne, this is your favorite tart—black currant." The maid touched Mr. Watts-Dunton, and then shouting loudly to him in her turn, she said, "Mr. Watts-Dunton, it's not black currant." Then, louder still, "It's GREENGAGE!"

Perhaps the reader may not see much to laugh at, but to me it seemed irresistibly comic; and, had the reader been there, I think he would have found it as hard to keep his face straight as I did.

Lunch being over, Mr. Swinburne invited me upstairs to his study to inspect the collection of rare quartos of the Elizabethan dramatists which was the apple of his eye—Ford, Webster, Dekker and the rest; and it was my happiness and honor that day to add to that cherished collection by a very scarce quarto of an obscure play by Thomas Kyd, Soliman and Perseda. I had picked it up for five shillings. Such finds were possible to short purses in those days. I had brought it as an appropriate tribute to the altar of the Master, but I had great difficulty in persuading him to accept it, for, of course, he knew its value. When, however, I had overcome his courteous scruples, the boyish pleasure he showed in his new acquisition—I might say toy—was exhilarating to see.

That eager boyishness, which even as an old man he never lost, was one of the most charming and remarkable of his characteristics. His blue eyes seemed suddenly to flower in his face, and his whole countenance became so irradiated with interior light that one seemed to see the welling up of that deep lyric fount from which the most impassioned song in the English language had come. Certainly that afternoon I saw Shelley plain, saw the white fire that burns in a great poet's heart, and realized what it means to be inspired like the poets of old. All the absurdity, on which I hope I have not laid too much stress, disappeared in that strange transfiguring light, which grew even brighter as he read to me—or rather chanted—with intense excitement, some scenes from the play on which he was then engaged, the Duke of Gardia. How he reveled, with an utter absorbed unconsciousness, in the glory of the streaming jeweled words, evidently forgetting they were his own, loving them just for their own sake! He ended by lifting me into the seventh heaven by promising to give me the manuscript when it was completed, a promise which I value none the less because it was unfulfilled.

By this time, he had grown more accustomed to my voice, so that we were able really to talk together, on a subject, too, which was peculiarly his own. I had remarked how little of romantic passion, as distinct from mere eroticism, there was in English poetry. He kindled at once at the theme, and together we went over the names of one English poet after another, ending by rejecting all but a very few, chief among which were Marlowe and Donne and Keats. Even Shakspere he considered inadequate in that particular quality, in which, needless to say, Swinburne himself stands preeminent. French poetry, he agreed, was even poorer than English in that respect.

Up-and-Coming Biographers

To talk with Swinburne on passion in poetry was, indeed, a wonderful experience, and I regret that I took no notes of his glowing talk and that it now remains but a vague glory in my memory.

From Swinburne's study I descended to Watts-Dunton's, and he talked to me in his familiar discursive *déshabillé* fashion of Rossetti, whose most intimate friend he had been, while around us on the walls dreamed those strangely lovely faces Rossetti had made his own, drawings and paintings from Rossetti's own hand; and dominating all was an immense cabinet of black oak, with decorative panels also by Rossetti, making a romantic contrast to the otherwise prim and commonplace atmosphere of the mid-Victorian room, suggestive of antimacassars and horsehair furniture. As the afternoon light faded and the dream faces glimmered in the dusk about us, Watts-Dunton talked of the life of Rossetti, which he was always writing, but which his easy-going indolence never allowed him to write. Rossetti had already been dead for several years, but the book never seemed to get any nearer. Two biographies had long since appeared—so promptly, indeed, after Rossetti's funeral, that Oscar Wilde, whose epigrams were already ruling London dinner tables, once said to me, "Whenever a great man dies, Hall Caine and William Sharp go in with the undertakers."

The last time I saw Swinburne he did not see me, and perhaps it is telling tales out of school to recall the occasion. Still, as I consider the reminiscence far from derogatory to him, and believe too that the reader will regard it with me as presenting him in a brotherly human aspect, I will hazard it.

Swinburne, like some other poets of the time—Tennyson and Meredith, for instance—was a great walker. Putney lies at the foot of Wimbledon Common, and it was Swinburne's custom to walk every morning from his house to the top of the Common and back. It chanced that one morning I had been out early bicycling, and I had stepped into a shop at the top end of the Common to buy a newspaper. Who should I come against, leaving as I was entering, but Swinburne! He did not see me, and I had no thought of disturbing his morning meditations. But when I came out of the shop, I saw him ahead of me on his way home. It was then I noticed his fantastic

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manner of walking and heard those profane carters laughing at the great man of whom they knew nothing.

As I watched him dancing oddly on his way, a profane idea struck me. I remembered that there was at the head of the Common, a short distance away, an old inn called the Rose and Crown. I have referred to that bottle of Bass' which was all that the protective Watts-Dunton, ever thoughtful of his well-being, considered good for him. Swinburne, needless to say, was no ordinary drunkard; but for him, as for so many other poets, strong drink was a mocker, and for him, with his orgiastic temperament, it was more potent and dangerous than for less sensitive men. Thus, as I remembered the Rose and Crown, I could not help wondering if, now that he was out of the clutches of his friend, he might not be inclined to a little human truancy. So I hung behind till the inn came in sight.

"Will he go in?" I smiled to myself.

I was not long left in doubt, for, as a billiard ball glides into the pocket, the author of Atalanta in Calydon suddenly disappeared. There was no one but me and the carters to see. I laughed to think of Watts-Dunton at the bottom of the hill; and, after waiting a few moments, I myself entered the inn. It was one of those old inns in which the taproom is partitioned off into various cozy sections. I glanced into one and another of them, but there was no sign of my illustrious friend. Perhaps I had been mistaken, after all. Then, leaning on the bar, I ordered my own "morning," as Pepys would say, from the gay young barmaid, and presently bringing our conversation round to the gentleman who had entered before me, I remarked that I was acquainted with him and wondered what had become of him.

"Oh," she replied, "the gentleman never drinks at the bar." But every morning at the same hour, she confided, he dropped in and, repairing to a private room, punctually consumed a bottle of Burgundy, alone with his thoughts.

Needless to say, he did not fall in my estimation on that account. On the contrary, it but made him the more comradely human, and I rejoiced, too, that, in spite of his friendly jailer, the poet did contrive thus to warm his veins with that generous ichor. I waited around on the grass outside for perhaps three-quarters of an hour, and then suddenly again there was the divine "Algy" once more on his homeward way.

I have said that I "commenced author" with a book on George Meredith. Today it seems to me a very youthful performance, as is perhaps not surprising, for I was very young when I wrote it—too young probably to tackle so difficult a master. However, I am proud to have had the assurance that it served its purpose of introducing so great a writer to many who at that time had scarcely heard his name. For his poetry in particular, then unknown except to that "acute and honourable minority" to whom he addressed it, I am glad to think that it did some missionary service, as Meredith himself graciously and generously acknowledged. I mention these details, because it was that little book which won me the friendship of perhaps the greatest personality, as certainly the greatest intellectual and spiritual influence, of the time.

An Invitation to Box Hill

George Meredith is one of the most conspicuous instances of deferred recognition in literature. For years Richard Feverel and The Egoist found an audience fit, indeed, but pitiably few, and for more than thirty years the creator of such masterpieces was constrained to plod along as a publisher's reader for a paltry two hundred pounds a year. This neglect, borne with philosophic courage, not unmixed with scorn, was not, however, without its embittering effect, so that when recognition did come Meredith had grown haughtily indifferent to it. The neglect of his poetry was a matter on which he was particularly sensitive, as an extract from one of his letters to me will show. I had asked his permission to include some of his poems in an anthology for which I was doing some work. Here is his answer:

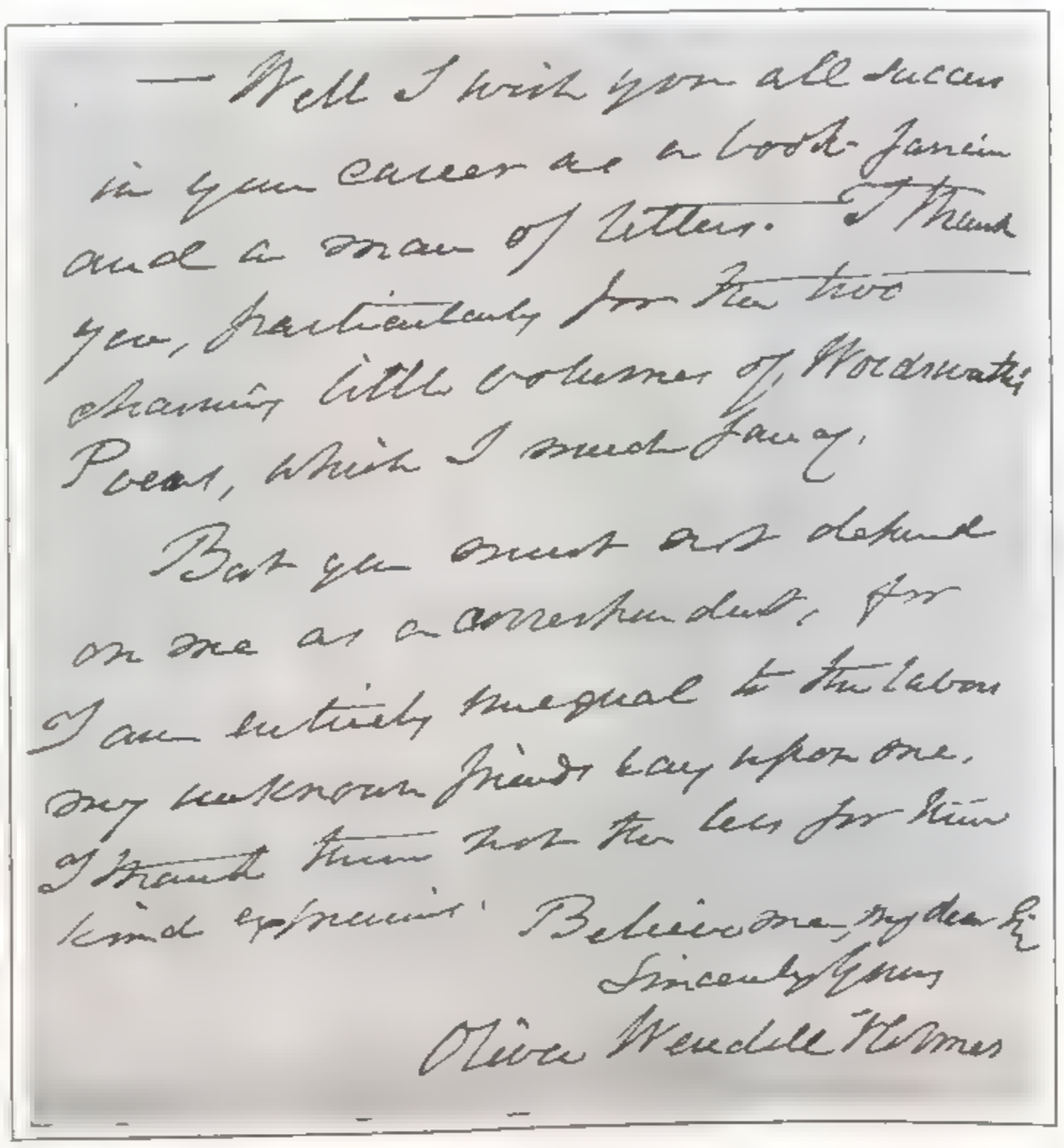
"Box Hill, Dec. 22, 1891.

"*Dear Mr. Le Gallienne:* It is an old apology for unhappy refusals, but true, that I would concede to you what for no other, if my objection were not invincible. I have declined many invitations of the sort, and I cannot give way in this instance. I have not really a place in the Anthology; it would confound the public to see me in that midst, and as I dislike mere collections, why should this other annoyance be added to the list attending my silly publications of verse?—poetical matter, not poems, as it has been said. Your Narcissus gave me very great pleasure indeed. It is as richly garrulous as a May blackbird, limpid as a brook, promising masterpieces in the rarest style of essay.

"If your wife would honour us with her company some day in February, I should much like to welcome you both for a night, that we may converse.

"Very truly,

"George Meredith."


— Well I wish you all success
in your career as a book-fancier
and a man of letters. Thank
you, particularly for the two
charming little volumes of Wordsworth
Poems, which I much fancy.
But you must not suppose
on me as a correspondent, for
I am entirely unequal to the labour
my unknown friends lay upon me.
I thank them not the less for their
kind expressions. Believe me, my dear Sir
Sincerely Yours
Oliver Wendell Holmes

In another letter he has a similar reference to his novels, as well as an affectionate reference to Robert Louis Stevenson, who was one of the earliest of his disciples:

"Box Hill, Dorking, Dec. 21, '94.

"*Dear Mr. Le Gallienne:* If you should be disposed to come to me the first week of January, you will be warmly welcomed, and you will help to animate me at least. Whether I shall make the return for it, I can't foresee. I have just concluded a novel likely to share the fate of my others with the reviewers, but the latter part has worn me, owing to my state of health more than the task. I trust that the report of Louis Stevenson's death may be untrue. It is I who should go, not he, who is young and loved. The signs of the love are pleasant. Your faithful

"George Meredith."

At this time locomotor ataxia was beginning to threaten him, as his handwriting perhaps gives evidence, and soon he, the mighty walker, who loved especially to walk in the rain of a southwest wind, was to resign himself to a Bath chair. When I first knew him, however, he was still actively on his feet. His pretty cottage in one of the most beautiful parts of Surrey was perhaps the most famous place of pilgrimage in the 1890's. Thither every week-end some of the finest spirits of the day used to gather to do him homage. It was, therefore, with no little trepidation that I, too, received the royal invitation, one amazing morning, to repair thither.

Meredith was rather an overwhelming personality, particularly for diffident youth. A brilliant and fantastic talker, one needed to be nearer his age and more his intellectual match, to follow him through his dazzling verbal sword play and whimsical soliloquies. But me he received with a quite fatherly sympathy, and soon put me at my ease; though, as his talk was exactly like his books, elaborately fanciful, yet knotted with thought, a thicket of thorn bushes hung with sudden starry blossoms, one had to snatch at what one could, magnetized by the rush and verve of his resonant voice and dominated by his lordly manner. It was a manner, it seemed to me, slightly theatrical, almost affectedly bravura, and made one think that he must be very like his own Roy Richmond. I reflected, too, that Ulysses must have been such a man—a tall, lean, rugged fighter, with that far-wandered, crafty, searching look in a face that seemed to me characteristically Welsh, roughly bearded, high-browed, with keen gray eyes and slightly upturned fighting nose. An immense intellectual alertness, that seemed to pervade all his vigorous frame, was his most characteristic expression. His portrait by Hollyer, now known to everyone who reads, is exactly himself.

Meredith's talk, as I have hinted, was largely of the nature of fantasia. Epigrammatist as he was in his writings, it contained little detachable epigrams, being in this respect entirely the opposite of the elaborately built talk of Oscar Wilde. Therefore it was difficult to remember. It was like an impromptu played by some great violinist, of which one can carry away little more than the general effect. Thus I can but dimly indicate it by a fragment or two which I recall from the dinner table that first evening.

There were several other guests present, including Mr. John Lane, who was one of the earliest and most enthusiastic Meredithians, and to whom my little book owed an elaborate bibliography, which I now regard as its most valuable part. Seated at the table, too, were Mr. Meredith's beautiful young daughter, who then kept house for him in his widowerhood, and his son, really a very modest young Englishman, whom he had a rather cruel way of teasing and whom he addressed as "the Sagamore."

With a kingly wave of his hand toward him, he would say, "Behold the Sagamore! Mark that lofty brow! Stand in awe with me before the wisdom that sits there enthroned!" And he would proceed mercilessly to improvise on the sublime serenity of wise youth, seated there so confidently at the top of the world, till the poor tortured "Sagamore" would blush to the roots of his hair. I, myself, on a future occasion was to experience a touch of the lash of that relentless mocking tongue, as I shall tell later.

Meredith was somewhat of a connoisseur of wine and prided himself on his small but choice cellar. I forget what the particular wine was that we drank that evening, but the fact that one bottle had been finished and stood empty at Meredith's right hand gave him an opportunity for a characteristic fantasia, of which unfortunately I can remember but the bare theme. Waving toward the bottle with a magnificent gesture, he addressed the maid who waited on us, and who—being, of course, familiar with her master's eccentric eloquence—broke at once into expectant smiles.

"Mary," he said, "you behold here a body from which the soul is departed. A body without a soul! Mark it there, empty and useless, of no value to gods or men! Once full of genial fire, golden warmth for heart and brain, alive with inspiring ichor, the Hymettian fount of noble talk and soaring thought, the elixir vitæ of wit, making of man's dull brain a thing of magic and dreams, lifting our dull mortality into the highest heaven of invention! But behold it now, a hollow echoing shell, a forlorn cadaver, its divine life all poured out of it, no laughter in it, no wisdom, no human kindness in it any more forever! What shall be done with it, Mary? A body from which the soul is departed! What do we with such? What is there to be done but to hurry it out of sight, mournful reminder of feasts that are at end and dimming candles?"

Not all these were his actual words, but such was the gist of them, such his way of playing with an idea. And so for some minutes he went on, piling fancy on fancy, till, with a final gesture of dismissal, he concluded with "Mary, remove this bottle!"

The Wrong Thing to Say

On another occasion when I visited him he took me with him up the hill that rose behind his garden to where stood a little chalet of two rooms picturesquely situated under the lee of some woodland. Here he did his writing. The room was furnished mainly with bookshelves, chiefly filled, I noticed, with French and German authors. And here, for an unforgettable hour or two, he read me some chapters of The Amazing Marriage, and his latest poem, The Empty Purse, one of the most difficult of his writings, and hard enough to follow even in print. As he read, sonorously and rapidly, with an eye alert for intelligent comprehension in his listener, it was a scrambling business to follow its drift; but I contrived, I hope, to make some show of grasping it, and to make some comments not too hopelessly astray. Of course, the wonderful thing was that the novelist who wrote of Lucy and Richard by the river and the poet of Love in the Valley should be actually reading to me at all. It was almost like listening to Shakspere reading Hamlet.

As we strolled down to the house once more, I took courage to ask him if some day he could spare me a piece of his manuscript, a request to which he gave a ready assent. The manuscripts of several of his novels, by the way, he left as a bequest to his gardener, to whom they proved a valuable legacy.

Lunch was afoot when we entered the house, and I was to leave by the afternoon train. Two ladies, poets who collaborated under the name of "Michael Field," were my fellow guests on this occasion, and I still remember with gratitude their pleas on my behalf in the little scene that followed. We were nearing the end of the meal, and, keeping Meredith's promise of a page of manuscript in mind, I ventured to remind him of it, and with well-meant diffidence I said, "Of course, Mr. Meredith, I don't expect anything important. I don't expect—I don't expect the manuscript of The Egoist or Richard Feverel." And then, in an evil hour, I added, "Only a little poem."

The ignominy of the moment is with me yet. Immediately I realized how tragically I had put my foot in it. The air seemed to grow still as with imminent thunder, and then, with merciless sarcasm, he let loose his lightnings upon me.

"Oh, I see," he said, turning to my fellow guests. "Mark you that! He wants nothing

(Continued on Page 139)

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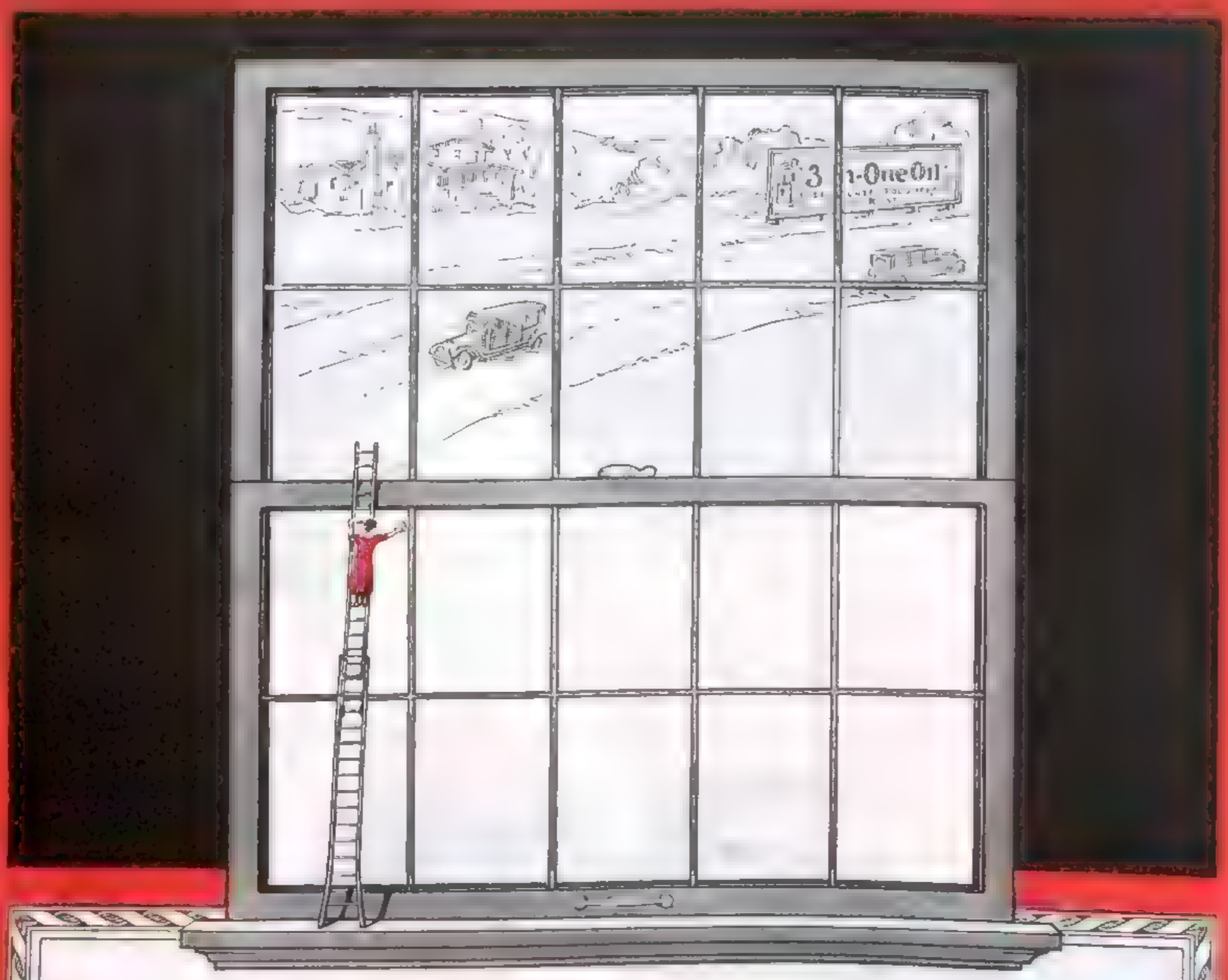

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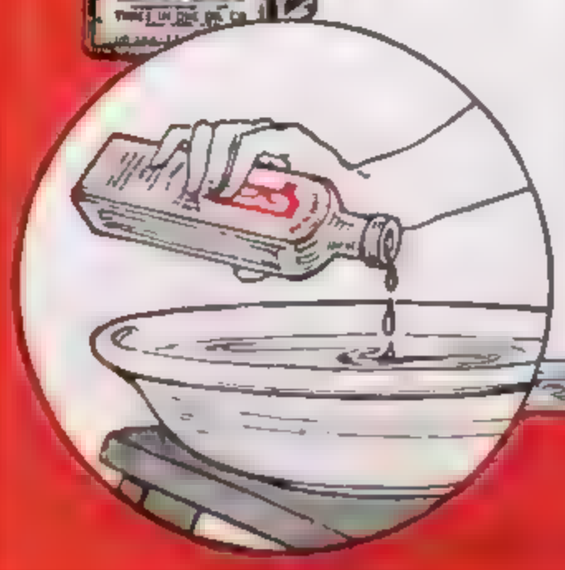

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Please send sample of 3-in-One Oil and Special Circular, "79 Uses In The Home" to

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Street Address or R. R._____

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(Continued from Page 184)

important. Only a little poem! How truly, after all, he speaks! Everyone knows the unimportance of my poor poems—'poetical matter, not poems'—as some person of insight has acutely said. Yes! Nothing important—only a little poem!"

So he went on, while I expostulated in vain, humbled in the dust. The two kindly ladies came staunchly to my rescue, but the damage was done. There was no mending the matter that day—and I never got my manuscript.

So I tasted the whip of his cruel tongue—all the more cruel, I could not help reflecting, because I had, as he well knew, done my small best loyally to champion those very poems he accused me of belittling. But, after all, it was only a rather pathetic sign of how deep the iron of unappreciation had entered into his soul. Nowadays one may somewhat doubtfully wonder whether he would be pleased to find that his poems are read more than his novels, which probably Modern Love and Love in the Valley will long survive.

On my next visit to Box Hill, Meredith received me with his usual kindness; but needless to say, I never revived the subject of my "little poem." On that occasion he was in a reminiscent vein, and talked much of Tennyson, whom he admired as a poet, but of whose personality he had little good to say. He told me several anecdotes of his egotism and boorish manners which were highly amusing. Tennyson, like not a few of the *genus irritabile*, was inordinately sensitive to criticism. As was said of Byron, the praise of the greatest could not console him for the censure of the meanest.

The Sting of Criticism

Meredith, when a comparatively young man, had visited him in his house at Haslemere, and, one morning after breakfast, had gone out walking with him across the downs. He had hoped, he confessed, that the great laureled poet might take some friendly interest in the work he was doing—Meredith's own sympathy toward young writers was generous, indeed—but no! By the mail that morning there had come some quite unimportant criticism by some quite unimportant person, and Tennyson could think of nothing else. Meredith described how, as they walked side by side, Tennyson's deep voice went booming along the hills: "Appolodorus says I'm not a great poet! Appolodorus says I'm not a great poet!" till Meredith got tired of it, and ventured at last to express his surprise that Tennyson should consider the criticism of the insignificant Appolodorus worth thinking about. But it was no use, the deep voice continued to boom on: "Appolodorus says I'm not a great poet!" And that seems to have been all that Meredith got out of his visit.

A remarkable instance of the boorishness of his manners related also to this same supersensitiveness to criticism. Tennyson—then Lord—and Lady Tennyson were guests at lunch in a certain great house where many distinguished people had been invited to meet them. All were gathered together in the drawing-room, chatting before lunch, Tennyson taking no part, but prowling about the tables on which lay the new books of the day, picking up this one and that, ignoring his surroundings. As his hostess watched him, a sudden alarming thought came over her. There had just been published a famous book on Tennyson by the learned scholar Churton Collins, in which he had made a point of tracking down Tennyson's considerable indebtedness to the classics, quoting Tennyson and this and that Greek or Latin author in parallel passages.

Instantly the hostess remembered that this offensive book was there on one of the tables. She had forgotten to remove it, and now in a panic she looked wildly around in the hope that it was not too late. But alas! Tennyson was already bending over that very table. As by instinct he had scented out the very book. It was already in his hand, and he was glaring at it with infuriated eyes. There was nothing to be done but to await the event, which was not long in coming. Presently with a deep grunt of indignation, Tennyson turned to his wife, and made for the door of the drawing-room.

"My dear," he boomed out, "I'm afraid we must be going."

And actually, without a word of explanation or excuse, they went. Which, to adapt what I once heard Meredith say of a picnic ruined by sudden rain, as the drenched picnickers trailed back over the hill—"Funeral of picnic!"—was decidedly the funeral of the poor lady's lunch. Next day she wrote to Lady Tennyson regretting the incident. But still no apologies, and Lady Tennyson's only response was that it was, indeed, a distressing occurrence—and that Alfred had been ill in bed ever since!

Tennyson, though affecting to dread observation, was none the less no little vain, a weakness of which Meredith gave me this amusing illustration. Tennyson and William Morris were once walking together on a road in the Isle of Wight. Suddenly in the distance appeared two cyclists wheeling toward them.

Tennyson immediately took alarm and, turning to Morris, growled out, "Oh, Morris, what shall I do? Those fellows are sure to bother me!"

Thereupon Morris drew him protectively to his side.

"Keep close to me," he said. "I'll see that they don't bother you."

The cyclists came on, sped by without a sign, and presently disappeared on the horizon. There was a moment or two of silence, and then Tennyson, evidently huffed that he had attracted no attention, once more growled out, "They never even looked at me!"

Very likely Meredith, with his dramatic sense, heightened these stories somewhat; but there is little doubt that they were substantially true, and characteristic; and I myself once heard a story from one who took part in it that completely confirms them.

At one time I rented a little cottage in Surrey, some five miles from Haslemere. My landlord, whose name was Ward, was a modest little man, a builder by trade, of some cultivation. He told me that one summer two ladies from the North of England had come to visit him and his wife, and, hearing that Tennyson's house was in the neighborhood, expressed the wish to see it. Mr. Ward, knowing all the conditions, attempted to dissuade them. It was a very hot July day, he reminded them, and it was quite a long walk. Also, Tennyson's house was invisible from the road, enshrouded in a girdle of pine wood. Besides, the gate was plastered with notice boards warning off strangers—not exactly "Visitors Will be Shot," but words somewhat to that effect.

Warned Off

The ladies, however, were persistent. Surely the great poet could not object to their looking at the outside of his house, and so on. So Mr. Ward gave in, and they started out. After a long hot walk, they at length arrived at the gate, and Mr. Ward pointed out the minatory notice boards. They could see what they had to face! However, if they cared to take the risk, he was willing. So they pushed open the gate and proceeded along the winding carriage drive.

But they had not gone very far when two great hounds came padding round a curve, followed by the sound of two sticks on the gravel. Then suddenly round the corner appeared the bent figure of a tall old man, dressed in a great cloak and wide sombrero hat. They were in for it, and there was nothing for little Mr. Ward to do but to face the music. Hat in hand, he approached the great man, who stopped short and sternly surveyed him from under the brim of his sombrero, with deep old weary eyes, like an old mastiff's. Humbly the little man explained that these ladies had meant no intrusion, that they were great admirers of his poetry from the North Country, and being in the neighborhood, it had been their great desire just to look at the outside of the house where lived the poet who had written "Kind hearts are more than coronets"—that, of course, they had not dreamed of disturbing him, or anything more than that.

Meanwhile Tennyson continued to look him up and down, and presently rumbled in his great voice, "Did you see the notice at the gate?"

Mr. Ward admitted that they had, but that they had hoped that under the circumstances—and Mr. Ward repeated what he had said before. For a long while Tennyson stood pondering, as though some great question of state hung in the balance, and then at length, with solemn shaking of his head, announced his decision.

"It can't be done!" he said. "It can't be done!" and waved them back toward the gate.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Le Gallienne. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE TERROR OF BASCOM HILLS

(Continued from Page 23)

The floor of the basket seemed, a moment later, to be pushing up under them. Bill Squire nodded, glanced at the instruments secured to the rigging; then, satisfied with the way the balloon was riding, he perched on the edge of the basket, leaned back comfortably against the ropes.

"It's better to ride out gusts, unless they're too bad," he said. "Of course you can check a down gust by dumping ballast, or an up gust by valving gas. But the point is to save ballast and gas just as long as you can. You may need 'em in a pinch, to drag you out of a tight place."

Anne Farquhar's head shook sadly. "That's beyond me," she admitted. "But I wish you'd explain it to me. I'm really pretty good at understanding things. Do you mind if I sit on the edge too?"

Before he could hop down to help her she had grasped the guy ropes, just as he had done, and swung herself up. He resumed his seat opposite her.

Anne, glancing far off over the world, sighed luxuriously. "This," she exclaimed, with sudden violence of emotion, "is unbeatable!"

A contented smile, regally contented, passed between them, and they lapsed into a friendly comfortable silence.

Her head was thrown back against one of the ropes which radiated from the heavy concentration ring over them, her eyes half closed and her red lips slightly parted. Bill Squire, who had intended to devote the morning to considering the mechanical difficulties of mounting an aeroplane engine upside down, found that cool thought was difficult. His gaze went back repeatedly, with no command from himself, to Anne Farquhar.

He had found her amusing and interesting from the moment she had come trespassing upon the field; and now that she was trespassing upon his balloon he began to feel a genuine liking for her. That suggestion of angry petulance which had lurked in her expression was gone, as though it had dropped away with the cares of the world. She seemed delightfully sure of herself, sure of her precarious perch five thousand feet from earth.

He admitted to himself, in his appraisal of her, that she was doubtlessly a bit hoydenish, and yet it was what one might call an exquisite hoydenism. She had an air of being not more than ten minutes out of a bath, where she had been soaped and scrubbed furiously by some Amazon nursemaid. Her tanned skin had a clear childish healthiness. Her hands—small and slender, but without that suggestion of delicate uselessness which small hands so often have—were beautifully cared for. One of them, clutching a rope, showed a slight swelling of muscle.

Anne Farquhar's eyes drifted shut.

"Don't go to sleep there," he pleaded. "You might tumble overboard."

"I won't go to sleep," she answered slowly. "But I could easily. It's so gloriously quiet up here."

"Was that honest-injun about having something you had to think out?" asked Bill Squire.

"Sure enough! But it's so peaceful," she explained, "that things don't seem important enough to worry about. And, anyhow"—she paused to reflect—"I guess it's all decided."

"What?"

Anne considered the matter, smiled to herself. "You'd be surprised," she answered. "How about your little problems? Any luck?"

"None at all," he confessed.

"Let's let 'em blend, then," Anne proposed. "We'll just enjoy ourselves."

"Righto!" agreed Bill Squire. "Off on a binge! Let's start with something to eat."

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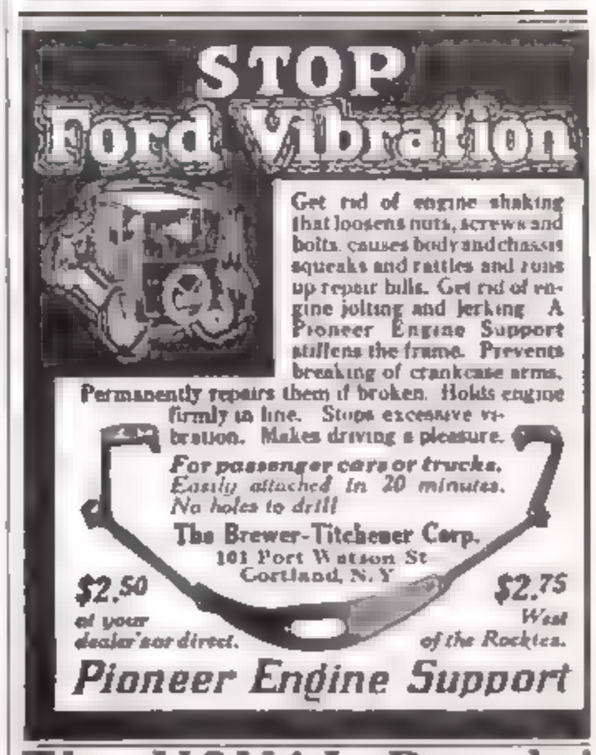
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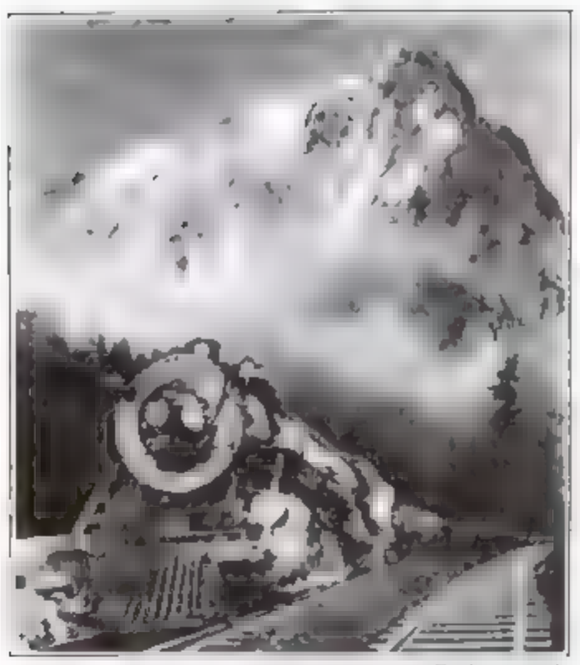

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Over sandwiches and coffee—sharing the cap of a vacuum bottle—they discussed ballooning. Altimeters, vertimeters, statoscopes, gas valves, ballast and drag ropes. He interrupted his lecture to remark, "The wind's shifted and we're heading for the Sound. Not so good! We'll try it higher."

He made a rapid survey of their position, tore paper into little scraps which he set adrift, watching their flight. To the northward, almost obscured in a grayish-brown haze, lay the widening expanse of the Sound. A faint ghost of a steamer spewed out a black plume of smoke which drifted toward the opposite shore.

"I'd rather land on this side," he said. "We're going to get a down gust as we go over the bend of the river, then we'll get a strong up gust over Sheltonville and ride it to about eight thousand feet. We ought to find a wind up there that'll edge us eastward. It's going to be a fast trip down and up," he warned her. "Stand by to travel."

"Right with you!" Anne assured him, eyes shining.

The basket dropped from under their feet. The statoscope bubble splashed about in the tube and began breaking downward; the vertimeter showed them that they were dropping in this invisible hole at the rate of eight hundred feet a minute. It was serenely quiet, and yet, all about them, was the sense of violent activity. Then the ropes strained and the basket creaked, and their weight upon the floor seemed tripled. They had caught the up gust of heat reflected from the sprawling mill buildings of Sheltonville and were soaring upward. The statoscope bubble reversed itself in agitation, the altimeter needle commenced to climb.

Bill Squire leaned far out and gazed upward. He ducked back.

"We're in for a cloud bounce!" he announced.

He caught the valve cord, began to let gas escape, checking their ascent. "We're coming up under the cool side of a cloud," he explained. "Gas'll contract and give us a drop. Just like throwing a tennis ball against the ceiling."

"Anything I can do?" asked Anne.

"Nope."

The shadow of the cloud, between them and the sun, came as an instant's warning; then the ropes slackened and the basket gave a lurch. They plunged downward, almost vertically. It seemed minutes before the careening basket decided to remain a basket rather than become the tail of a kite.

Bill Squire had tightened the appendix cord against the danger of the rapid drop causing the lower hemisphere of the balloon to cave in; and now, eyes darting to his instruments, he began dumping ballast. The sand appeared to float in the air, as though gravity had lost its pull earthward.

The girl, pressed against her own side of the basket, watched him silently, intently.

"Hum—damn!" muttered Bill Squire, feelingly, as the bounce ended and statoscope showed them they were ascending again. "You see," he told her, "we lost both gas and ballast on that play. It was bad piloting."

She liked that. There was no alibi, no excuse offered; just bad piloting.

"I should have spotted that cloud sooner," he went on. "Then we'd have been able to get out from under. It's beginning to cloud-up aloft and the wind's hauling some more. We're getting blown out over the Sound again, but we'll go higher and see if we can pick off some west wind. Then, if we can't, we'll come down and ride that inshore breeze to the other side."

They climbed steadily until, at last, they hung motionless in the cool air at seven thousand feet. Bill Squire shook his head disgustedly and reached for the valve cord.

"We could go higher if we shot out all the ballast," he said, "but we may need that later. Can you swim?"

"Yes."

"I don't think you'll have to," he added, laughing. "I hope not. But I wanted to know." He continued valving out, losing buoyancy, and they sank toward the haze of the Sound, drifting seaward and hunting for the lower surface wind which would carry them to shore.

"Do you like ballooning as well as you did?" he asked. "You see, it isn't all just sitting pretty. Sometimes it's a tough game."

"Anything that'd be just sitting pretty couldn't be much fun," returned Anne.

The wrinkled green water of the Sound slid up toward them slowly. Bill Squire glanced aloft, scowled at the sky. The white fluffiness of a few minutes before had become definite cloud banks, changing from a soiled gray to black.

It had been a race to get down from that high stratum of wind which was carrying them out to the open reaches of the Sound and to reach that lower inshore breeze before it died down or was swept away by conflicting currents of air. Now it became a contest against the cooling effects of a rain storm, which would contract the already diminished gas of the balloon and give them still less buoyancy.

"If I yell 'Ballast out!'" ordered Bill, "I want you to throw over everything you can get your hands on—instruments and everything else. We may get a ducking yet."

They had caught the inshore breeze, but land was eight miles away and already a flurry of rain was splashing about them, pock-marking the surface of the water.

Sand was streaming out in a continual brown drizzle, but the needle of the altimeter hung as inert as if the instrument had gone dead. They were, for the moment, neither gaining nor losing altitude. Counteracting the ballast which went overboard was the shrinkage of lifting power due to the cold. They began to settle slowly.

"Ballast out!" he ordered abruptly.

The remaining sand, empty sacks, vacuum bottle, instruments and leather jackets spattered down upon the water. Anne Farquhar straightened up, looking for something more to jettison, but the basket had been swept clean. She fell to studying Bill Squire's face. Except that his eyes shifted so quickly, surveying every element of their situation, he might have appeared phlegmatic. It occurred to Anne that under the circumstances she might well feel some apprehension, at least, of danger, if not actual fear. But it was curiously lacking. There wasn't even that slight quickening of heartbeat she sometimes felt when she headed Roxy on toward a particularly tough jump. She felt simply—and she was aware that she felt it—a blind confidence in Bill Squire.

She asked calmly, "Are we in for a ducking?"

"Looks that way. But we'll wangle through. If the rain would stop—which it isn't going to do—we'd stay aloft." He pulled at a cord, and the long drag rope, which had been coiled against the basket, dropped lankly beneath them. The end of it skipped over the water, making a gash of white foam. The rope would float for a time, relieving the balloon of a little more weight. But it was not enough to do any good, so he cast the end overboard. The rope went into the water with a plop, lay like a very tenuous serpent sinking below the surface.

"Come here!" ordered Bill. He grabbed her arm, pulled her in front of him. "Bend your knees and crouch down!"

She did as he told her unquestioningly. She felt his body bear down suddenly upon hers, the basket gave a lurch, ropes slackened and snapped taut. They were standing knee-deep in water.

"All right," said Bill.

She straightened, saw that he was wincing, nursing his left shoulder.

"'Fraid you'd get soaked by that concentration ring," he said. "Comes down like a blackjack."

"Did you?" she asked.

"Nothing much."

The gas bag was lying over, wallowing in the water, weaving, bobbing. The big concentration ring which had slugged him was lashing back and forth, yanking at the ropes, dragging the basket fitfully through the water. The basket turned and they were thrown together on the lower side.

"I'll have to get into the rigging and cut loose," he told her quickly. "You can come with me or stay by the basket. It'll float ten or twelve hours. I'll come out in a boat."

She seized his arm. "I want to stick by you!" There was no time for discussion, argument.

"Up you go, then!" He stood on the edge of the bucking rolling basket, which threatened to spill them out at any minute, took her hands and pulled her up, boosted her through the ropes, holding the ring until she was perched upon it. He followed her, drew a knife and slashed through the ropes connecting the ring and basket.

The last rope gave way with a pop, the gas bag lifted its head and soared up, released from the five-hundred-pound sea anchor which had been holding it to the water.

In the silence of their upward flight she heard him draw a deep breath and exhale it as though it were the first in minutes.

"You're a game kid!" he said feelingly. His hand covered hers for a moment.

"Right with you—all the time!" she answered, a slight telltale quaver in her voice. "Where do we go from here?"

"Shore—God willing, and a lot of good luck!" answered Bill Squire, getting ready to valve gas, clearing his rip cord.

He valved gas as though he were arguing with the balloon, persuading it against its will not to climb too high and enter that ocean-bound wind; and the gas bag, heavy with rain, flabby from loss of gas, insufficiently ballasted beneath, made its way in a sort of drunken perversity. The shore, a dark gray rim against the lighter gray of the mist, drew closer.

"Wind's dying, but we'll make it," he announced.

"We could swim it from here," said Anne.

"We may have a chance to try. You'd better get those boots off—and get your clothes loosened so you can get out of 'em."

She struggled with the soggy boots, but by the time the first was off the line of the beach had crawled under them. A fresh gust of wind shook the balloon, carried them sidelong. Another gust slapped against them, pushing them inshore.

"Here goes!" yelled Bill. "Hang tight!"

He valved out again. A row of trees shoved up directly ahead; then a yank at the rip cord brought the whole balloon collapsing about them in a maze of ropes, fabric and trees. Anne felt herself yanked up, turned over and pinioned fast. Bill Squire had his arms about her, she discovered, protecting her, dragging her out. And, somehow, she found time to reflect that they were strong arms to be in.

He stood her, in the manner of one who puts something right end up, on her feet and looked her over.

"All right?"

"Yep!"

"How do you like ballooning?"

"Great!"

"Shake!"

It was dusk by the time they found a farmhouse, persuaded the ancient farmer to drive them, in an equally ancient surrey rig, to the nearest village. In complete abandonment to comfort, Anne Farquhar slumped down beside Bill Squire on the back seat, head alluringly thrown back.

"Gee, I'm happy!" she breathed. "I mean—really happy!"

Bill looked down at her, smiled a little awkwardly. The impulse to kiss her came with such incalculable rapidity that he was totally surprised to find himself doing it. He felt her arm slip about him, tighten; then the other arm.

The farmer's voice broke the silence; "Giddap, Dolly." The sleepy horse gathered in its pendulous lower lip and persuaded its legs into a dwindling trot.

"Well!" exclaimed Anne a little breathlessly, straightening in her seat. She had been awfully afraid that he wasn't going to kiss her; then, right at the last instant, awfully afraid that he was. Both fears had been swept away.

"Under the circumstances," began Bill, reaching for her hand, "it might be a good scheme if we knew each other's names. Mine's William Harrison van Dorn Squire. They call me Bill."

"I know. I'm Anne Farquhar. I was one of the admiring near-flappers when you came back from the war. Your sister and I went to Miss Dennet's together."

"Anne Farquhar! Anne Farquhar!" He stammered a bit in his confusion. "Why, Mary wrote to me—she's in Europe with mother—when she heard I'd bought a place at the Hills—to look you up. I intended to look you up, but I've been awfully busy, you see, and ——"

"That doesn't sound like the truth to me," she interrupted sternly. "We'd better be straight with each other."

Bill grinned. "How did I know," he protested, "that a gangling, spindle-shanked kid would grow up into a very satisfactory young woman who'd want to go up in balloons with me?"

"That's much better," replied Anne, with a sigh of relief.

All of which led up to their homeward-bound conversation, when they discussed whether or not it would be possible to persuade friends and families to forgo the usual silver candelabra and tea sets, and concentrate on an eighty-thousand-cubic foot balloon as a wedding present.

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LITTLE DROPS OF WATER

(Continued from Page 18)

street in Hollywood known in the trade as Poverty Row, where movies are made for two thousand dollars and sold the next morning for three.

Ollie was a hollow-chested, deep-voiced man with a cast in one eye and a perpetual smile. He had successfully avoided the responsibilities of life and was proud of it. When sober, he had earned money easily and tossed it away without a thought, and he delighted in abrupt and bizarre charities.

He had drifted to California from New York, and after learning the tricks of the movies he had slipped into the careless habits that later barred the doors against him. Studio managers fled when they saw him coming, and in the old days it was the official custom to lock him in a hotel room with a guard and supply him with food until the given job was done. With his script completed, they paid him off and no one would be likely to see Ollie Judge again until poverty drove him back to work.

Even in the days of his disgrace his kindly manner never left him; and it was quite true, as Gil indicated, that Ollie stood alone when it came to devising celluloid situations of a sad character.

"I'll guarantee him," the star said, toward the end of the conference. "I want him to do this next script and I'll be responsible. We've had one talk already and Ollie knows this is his last chance. He can't monkey with me."

"You're getting into something," O'Day said warningly.

"I know what I want," Gil replied.

Ollie Judge came to work. He shuffled into the studio, a gawky, ill-kempt figure, and slouched down at the desk in Horace Rascoe's office, which was at the end of the line of coops provided for script writers.

"Where's your story?" he asked Gil, in his husky, rumbling voice.

"H'm," said Gil, while the rest of us grinned. "We're a trifle shy on story this time and you'll have to come across with most of the plot."

"What kind of plot?" asked the gaunt-eyed man behind the desk.

"A good plot," said Gil. "It's got to be a zippy comedy, but it must have pathos. I'm laying emphasis on the pathos, and you're here because I know that's your meat."

"It always was," agreed Judge. "If I can't make 'em cry, then they can't cry."

"If this picture begins to look good," Gil continued, "we may stretch it to four reels. Slapstick is all right and we're going to sprinkle in plenty of gags, but I want to mix up the tears and the smiles. Make 'em weep, then make 'em laugh. Get me?"

"I got you."

"Shorty and myself and Parkman will dig up the gags. You spread yourself on the sad stuff."

"O. K.," responded Ollie. "I write the story, eh?"

"Exactly."

"Put a little girl in it," suggested Shorty Hamp brightly. "Maybe she's a white-faced orphan suffering from lung trouble and starving in the snow, and maybe I rescue her."

"Exit," said Gil, thrusting Shorty out ahead of him. "Think it over, Ollie, and if anything good occurs to you, dash down to my office and let me know."

Mr. Judge, the retrieved genius, began rolling endless cigarettes and evolving. The following afternoon he shuffled along the asphalt path, pushed into Gil's sanctum, spread himself over a chair and outlined a scheme of action. The star's countenance lighted with pleasure and astonishment. He beamed upon his continuity man.

"Zeke," he said with hearty approval, "did I or did I not tell them you had what we want? That's a duck cutter of a story, if there ever was one. Go back and get it down on paper before you forget it."

"I don't think much of that," Shorty opined.

"If you did, it wouldn't be any good."

Ollie returned peacefully to his lair and Mr. Gilfillan strode in triumph to the front office. O'Day and Grogan, both dubious about Mr. Judge, listened in silence, and Gil ran breezily through the ground plan of the new story—the pathos-soaked tale which would more or less change the fashion in comedies.

"And here's your sad stuff," Gil explained. "He's got a bedraggled dog in this story, and when he gets through with the dog stuff we're going to have a world beater."

"We've used dogs before," Grogan answered without enthusiasm.

"Only for comedy. Around this cur, which is the saddest pup ever used in a picture, Ollie has woven a story rich in genuine pathos. The big job ahead of me is to find a suitable dog and a dog that's going to look miserable enough to play the part. Any dog won't do."

Mr. Judge, being again assured by Gilfillan that he had unfolded a master story, proceeded with the continuity; and contrary to O'Day's expectations, he behaved himself perfectly, came to work on time each morning and attended strictly to business, betraying no sign whatever of his besetting weakness.

"I told you so," Gil said complacently. "This will make a snappy four-reel picture. It's too good to toss away on two reels."

"I haven't much to do in it," Shorty complained. "Somebody ought to tell Judge that I still work for the studio."

"You're getting paid, ain't you?" snorted Gil. "Any money you take is petty larceny and always was."

"Read the fan letters if you want to know how good I am," answered Shorty. "If it wasn't for me, you'd be right back working for the livery people."

Horace Rascoe had gloomily and silently withdrawn and taken himself off on a vacation which was to last until Gil sent for him. My own job was gone. With Ollie Judge fashioning the tale, writing the script and generally in charge, I had no more to do than a Detroit horsefly. The Gil-and-Shorty company prepared its sets before the script was written and it became apparent to all that the dream sequence would be the high spot.

"I'll make that dream thing a wonder," Gil prophesied. "It ought to be a spectacle such as you rarely see in any movie, and certainly never in a comedy."

"Great!" said Grogan, before he realized what the dream would do to the corporation's balance.

The Grogan and O'Day set designer, who never stooped ordinarily to mix with vulgar comedies, but devoted himself and his talent to the elegant drawing-rooms of high society, was called upon for a superset to adorn the dream episode. He responded nobly. There arose presently on Stage Five an inspiring spectacle, clothed in magnificence and costing eventually the formidable sum of eight thousand seven hundred and twelve dollars before the final pane of glass was in place.

Gil was proud of that set. Never before had he, a lowly comedian, worked with such lavish material. It contained a castle of ancient times and a moat with a drawbridge, winding stairways, fluted towers, dungeons, ancestral halls, suits of clanking armor and all the panoplied extravagance that the set man and his associates could find in their picture books. When the harassed hobo, sleeping beneath a coal car, dreamed he had died and gone to paradise, this was where he landed. With him was his faithful mutt, the yet unfound canine. There was contemplated a lively bit of business, with the hobo demanding entry to this Valhallan palace and a celestial guard opposing him, the guard being finally chased around the castle walls and into the moat by the dog. A happy abiding place was to be discovered for the animal toward the end of the sequence and the hobo would be seen in his moment of triumph, riding in a palanquin of pure gold, supported by angels and fanned by extra girls carrying peacock feathers. Gorgeous it was, and full of joy in the contemplation.

On earth, before the dream sequence began, Ollie Judge had plastered in his pathos. Hobo and dog had all the worst of it. They were rebuffed and insulted at every turn.

"Where can we find a dog?" Gil inquired of his staff, and for several days envoys combed Los Angeles, going into the highways and the byways in search of distressed pups. The star sat patiently in his office and examined hairy candidates for the job, and not one was found acceptable in the first week, because none was woeful enough. As Gil repeatedly explained, the animal had to be the saddest dog any human eye could rest upon.

"Go down to the Mexican settlement and look around," he commanded in irritation, and his henchmen prowled through the city's slums, seeking a pathetic cur. It was Shorty Hamp who came to the rescue. He drifted into the studio one morning when the dog quest was at its height, followed by a square-jawed weather-beaten man, whom he introduced to Gil as Oscar Klump. Mr. Klump held a string in his fingers, and drowsing on the other end was a specimen of dog wreckage beyond the limited and feeble powers of human description. He was by

(Continued on Page 197)

"Some Dog!" Gil Said Admiringly

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Safety Switches

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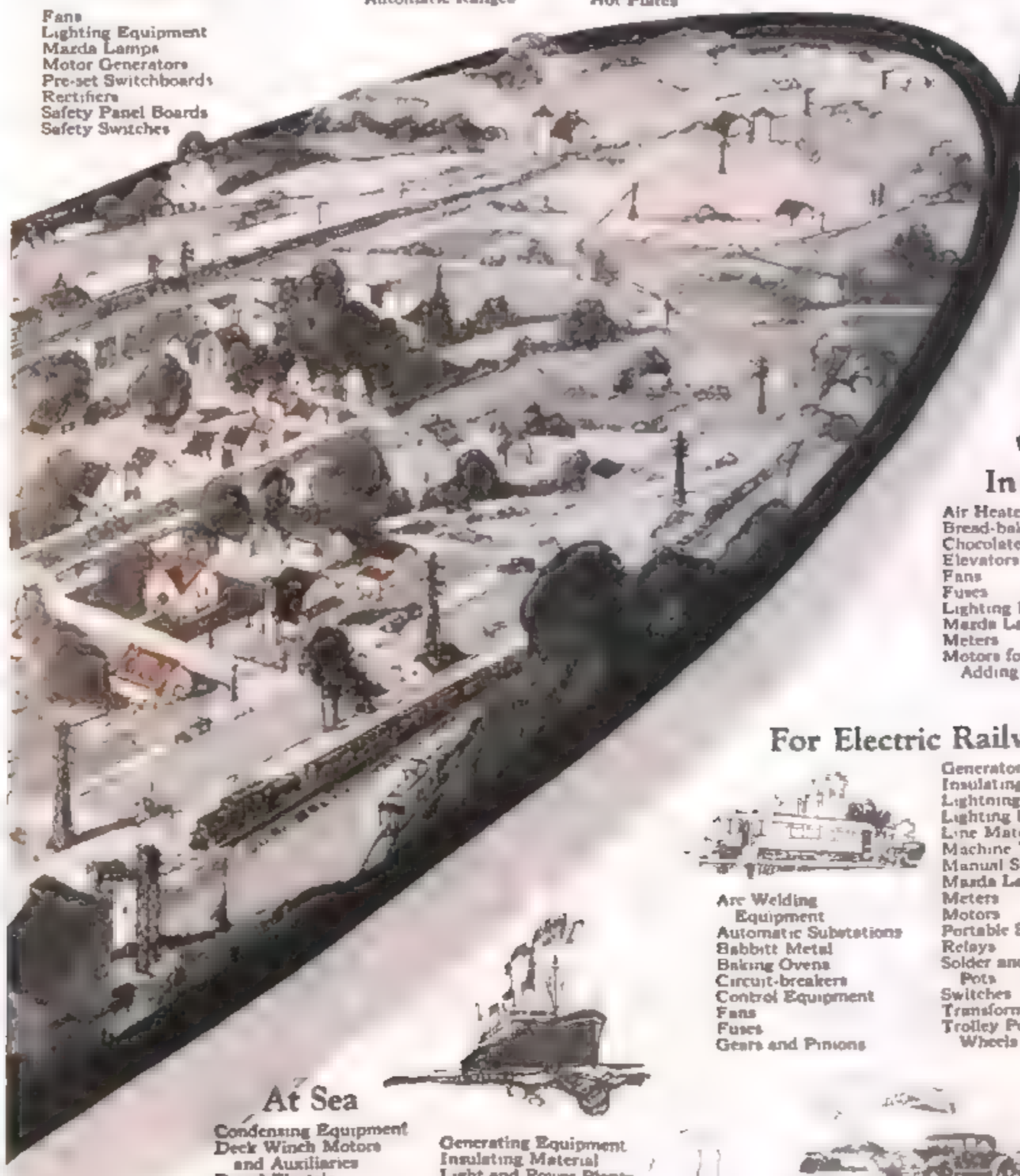
Auto Engine Heaters
Automatic Irons
Automatic Ranges
Bell Ringers
Cozy Glows
Curling Irons
Fans
Fuses
Hot Plates
Irons
Lighting Equipment
Mazda Lamps
Meters
Micarta
Motors for Buffers, Grinders, Ice Cream Freezers, Ironers
Motors for Sewing Machines, Vacuum Cleaners Washing Machines, etc.
Newel Posts
Percolators
Rectigons for Charging Automobile and Radio Batteries
Safety Switches
Solar Glows
Table Stoves
Transformers
Turnover Toasters
Waffle Irons
Warming Pads
Water Heaters

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC



On the Farm

Curling Irons
Fans
Fuses and Fuse Boxes
Irons
Mazda Lamps
Motors for all Home Appliances
Motors for Power Purposes
Outdoor Switch Houses
Percolators
Power Stand
Switches
Toasters
Transformers
Waffle Irons
and the Westinghouse Light and Power Plant

In the Office and Store

Air Heaters
Bread-baking Ovens
Chocolate Warmers
Elevators and Control
Fans
Fuses
Lighting Equipment
Mazda Lamps
Meters
Motors for Adding Machines
Addressing Machines
Coffee and Meat Grinders, etc
Dictaphones
Duplicating Devices
Envelope Sealers
Tickers
Panel Boards and Switches
Safety Switches
Ventilating Equipment

Street Lighting Equipment

Cables and Conduit
Control Apparatus
Mazda Lamps
Ornamental Posts
Street Hoods
Transformers

For Electric Railways

Arc Welding Equipment
Automatic Substations
Babbitt Metal
Baking Ovens
Circuit-breakers
Control Equipment
Fans
Fuses
Gears and Pinions
Generators
Insulating Materials
Lightning Arresters
Lighting Fixtures
Line Material
Machine Tool Motors
Manual Substations
Mazda Lamps
Meters
Motors
Portable Substations
Relays
Solder and Babbitt Pots
Switches
Transformers
Trolley Poles and Wheels

For the Railroads

Arc Welding Equipment
Automatic Substations
Baking Ovens
Circuit-breakers
Control Apparatus
Electric Heating Apparatus
Electric Locomotives
Fans
Gears and Pinions
Generators
Headlight Equipment
Instruments
Insulating Materials
Lighting Equipment
Lightning Arresters
Line Material
Manual Substations
Mazda Lamps
Motor Car Equipment
Motors
Motors and Control for Shops
Pantagraphs
Power House Apparatus
Safety Switches
Solder and Babbitt Pots
Stokers
Switches
Transformers
Yard Lighting Equipment

At Sea

Condensing Equipment
Deck Winch Motors and Auxiliaries
Diesel Electric Propulsion
Electric Heating Apparatus
Engine room Auxiliaries
Fans and Blowers
Geared Turbine Propulsion
Generating Equipment
Insulating Material
Light and Power Plants
Motors and Control
Ovens, Ranges and Galley Equipment
Switchboard Equipment
Turbine Electric Propulsion

Automotive Equipment

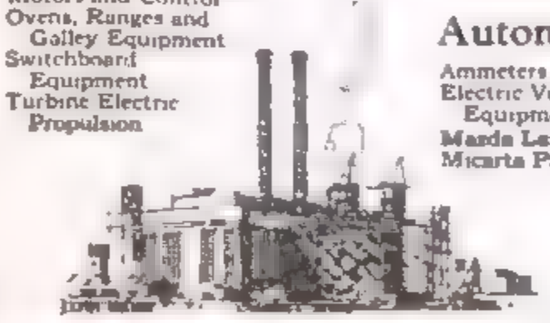
Ammeters
Electric Vehicle Equipment
Mazda Lamps
Micarta Propellers
Motors for Electric Trucks
Switches
Timing Gears
Voltmeters

For Mills and Factories

Arc Welding Equipment
Automatic Starters and Controllers
Babbitt
Circuit-breakers
Fans
Furnaces and Ovens
Fuses
Glue Cookers
Insulating Materials
Knife Switches
Lighting Equipment
Locomotives
Mazda Lamps
Meters
Micarta Gears
Motors
Panels and Switchboards
Power House Apparatus
Safety Switches
Space Heaters
Static Condensers
Stokers
Turbines
Turbine Generators
Transformers
Ventilating Equipment

For Mines

Arc Welding Equipment
Automatic Starters and Controllers
Automatic Substations
Battery Charging Equipment
Circuit-breakers
Electric Heating Apparatus
Fans
Fuses
Gears and Pinions
Headlights
Insulating Materials
Lightning Arresters
Line Material
Locomotives
Manual Substations
Mazda Lamps
Meters
Micarta
Motors for Hoists, Pumps, Tipples and Breakers
Motor Generators
Portable Substations
Relays
Safety Switches
Switchboards
Synchronous Converters
Transformers
Ventilating Outfits



For Electric Service Companies

Auxiliary Turbines
Circuit-breakers
Condensers
Control Apparatus
Fans
Frequency-changers
Fuses
Generators
Instruments
Insulating Material
Insulators
Lighting Equipment
Lightning Arresters
Meters
Micarta
Motors
Motor-Generator Sets
Oil Testing and Purifying Equipment
Panels and Switchboards
Pumps
Relays
Steam Turbines
Stokers
Switchboards and Switching Equipment
Synchronous Converters
Transformers
Turbine Generators
Voltage Regulators

In Buildings

Generators
Glue and Solder Pots
Kitchen Equipment Bake Ovens, Hot Plates, Ranges
Lighting Equipment
Sol-Lux Luminaires Brackets, Newels and Lanterns, Reflectors
Lightning Arresters
Meter Service Switches
Motors and Control for Coal and Ash Handling Equipment
Compressors
Elevators
Fan and Blower Service
Fire, Hot and Cold Water and Sump Pumps
Laundry Equipment
Refrigerating Equipment
Vacuum Cleaners
Motor Generator Sets
Panel Boards
Rotary Converters
Safety Switches
Switchboard Apparatus
Circuit breakers
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Instruments and Relays
Meters
Transformers
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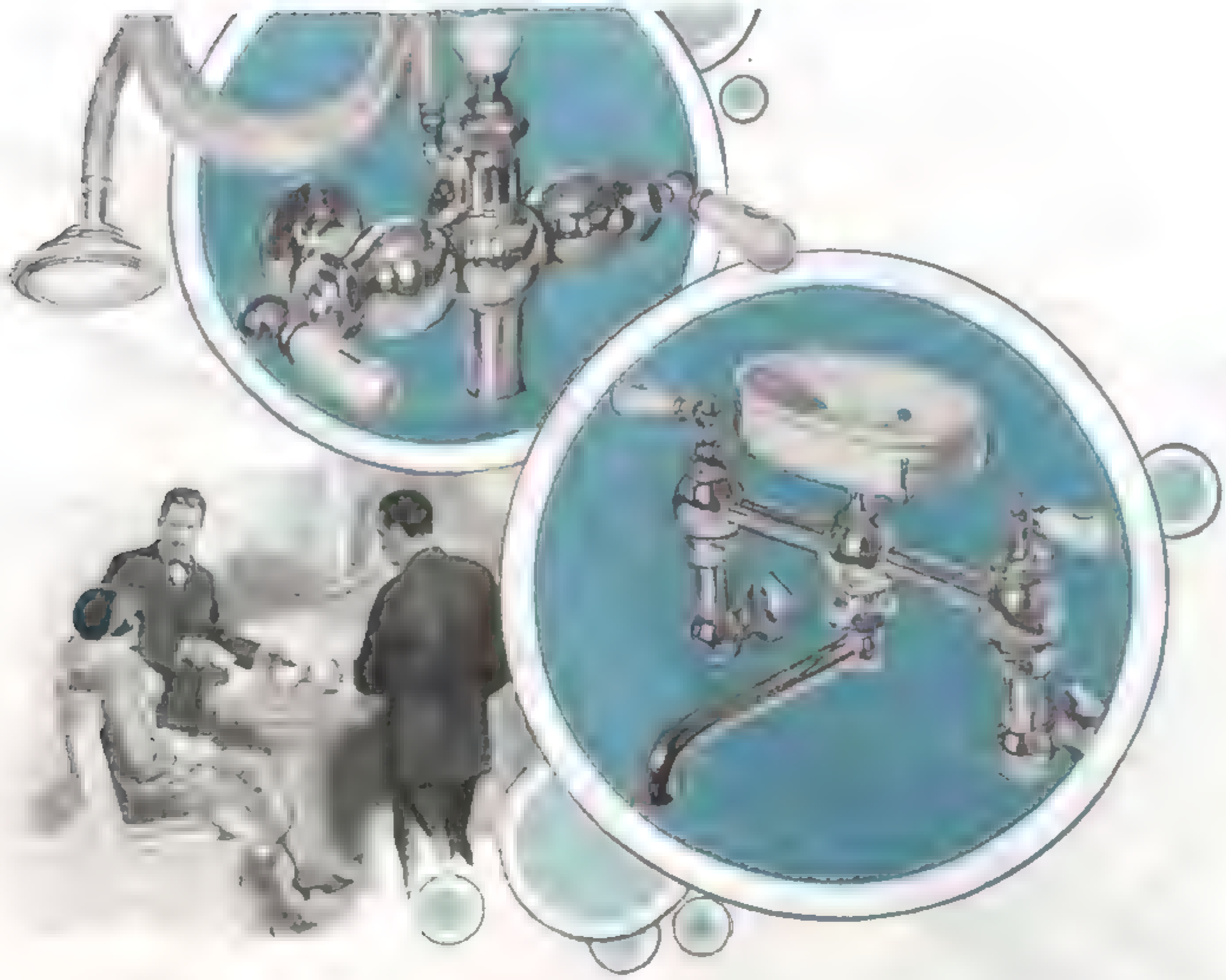

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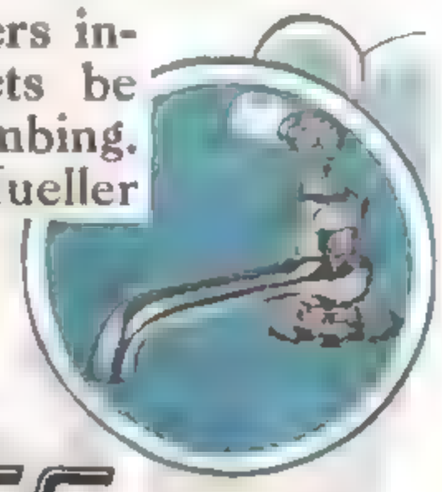

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(Continued from Page 192)

far the most forlorn and scandalous mongrel Gil had yet beheld. One eye looked east and one eye looked west and both were red and watery. He was gaunt and his lower jaw sagged unhappily. His hip bones stuck out and one seemed fractured, though it was not. His flanks sank in, his ribs were visible and, worst of all, he was far gone with the mange—so far indeed that it seemed a shame not to chuck him at once into a friendly gas tank and end his obvious distress.

"Some dog!" Gil said admiringly.

"Some dog!" Shorty echoed.

"I was just gonna take him to a dog doctor," asserted Mr. Klump, "but Shorty here says maybe you would want to hire him offen me. I like this pup and I was gonna git him cured up."

Gil shouted.

"Hire him! I should say we do! This is the mutt I've been hunting for and no mistake. What's his name?"

"Bones. He's a mite mangy, ain't he?"

"And that's why I want him. That mange is worth money."

"I was gonna have him fixed up," repeated Mr. Klump, a certain pride in his manner and his mind on financial matters. "Of course, if you want to rent him, that keeps me from curing him up. What would you be thinking of paying me?"

"We'll only need him a few days," Gil replied, staring in undisguised admiration. "We'll rush through the dog stuff quick and hand him back to you, Mr. Klump. How about fifty dollars a day?"

"Fine!" replied Klump, who had been multiplying days by ten.

The deal was concluded on the spot and the happy dog owner departed.

"You take charge of him," Gil said, handing the string to Shorty.

"Lay off—lay off!" Shorty responded, backing away. "I'm no hound hostler. Where do you get that?"

"You're to take charge," Gil repeated sternly, "and it's mighty important. At night, let him sleep in that room off the laboratory where the carpenter keeps his cats."

"Lucky for me you ain't renting any elephants," Shorty grunted. "I thought I was an actor."

"You got a monopoly of that thought. Take this dog and take care of him."

Mr. Hamp became official dog tender, reluctantly, for the life of the picture, and Bones entered upon his film career without external signs of excitement. He was melancholy and continued to grow more so.

"And don't feed him too much," Gil warned. "Keep him skinny."

The comedy unit attacked the dog drama and Gil shot seventy-six scenes the first day, which was the studio record. The story opened with Hobo Gil trotting along the top of a freight train and a brakeman in pursuit. On the ground, Bones barked and galloped beside the train and the action was brisk and interesting.

It was one of Ollie Judge's sobby tales, portraying the efforts of a frayed tramp to reach the home of his invalid daughter before she died, in defiance of the well-known fact that tramps never have children. Among the causes of the child's illness was the theft of her beloved dog, the dog naturally being Bones, who encountered the returning parent and joined up.

The two of them went along together, meeting with three reels of rebuffs and discouraging adventures, splashed with humor of the ordinary Gilfillan brand, and the whole forming, as the star demonstrated, a happy blending of slapstick and tear-compelling drama.

In Horace Rascoe's tidy room, Ollie Judge toiled on the script; but after his first brilliant outburst, which resulted in fifty written scenes, the sob expert slowed down and copy came thenceforth in pinches and driblets. Gil accepted the fifty scenes and began shooting, with full knowledge of what was to come. Each day at noon he took the long walk from Stage Five, down by the carpenter shop, around the laboratory and into the lane that led to the scenario coops, and there he conferred with his script man.

"You're doing fine, Ollie," he said daily. "Keep it up."

The dream set being completed and at a cost that chilled Vice President Grogan, Gil hurried into the paradise scenes, and Bones dutifully chased the portal guard into the moat. Shorty Hamp was the guard, and he enjoyed a wet morning, in as much as they took a dozen shots of the dive, long shots, close-ups, high-speed and slow-motion. Angels fluttered realistically through the scenes in the hazy background. Dragons spouted alarming tongues of flame, this being one paradise noted for its dragons; and on the third day Gil set fire to the overhead diffusers and all but burned O'Day and Grogan to the ground. The Hollywood fire department rushed to the scene and saved the studio.

"How much did that accident cost us?" Grogan asked his efficiency man.

"Seven hundred and twelve dollars."

Mr. Grogan put the figures down in a small book and groaned anew.

Mr. Ollie Judge justified Gil's faith in him by working steadily to earn the thousand dollars he was being paid for the story and script. He abjured the flowing bowl and whacked away diligently until late each afternoon. On a certain Monday morning he sent a boy to Gilfillan, with whom he preferred to deal. Gil appeared and Ollie announced with pride that the continuity was finished.

"I wrote the last scene this morning, and you are going to have an unusual and interesting picture."

"Good!" said Gil. "I'll see that Grogan fixes up your check."

"When can I get it?" Ollie inquired, having come thus far with Spartan courage and without a dollar.

"Today," Gil promised, moved to warm enthusiasm by Ollie's good behavior.

At eleven o'clock President John O'Day sent for Mr. Judge.

"You did an excellent job on that script," he said, "and it is a distinct pleasure to hand you this check in full payment. You are one of the few writers in this business who know the value of real pathos."

"Thank you," Ollie said, taking the check.

Vice President Grogan congratulated him, and General Manager Breyton shook him by the hand, having previously loathed the sound of his name. The tall scenarist departed from the studio, cashed his check, ate his lunch and fell from grace. No one knows where he went or what he did, but there is evidence indicating that Mr. Judge fell off the water wagon at about nine minutes after the stroke of noon.

He returned to the O'Day and Grogan studio in mid-afternoon to pick up his belongings and clear out his desk, and he then departed permanently. A young lady stenographer who stepped into his office while he was packing up observed that he seemed strange and a trifle mellow in his manner and smelled strongly of a quaint old beverage that veteran steam fitters used to call whisky. He left Rascoe's office with the cryptic statement that if a nose bag was good enough for a horse, it was good enough for anybody.

Gil speeded up and each day broke the former studio record for script scenes shot. On the morning following Mr. Judge's departure he attacked the sequence wherein the dream hobo is borne aloft by cherubs, and dispatched Shorty Hamp to the room off the laboratory wherein Bones resided.

"He's gone," Shorty said, returning on the run.

"Who's gone?" asked the star, who was desperately trying to make Miss Bessie Bellair look and act like an angel.

"Bones—the mutt."

Gil stared.

"Where'd he go?"

"I dunno. He ain't in his box, and I certainly put him there last night."

Gil walked toward Shorty, who backed slowly away.

"Listen!" said the comedian. "You go find that dog and be back here with him in four minutes. I put you in charge of him, and if anything's happened I'll break both your legs just above the knee."

Shorty rushed off in alarm and searched the studio, prying into strange crannies. Others joined him in the hunt. The alarm spread, and O'Day came out of his office wearing a worried air. It was completely demonstrated in thirty minutes that Bones had slipped his moorings and gone afield.

"This is a grand little mess," Gil stated when he returned to the use of normal language, and Grogan agreed and added that it even contained elements of tragedy.

"I hope you find him," he said. "If you don't find him, what shall we do?"

The star glowered.

"Well," he said, trying to remain calm, "I suppose we'd all better get a sharp razor and cut our throats."

As the afternoon wore on and no Bones appeared, the seriousness of the situation became apparent. O'Day and Grogan held a conference behind closed doors. Gil rushed about in frantic circles, and progress on the picture came to a complete halt, because there was nothing to be gained by shooting further scenes. Shorty Hamp remained in hiding, fearing not only wrath and a wordy chastising but likewise bodily harm.

Twenty-four hours slipped into the void of eternity and the studio broiled in exasperation, with carpenters, electricians and scene painters hunting the dog. Searching parties patrolled the streets of Hollywood, but in vain. That which was lost remained lost.

"This is the situation in a nutshell," Mr. Grogan announced at one of the emergency conferences: "We have already put twelve thousand dollars into this pathos picture, most of it going into Gil's extravagant set."

"That set was necessary," the star asserted.

"No matter. We are in twelve thousand, including the thousand paid Judge. Now what are we going to do?"

"Find the dog," said Gil, outwardly bold but inwardly weak.

"What if we don't find him?"

"We got to find him."

"What if we don't?"

Gil stared gloomily at the carved ceiling and made no answer.

"Couldn't we get another dog?"

"No dog that ever lived looked like Bones," Gil made reply. "And he's registered so often and so plainly in all the stuff, even to the close-ups, that the idea of getting another dog is out before we start. We got to get back this particular dog."

"I looked at the paradise reel," agreed O'Day. "The mutt's all through it—everywhere."

"And if we don't get him back, the set is a total loss," mourned the vice president. "This is what we get for listening to Gil. He wanted pathos. Well, we got it. If this isn't a pathetic situation, I don't want a cent."

Another dogless day followed, and still another, while hunting parties combed the town feverishly and brought in disreputable canines, hoping among them would be the missing pup. The Gilfillan unit remained as motionless as the celebrated painted ship upon the equally famed painted ocean. Gil walked slowly about the studio, a figure in disgrace, a guilty character who had unexpectedly cost his employers a large sum of money; and Shorty Hamp, the real culprit, did all his studio business by telephone, being fearful even to enter the grounds. A week slipped by, a second week fled.

Other studios heard of the *impasse* and sent in jocular insults by mail, offering to lend any sort of animal desired. Each morning Vice President Grogan passed through Stage Five and paused before the silent paradise set, staring at it with the bitter look of a man from whom the milk of human kindness has totally departed. Studio cats prowled about the deserted ramparts of the noble pile, dust settled upon its fluted towers, and the sun beat cheerlessly into its waterless moat.

"About nine thousand dollars," muttered the vice president; "close to ten, counting everything—say, about ten. Ten thousand dollars' worth of pathos! Suffering buzzards!"

To add to the general distress of the O'Day studio, Mr. Oscar Klump began putting in frequent appearances, and presently asked for Mr. Gilfillan.

"How's my dog?" he inquired cheerfully. "There's a mighty useful dog to you movie people."

"He's fine," said Gil abruptly.

"You through with him yet?"

"No-o. The dog stuff is taking a little longer than we expected. We are going to need Bones a few days longer."

"'Sall right with me," agreed the owner. "Only take good care of him. How's his health?"

"I never knew a dog to have better health."

"Good. Long as you take good care of Bones, it's O. K. with me. I'm fond of that mutt, and if I hadn't been a mite short of money I'd had him fixed up."

"We are taking good care of him, don't worry."

"And speaking about money," continued Mr. Klump, "I'd like to get paid for the time you used him."

"Certainly," said Gil.

Mr. Klump left a half hour later with a check for so many days' rental at fifty dollars a day and happy knowledge that other checks were coming.

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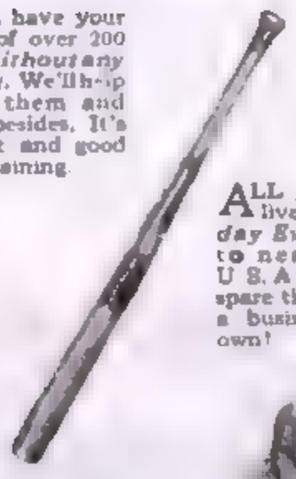

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"This has got to end," Mr. O'Day announced to Gil. "We are not going to pay fifty dollars a day for a dog we haven't even got around the studio. It's bad enough without that."

"Well, what are we going to do?" Grogan asked.

"Find him and finish the picture," Gil said grimly. "As far as it goes, it's a corking good movie."

"You got us into this, Gil," President O'Day said reproachfully. "And look at the cost. Those two reels have set us back twelve thousand, anyhow, and they aren't worth a dime."

"Thirteen thousand," amended Grogan.

"There's but one thing to do," Gil stated. "We will have to advertise for him—put an advertisement in the paper."

"Why didn't you think of that before?"

"I did," said Gil. "Don't worry. I thought of that before, and I thought of something that goes with it too."

The advertisement appeared the following morning, a carefully worded statement, with full description of the missing mutt, and it brought results. Before ten o'clock Oscar Klump sent in his name and Mr. O'Day sent for Gil.

"I knew this was coming," Gil said miserably. "But there wasn't any way out of it."

They waited.

"So," said Mr. Klump, entering and keeping his hat on, which was a new touch in his manner, "you lied to me. Bones is lost, is he?"

"He certainly is," Gil said.

"All right. This is strictly up to you, and you find him. You lost him. That dog is a rare dog and I think a heap of him, and through your carelessness he's gone. So where do I get off?"

"We intend to find him."

"See that you do," snapped Klump, in whose very tones one might detect a note of belligerency. "Because if you don't, I'm here to announce that I'm gonna sue this corporation for fifteen thousand dollars, which is the value I put on my dog."

"How much?" Grogan asked in pain.

"Fifteen thousand bucks. There ain't many dogs like Bones."

"There ain't fifteen thousand in this studio, either," answered Grogan. "You get out of here."

"I'm warning you," muttered Klump, reaching for the door. "Bones, alive and well, or fifteen thousand smackers. And maybe more. I'll see my lawyer about it."

This news spread—word that Gil had finally plunged his kind-hearted employers into a nasty lawsuit.

"He wanted pathos!" Grogan howled. "Make 'em weep! Now look at us!"

"It was an unlucky day when I said yes to that enterprise," mourned Mr. John O'Day. "Well, live and learn. From now on, I run my own business without help from comedians."

"And we've got a lawsuit to keep us company," moaned his partner. "We had everything else in the world, and now comes a suit, which we will probably lose."

Dogs arrived at the studio in droves, packs, flocks and shoals, answering the newspaper appeal; but none of them was the missing one, which had apparently disappeared off the face of the earth; and not one of them resembled Bones or looked like him sufficiently to justify going ahead with the ruined movie, using a new canine.

In mid-afternoon a stranger appeared, carrying a copy of the newspaper.

"Who are you?" asked the gateman.

"My name is Hall. I want to see Mr. Gilfillan."

He was presently admitted and Gil glared at him.

"My name is Hall," repeated the newcomer. "Is this on the level about the five hundred reward?"

"Yes," said Gil. "You think we advertise for the fun of it?"

"Get the money then," said Mr. Hall. "I got your dog."

"Where is he?"

"Out in the car."

"Where'd you get him?"

"He was brought to my place."

"How do you know he's the dog we lost?"

"I never make mistakes about dogs. And furthermore, he answers the name of Bones when you call him."

"So do nine thousand other dogs," said Gil irritably.

"Likewise, he was the mangiest dog in the world when he was brought to me, and besides that you can't fool me about dogs."

"Let's look at him," said Gil, anxious to have it over.

He had been disappointed by so many hopeful dog-bringers that he had not the slightest belief in the confident stranger. They arose, passed down the lane, picked up Shorty Hamp on the way and went through the gate, Gil gloomily silent and Mr. Hall still airy. Just outside the bars the procession passed Mr. Oscar Klump, who apparently had returned for further discussion about his proposed lawsuit. Klump was having trouble with the gateman, who had the reputation of being the sourest, dankest, dreariest and most pessimistic creature in California.

"Have you found my pup?" Klump demanded.

"No," said Gil, hurrying by.

"I want to see you, Mr. Gilfillan."

"Wait till I get through with this man."

Halfway down the block from the studio entrance a small closed automobile stood beside the curb, and thither Mr. Hall led Gil and Shorty.

"There's your dog," he declared, opening a door and pointing within.

Gil stepped off the curb to look. Shorty passed around the car and peeked through the glass.

"What are you trying to do?" Gil asked, turning in wrath. "Kid me?"

"There's your dog," the man repeated in firm, even tones, and Gil glared at him.

Inside the automobile, with a collar around its neck and a dangling chain, was as fine and handsome a dog as ever won a blue ribbon and had his picture taken with his mistress holding him aloft. His skin was smooth and glossy with the true radiance of perfect dog health. His hair was short, to be sure, but it was high-grade hair, worthy of a thoroughbred. His ears were short and shapely and had evidently been clipped, and his rounded flanks betokened plenty of beef bones and dog biscuit. His tail was brief and straight, whereas the tail of the decamped Bones was a crooked and disreputable appendage and rather long.

"Pshaw," said Gil, using another word meaning the same thing, and preparing to go back to his studio, "why don't you people have a little sense instead of wasting my time? The dog I advertised for was a mangy wreck, not a prize winner. Did you read that advertisement, or can you read?"

"This is your pup," insisted Hall, "and I know it. Sure he had the mange. Only he ain't got it now. Why ain't he? Because I cured him, which is my business. If there's anybody in America knows mange, I'm the man. I've written a book on mange."

Gil stared again in bewilderment, first at the contented canine and then at the man who brought him. He moved nearer the car and studied the beast at close range.

"Shorty," he said, "tell that guy Klump to come here." Mr. Klump appeared instantly. "Is that your dog?" Gil demanded, pointing into the car. Mr. Klump stared in astonishment.

"Certainly not," he said. "My dog ——"

"Call him."

"Come, Bones," said Klump, and the animal raised its head and leaped blithely upon its owner, for it was indeed Bones, the dog.

"My good gosh!" Klump gasped. "By golly, it's him! Whatever did you do to him?"

"I cured him, of course," said Hall proudly. "Here's who I am."

He handed out professional cards, which stated in precise English that Mr. Hall owned and operated the Bide-a-Wee Hospital, an institution for small animals, and it was there, obviously, that Bones had been renewed.

"Where the omitted-double-blank-triple-left-out did you get hold of that dog?" Gil stormed, bewildered and yet beginning to believe. He realized as he talked that the overhauled animal, Bones or no Bones, was totally without further value to the crippled movie.

"Man brought him in and asked me would I fix him up, and I sure did. He agreed to pay me two dollars a day, but I'm satisfied with the five hundred reward, and let the other go."

"What man?" Shorty asked.

"A kind-hearted fellow named Judge," said Hall, and Gil started violently and half swallowed his cigarette.

"Judge?" he said. "Not Ollie Judge!"

"Him and no other. Tall man with a kind heart, especially about animals, because after all this wasn't his dog, as he said, and yet he was willing to pay me two dollars a day."

"I should say it wasn't his!" Gil moaned. "Ollie Judge brought you that pup?"

"Yes, sir," said Hall, "and it shows you how he loves animals, even if he was a little mildly ossified at the time. He worked right here in Hollywood for some movie studio."

"For this studio," said Gil feebly. "Go on with the news."

"He quits his job," Hall continued, surprised at the interest in his narrative, "and he comes out of his office that day to go home—little lickered up, but nothing to speak of—and walking out of his office he comes on a sick and miserable dog, dying right there before him with the mange."

Gil groaned afresh.

"Get it over with," said Shorty.

"Mr. Judge picks up this stray mongrel waif in his arms and personally carries him down the street to my hospital, and you can believe me or not, when he walks into my place with this dog the tears were streaming down his face."

"I believe it," said Gil. "In fact I know it."

"He pays me two dollars a day to take this friendless pup and cure him, and I leave it to you if I did or not. I certainly know the mange. Hall on Mange—that's me. Judge didn't leave the money, but that's all right with me now, seeing I get the five hundred."

"Come on," said Gil, just above a whisper. "Bring the dog in so Mr. O'Day can see him. He's going to want to see that dog."

"I'm coming too," added Mr. Klump, who had been standing by in excited admiration of the miracles of modern medicine. "He's my dog."

Gil dismally led the way and found Grogan proving to O'Day with pencil and paper that the studio would probably be closed by the sheriff within six weeks.

"Here's Bones," Gil said abruptly, wishing to have it over with. "This man cured him in his hospital."

Vice President Grogan looked at the mutt, sat down, wiped his spectacles and had a fresh view.

"That's not the dog you used in the big set."

"Same dog."

"What—what good is he to us now?"

"No good," Gil admitted. "Not the slightest good in the whole wide world."

"Who got him cured up?"

"Ollie Judge," said the star. "Little Ollie did it, all by himself. You better make out a check for this hospital man."

"All I have to say," Grogan continued, choking as he reached for the check book, "is that you started out to make people cry and you did, Gil. You sure did. If it wasn't unmanly, I'd sit down now and weep you about four dollars' worth of first-run tears. Who gets this check?"

"I do," said Hall briskly. "Much obliged."

"I've got some coin coming too," added Mr. Klump brightly. "How many days is it now, at fifty a day? Let's see ——"

"Sure," said Grogan bitterly. "Look in the hall and see if there's any more."

Gil moved out quietly through a side door and left the executives to their sorrow. One week later he was hard at work on a new two-reel comedy, a comedy without the faintest trace of pathos; a mere slapstick and no dog in it. A boy came to his set with word that he was wanted on the long-distance telephone, and Gil followed to the office.

"Hello!" he said.

"Is this Mr. Gilfillan?" a voice asked.

"It is."

"This is the police station at Tijuana, Mexico. There's a friend of yours locked up here, pretty sick, and he says to call you up and you'll get him out."

"What's he in for?"

"Disorderly conduct and creating a disturbance."

"What's his name?"

"Ollie Judge."

Gil's hair seemed to move slightly.

"Ollie Judge, hey? And he says he's a friend of mine?"

"Yes, and that he's feeling pretty bad and you'll get him out."

Gil paused.

"How many cells have you got in your jail?" he asked.

"Twenty-seven."

"Go back and tell that guy I hope he dies in all of them," said Gil.

Gilfillan returned the instrument to its hook and smiled for the first time in four weeks.

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ANCIENT ENEMIES

(Continued from Page 19)

are interested primarily in the development of their present tools.

Force of habit and natural human conservatism do not dominate scientific men in the same degree that they affect others, because the scientist is by nature an explorer. He risks what he has to find something new; the vast majority of the human race must hold tight to present possessions. Shortly after a new invention appears, thousands of men are able to duplicate the original model; comparatively few would ever improve it.

Traditionally, the manufacturer and the inventor have served entirely different purposes, and in that fact lies the basis of their instinctive prejudices and hostility toward each other. One serves the tangible, visible world immediately around him, and with the tools at hand. The other serves the future and a far more general public. Sometimes he doesn't come even that close to earth—he is looking for abstract truth; practical inventions, if any, are by-products.

Because of this detached attitude, the greatest inventors and scientists invariably frighten people. Most of all, they frighten the men whose industries are destined to be revolutionized or perhaps wiped out of existence. Consider for a moment, in this connection, the introduction of synthetic dyes and what that did to thousands of agriculturists who were engaged in growing the plants from which dyes had been made for hundreds of years. Those people went broke.

The person who profits most from scientific achievement is always that remote, inarticulate fellow called the general public. He takes whatever you give him, usually without expressing thanks, and promptly forgets. One thing must be said for him, however—he pays cash. But he isn't a warmly human, affectionate sort of person Apparently he will pay tribute to a burglar just as willingly as he pays a surgeon for saving his life. He's a cold, practical, clammy person with whom few fall in love But the scientist serves him tirelessly. Indeed he is ruthless in his disregard for the individual manufacturer because of his weird affection for that ice-blooded creature, the general public.

For the sake of brevity, let us deal with an imaginary but typical case. We will assume that 100 skilled men work 100 days in order to produce a certain article, using in the process $100 worth of raw material. An inventor comes along and shows how ten men with ten dollars' worth of raw material can perform the same operation in ten days. That puts the old process on the junk pile, but the manufacturer who uses the new one is delighted.

Being an individual and therefore given to emotion, he says to the inventor, "You are my friend and I am your friend. You are making me rich and I am making you rich. Let us congratulate each other and encourage marriages among our children."

Imagine his astonishment when the inventor replies, "I have a new process by which one man and one day and one dollar's worth of raw material will get the same results"

The Example of Tiberius

Many a manufacturer before the present era of scientific merchandising, facing such a situation, has replied, "Let's take that new process out in the back yard and bury it. We're doing well. Why worry?" There are legends in nearly all industries of valuable processes having been lost in precisely that way. For instance, it is related of the Roman Emperor Tiberius that he beheaded a man who came before him with a process for making nonbreakable glass. Certain provinces paid their tribute in glass, and it was extremely valuable, both because of its rarity and fragility. Tiberius saw very little profit for the emperor in glass that wouldn't break. He was in the glass business, but rather lacking in the modern point of view. With national distribution and better advertising methods, he might have made more money out of glass than out of government, but he didn't see it that way. At any rate, he followed precedent.

As a striking example of the opposite course, manufacturers of electric-lighting supplies are constantly at work trying to give more light for less money, and with each new economy the demand for electric light shows an increase. Theirs is now one of the biggest businesses in the world. The cheaper and better they make their product, the more they sell, not only in kilowatt hours but in dollar returns.

This interesting situation has something to do with the new friendship between industry and science in the electrical field. To digress for just a moment, it also has a great deal to do with the modern revision of ancient theories about socialism. At one time socialists contended that machines merely enriched the few and actually increased the poverty of the many. Except in a few places, they have been forced by the overwhelming testimony of the bald facts to abandon that theory. They still argue that the worker doesn't get his fair share, but they had to give up the plea that he was worse off than before.

The new alliance between invention, science and manufacturing is still quite young, so young, in fact, that very few persons realize the breadth of its scope. It is my purpose here to point out the extent of the alliance rather than its brilliant achievements. Consequently, a large number of industries will be mentioned briefly, with what may seem inadequate emphasis upon those whose accomplishments are greatest. This course is necessary, because volumes could be written about any one of the three conspicuous leaders. These leaders are the electrical, chemical and metallurgical industries. I name them as leaders because they have taken the final step in the partnership with science by making provision for research in pure science as distinguished from applied science. There are now more than a few well-equipped laboratories in this country where a college professor, for instance, would be permitted to spend his sabbatical year, if he cared to, conducting experiments of no known practical value. This is particularly true of the electrical field. One large company employs annually from 400 to 600 graduates of technical schools and permits them to change jobs very frequently, in order to find something they like to do. Less than half remain employes; nevertheless the company considers this general policy worth while for the advancement of scientific education. The recruiting of employes is a secondary consideration.

For the most part, industry seeks only practical applied science, but it will never be able to achieve that desire, no matter how hard it tries. The scientific mind will give just so much to the practical and no more. The rest will be devoted to the future, though the scientist die for it. Consequently, having bowed to applied science, industry has, in effect, no matter how indirectly, bowed also to pure science. Some industrialists may not know this, but they will admit it in time. With a little more time, they may follow the example of the present leaders by appropriating funds for the advancement of pure science, accepting the gambling risk as to its future usefulness.

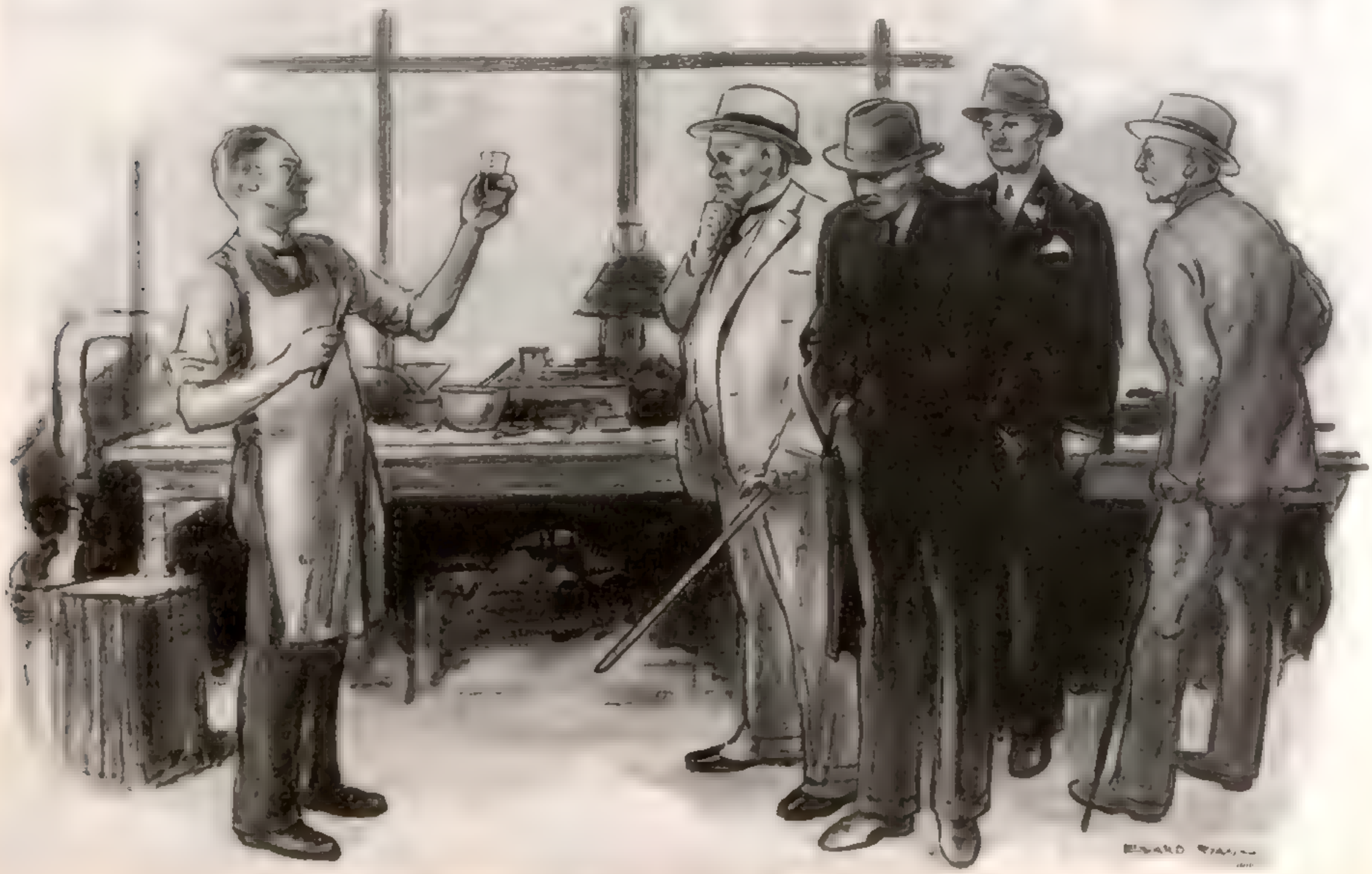
Salaried Scientists

Recently I discussed this subject with a member of the board of directors of one of the largest manufacturing corporations in the world. He said:

"We have ten or twelve internationally famous scientists on our pay roll. I do not know what they are doing. At one time one of them was measuring electrons. At least, that was the way I understood it. Our point of view, briefly, is that in the long run the results of this work prove profitable. From a strictly business point of view—or even, let us say, from a cynical point of view—I would still defend this course on the ground that we cannot possibly stop scientific investigation; therefore we had better keep in touch with the vanguard lest it march over and destroy us."

Volumes could be written on the amazing achievements in any one of five or six industries, but the wide scope of this modern

(Continued on Page 205)



In Scientific Achievements of Practical Value the Future Seems to Belong Largely to the Chemist

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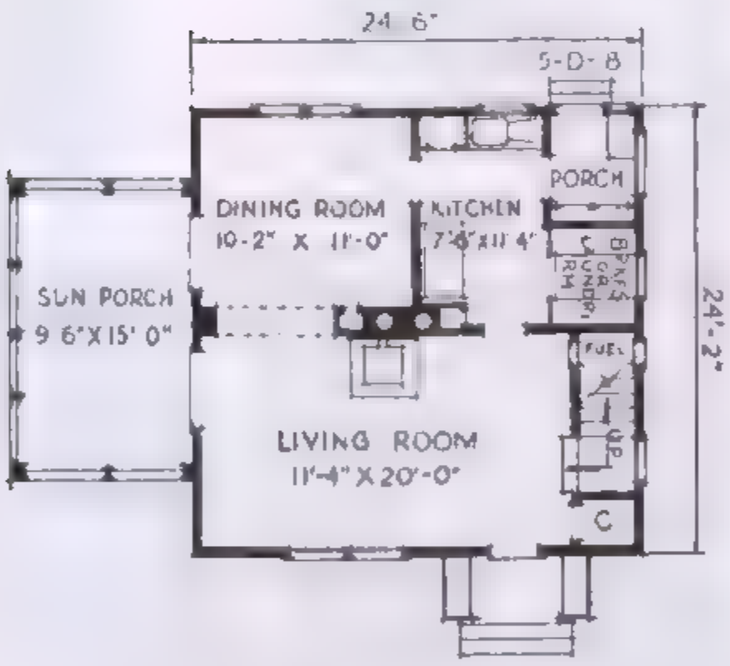
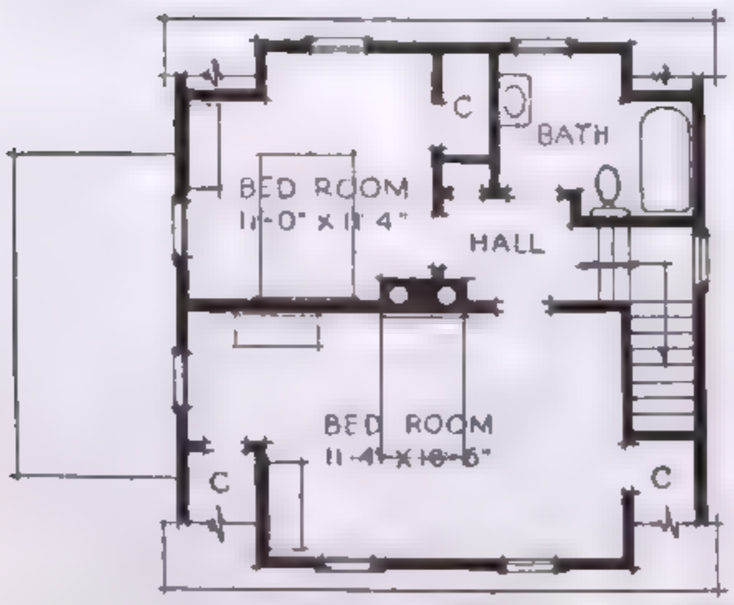


First Floor Plan



Second Floor Plan

Estate

on small home costs

...furnace comfort without basement expense made possible by Heatrola

PICTURE once more that "dream home" of yours. Only now imagine it built, not from the basement up, but from the ground up—snug against the earth—cellarless! How much more pleasing to the eye—how much more convenient, and how much more economical to build. For by omitting the basement, approximately 15 per cent is saved on construction costs—$700 or more on a $4500 house.

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Naturally, to thousands of home-seekers, this $700 represented the difference between "building air castles" and building homes. Often it has saved a second mortgage, or purchased a better lot in a better location. Perhaps it's just the amount you need to start your own "dream home."

Building "from the ground up," you will not only save on construction costs, but by installing Heatrola you will be certain of cozy furnace comfort throughout the house.

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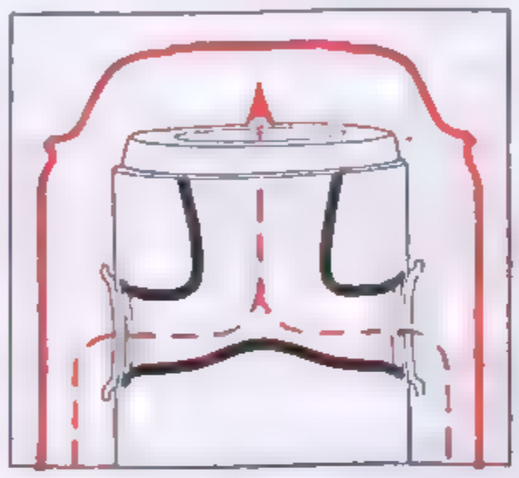
Stoves heat by radiation—that's why they blister your face and leave your back cold. But Heatrola heats by *circulation* the furnace way. Warm, moist air is in constant circulation throughout the house—more than 16,000 cubic feet of air passing through Heatrola every hour. Corners distant from Heatrola have the same inviting warmth as the room in which Heatrola stands. Stores, restaurants, halls, churches and schools also are heated by this modern method.



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In new and old homes, the Estate Heatrola blends with the quiet beauty of today's mode in interior decorating, adds to the appearance of the room in which it is placed.

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Heatrola is made to burn any kind of coal, also wood. It does the work of a basement furnace, yet uses no more fuel than a stove.

In cellarless houses, where the floors are properly insulated, this fuel economy is particularly noticeable—the insulation makes the house unusually easy to heat.

See these home plans today

Plans for seven cellarless houses, prepared by the Architects' Small House Service Bureau, are on display at your Heatrola dealer's. The makers of Heatrola have arranged to absorb part of the cost of each set of plans, making them available to you at much less than the usual price.

Ask your dealer to show you these plans

Then ask about the convenient terms on which you can purchase a Heatrola. Or mail the coupon for free booklet describing Heatrola-heated cellarless houses and telling you how you can save $700 or more on your new home.

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HEATROLA

Calling an electrician may save calling the Fire Department

(Continued from Page 200)

tendency will best be shown by discussing the less conspicuous examples. Let us begin with copper.

The World War demanded such enormous quantities of this metal that a slump was inevitable after the Armistice. A little more than three years ago there was formed the Copper and Brass Research Association, which is merely a clearing house through which technical problems are referred to scientific staffs, usually of the various interested companies. Both producers and the larger users of copper pool their scientific resources in this way. In three years, according to trade estimates, the American consumption of copper has increased more than 100 per cent. Part of this result is due to the work of scientists.

By far the larger portion of their work has been directly in cooperation with the selling end of this business, but some of it is not. For instance, experiments are now in progress to determine the effectiveness of copper as a protection for marine piling against a certain little water animal called a borer. This busy little bug destroys scores of millions of dollars' worth of piling every year. It would be too expensive to cover the piling with copper sheets, but preliminary investigation showed that the bug in question didn't like the taste of water that had come in contact with copper. Immediately the scientists wrapped copper wire around certain pilings and began to observe results. Around other piles they put copper bands of different sizes and at different distances. Also they used copper of several different grades. At present all they have to say is that the experiment shows promise. If it succeeds, it will be worth a few million dollars to the copper manufacturers and vastly more to all others directly concerned, including the general public.

Technical staffs long ago performed several marvelous feats for the copper business. One of them is to dissolve copper ore in water and then gather the particles of metal on electrically charged metal plates. The amount of copper recovered from ore today is vastly larger than before this method was devised.

You might not suppose that the business of importing bananas calls for very much scientific skill, but quite the opposite is true. The banana leads its own life, humble as that may be, and has a whole code of habits and customs. During a sea voyage the banana breathes; if not, it isn't a highly desirable banana on arrival. Scientists have found out just what sort of air the banana likes, and why. As a result, the mortality rate among bananas on the high seas is very low today, and the survivors are proportionately cheaper for the consumer.

Absolute Alcohol

Among the young giants of modern industrialism, few are taller than the beardless youth, cement. It also has its staff of scientific trainers. I shall mention just one of the 200 or 300 things they are doing for it. Cement was born with a gray complexion that is well enough in some places, but not always desirable. Today it can put on more different colors than a flapper, or even resemble marble. In addition to hard work, it aims at artistic achievements. To a person unfamiliar with cement, coloring it may seem very simple; but it isn't. Cement is quite temperamental. In its earlier days some imposing piles of it fell down because it had been mixed with impure water. Many of the same pollywogs that cause trouble in the human stomach also take the strength out of cement.

One of the most important articles used in scores of industries is alcohol. At least a dozen different kinds are produced for industrial use, but until about three years ago there was very little pure alcohol, except at twenty dollars a gallon. At the time of its first production pure alcohol was an interesting scientific achievement of no commercial value. It ranked as a clever chemical trick, and tiny bottles of it were sold to scientists. Today pure alcohol is sold in tank cars at about one dollar a gallon. It is vastly more useful than ordinary alcohol, because it contains no water at all. The very best that had previously been done was to reduce the water content of alcohol to 5 per cent. For most purposes that is adequate, but whole new fields of usefulness were opened when the last trace of water was removed. Next to water, alcohol is the most important solvent known to science, and it is, of course, very important to have chemically pure solvents.

So many things are being done by scientists in the automobile industry that I shall mention only one subject of investigation here. From the viewpoint of the engineer, quite a bit is known about the performance of the gasoline engine; but the chemist looks upon that field as dark and unexplored. He knows in a general way that a charge of gas explodes in a cylinder when the spark hits it, but he doesn't know precisely what takes place. Both the chemist and the engineer agree that it ought to be possible to get a great deal more power out of gasoline than is actually obtained at the present time; but the chemist thinks he will point the way to at least thirty miles to the gallon just as soon as he can find out what goes on in the cylinder while the explosion is in progress.

The mention of gasoline engines suggests the varied activities of technical staffs employed by the oil companies. From the practical point of view, one of the most important things they have done is to blend different grades of oil for different uses so that the engine may have enough light oil to function promptly and enough heavy oil to give power. As a result of their work along these lines, some of the refineries now mix with their gasoline various chemicals derived from sources other than petroleum, in order to increase the efficiency and power. One of these chemicals is derived from lead.

Cracking Petroleum

The scientific staffs are also constantly at work devising improvements on the methods now in use for cracking petroleum. This process is an achievement of pure science, and the story of it is not greatly different from a detective yarn. The clew in this case was the theory that gasoline resulted originally from heat and pressure. If that theory is true, said the scientist, then more heat and pressure applied to the crude petroleum ought to develop a higher gasoline content. Accordingly experimental plants were built, and the outcome proved that the scientists had guessed correctly. Cracking petroleum doesn't mean taking out the known gasoline content; it means changing the chemical nature of petroleum and actually producing gasoline that did not previously exist. But for this process, the well-known bugaboo of gasoline famine would long since have arrived.

Scientists are intensely interested in crude petroleum and feel that they know very little about it. Theoretically, they say, there is no reason why it shouldn't make excellent butter, lard, sugar, starch and even proteins, as well as gasoline. However, most of us will be just as well pleased to learn that none of these products has yet been developed. Lubricating oil still claims most of the greases in petroleum, but here again pure science finds an unanswered problem. Why do these greases attach themselves with such persistence to metals? We all know they do, but the chemist would like to know why. When he finds out in his own way, it is not at all improbable that lubrication will become a science. He has already poked his theories and test tubes into crude oil until when he gets through with it nothing remains but coke; but there is no way of guessing what he'll turn up next. On one subject, however, I have found him incurably optimistic. He doesn't think there is any chance whatever for your automobile to lack fuel—anyway, not while he keeps his head.

The business of killing meat animals, freezing the carcasses and selling them to butchers doesn't at first glance appear to demand a scientific staff; but some extremely interesting work is being done at present in and near packing plants. For instance, it may interest the consumer of bacon and eggs to know that the pleasingly decorated container in which his sliced bacon arrived at the kitchen door was packed in a room in which the air was absolutely free of bacteria. It doesn't require many words to make that statement, but it is none the less a very neat achievement. Recently the packing plants have been called upon to march in step with scientific advances in a totally different field.

You may, perhaps, have heard quite a bit of conversation during recent months about glands. Doctors and surgeons have been looking into glands and finding some interesting secretions. Also they have discovered that insulin is valuable as a remedy for diabetes. They go to the packing plants not only for insulin but for several other gland products, so that these establishments now have gland departments. There wasn't anything else to do about it. In addition to the buyers of beefsteak, the packers also number among their customers the manufacturers of photographic film, who depend upon them for gelatin. Now there are a lot of things that can be done with gelatin. For instance, it goes into jelly, ice cream and glue. In fact, the demands for different kinds of gelatin became so complex that the scientific staffs had to invent a delicate little machine called the gelometer. By the use of this machine each customer gets the kind of gelatin he wants. Incidentally, gelatin is not made out of horns and hoofs, as commonly reported, but out of the white fibers of connective tissue which are found for the most part in fatty tissue and bones.

Pure science is very much interested in refrigeration; also in the composition of meat. A scientist doesn't hesitate to look at a quarter of dressed beef and ask, "What does that consist of?" They are a queer lot, so they enjoy packing plants.

The tanning of leather is another industry that has enlisted its scientific staff within comparatively recent years, though tanning is one of the oldest arts. Oddly enough, however, the scientists haven't yet demolished the old foundations. They can tan leather much more quickly than anyone's grandfather ever did, but they are not yet satisfied with the performance. Thus far their greatest achievement has been to analyze and test the various materials used and thus save the old-fashioned tanner from expensive and needless errors.

Marvelous improvements are now being made in the quality of glass. Many living persons remember when the cheaper grades of window glass were rather foggy and frequently contained bubbles. The present efforts tend mainly in two directions, one to make ordinary window glass approximately as good as plate glass, the other to achieve better results in coloring.

The most notable recent achievement in coloring is a new ruby glass which gets its brilliance from a waste product of copper refining. It is not necessary to travel far in order to see a specimen of this beautiful bright-colored glass, for it is already in general use for automobile tail lights. Other comparatively recent developments are glass cooking ware; glass wool for insulation; and "transparent steel," which is a special sort of glass, arranged in layers. A two-inch plate of it will withstand a machine-gun bullet. Scientists have long been trying to produce malleable glass. There seems to be good reason for believing that this is a lost art; eventually we may be able to bounce a glass tumbler on a tile floor.

Science and the Metals

Science is already well established in the metal industries. A great deal more is known about the component parts of steel, for instance, than of either coal or petroleum. To the scientist, a white-hot furnace spouting iron is a mere pot of dough. He burns out of it the impurities that are undesirable and, along with them, elements that are required, so he replaces the latter in the quantities called for just as a housewife puts lard in dough.

The commercial value of aluminum rests almost entirely upon the work of scientists. After inventing the means for recovering it, they next perfected processes for hardening the metal and thus extending its usefulness. Until this was done the demand was very limited, and the price about ten times as high as it now is, but greater demand opened the way for economical production.

Something of that sort remains to be done for another excellent and plentiful metal nickel. If more of it were used, the price would probably be lower.

Rubber, as we encounter it today in an automobile tire, is a very distant relative of the sticky mess that flowed out of a tree. The processes that it undergoes in the course of manufacture effect changes of such a fundamental nature that one can say with approximate accuracy that an automobile tire is a product of the laboratory. Its relation to crude rubber is remote. Ordinary rubber would serve for glue on a hot day and crack like glass on a cold day.

Each time that census figures are made public showing the amount of perfume used in this country, surprise is expressed. One cannot avoid wondering where all the flowers are grown that must go into its manufacture. For the most part they are not grown. Except for the rose and a few other exceptions, flowers do not make good perfume. So long as there was no other

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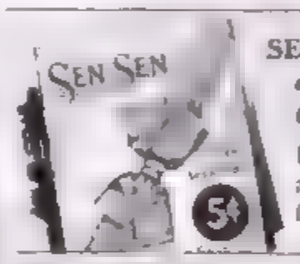

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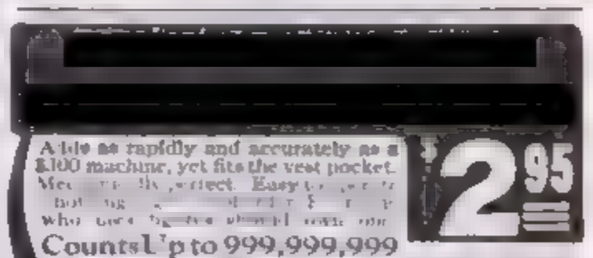

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source for these pleasing odors, the world had to worry along on small rations of sweet smells. The principal source of perfume is the chemical laboratory. For raw material it is not even necessary to have a delightful aroma. The chemist attends to the little matter of rearranging molecules so that the odor becomes delightful. This statement may arouse suspicion, but virtually all perfumes as finally delivered are not only harmless but excellent antiseptics.

Nowadays a plant manufacturing paper consists of little more than a group of chemical plants operating as auxiliaries to one another. The work of their technical staffs has also made it possible for these plants to produce artificial silk and rubber as well as guncotton and other cellulose products. However, the paper industry has for a long time been struggling with a very difficult and interesting problem growing out of the enormous quantity of material it wastes. Paper, of course, is made by cooking wood, saving the fiber and washing away approximately 50 per cent of the original tree. This heavy percentage of waste flows off, held in solution by thousands of tons of water. It is estimated that about 4,000,000,000 pounds of wood disappear annually in this country alone in this way. A large number of products could be salvaged from this wooden soup, but the cost is so high at present that thus far approximately nothing is being done.

American Dyes

The most dramatic work of science cooperating with business has been done recently in building the American synthetic dye industry. This country was very rich in coal tar, and there were enough scientists to begin operations; but they lacked practice owing to the fact that Germany, previous to the war, had produced three quarters of the world's supply of synthetic dyes. Nevertheless, they began operations. With some colors they were instantly successful, with others they failed repeatedly and won a bad reputation for their firms. Gradually, however, they made progress, until at present 96 per cent of the dyes used in this country are American made. In 1914, according to the United States Tariff Commission, seven American firms produced 6,619,729 pounds of dyes. In 1923 eighty-eight American firms produced 93,667,524 pounds, which was an increase of nearly 30,000,000 pounds over the preceding year. The price has decreased from an average of $1.26 in 1917 to an average of 54½ cents the pound for 1923. About 18,000,000 pounds of American dyes were exported last year. The capital invested in this business is approximately $125,000,000.

There are now very few dyes not obtainable from American firms. The speed with which this development was accomplished is shown by the fact that 175 new dyes were announced by American firms during 1923. Among these are many that Germany never produced and presumably doesn't know how to produce. Imports from Germany reached about 3,500,000 pounds in 1920 and rose to more than 4,000,000 pounds in 1921. Since then they have been declining and are now under 3,000,000 annually.

This whole industry is founded upon a waste product of coke ovens that was once so offensive as to be the subject of legislation declaring it a nuisance. Literally hundreds of valuable products are now recovered from coal tar, but pure science is still puzzled about it. I shall mention here just one phase of the mystery. It is that slow coking with low degrees of heat produces, in the tar, contents entirely different from those found when higher degrees of heat are used. Apparently the possibilities of coal are less than half known.

It is in this industry, and the electrical, where pure science works side by side with practical science, that some of the most amusing situations arise—amusing, that is, to the layman. The relation of the practical scientist to his friend across the hall is more or less that of a detective. It is up to him to know what to do with the latest harvest from the unknown. The question he tries to answer might be stated thus: "Now that we know it, what shall we do with it?" The answer to one such question produced the mercury engine.

Scientists have long been interested in boiling or vaporizing all sorts of liquids and metals. They like to reduce elements to their gases in order to see what they are made of. In the course of these experiments they boiled mercury, among hundreds of other things. Now it happens that mercury is very responsive to heat and produces a vapor that will operate a turbine engine. This doesn't interest the men working on pure science, but the practical men began to speculate on the fact that there is plenty of mercury and no very good reason why it shouldn't be used. The principal difficulty they encountered was to confine the vapor to the engine, since no known method of packing pipe joints will do this.

They overcame the difficulty by welding every joint of the engine. They were then ready to produce power with approximately one-quarter the amount of coal required for an ordinary steam engine.

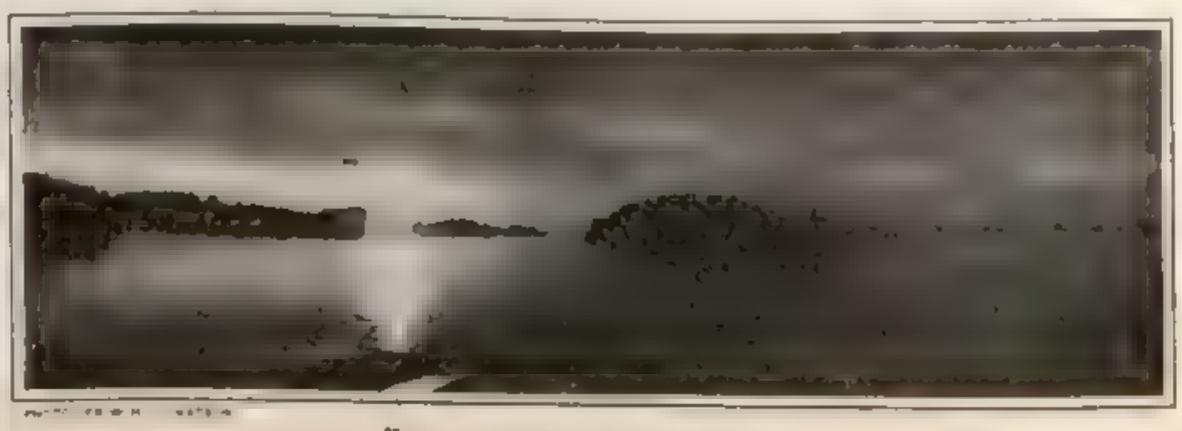
But there is another feature of the mercury engine perhaps equally interesting—the vapor from the exhaust is sent into a condenser where its high temperature produces superheated steam. The latter, by the way, can be cooled in a water condenser and produce ordinary steam. The first mercury engine was installed for the Hartford Electric Light Company, of Hartford, Connecticut, during 1923. With its success demonstrated, larger engines are now being designed.

Changes Unwelcome

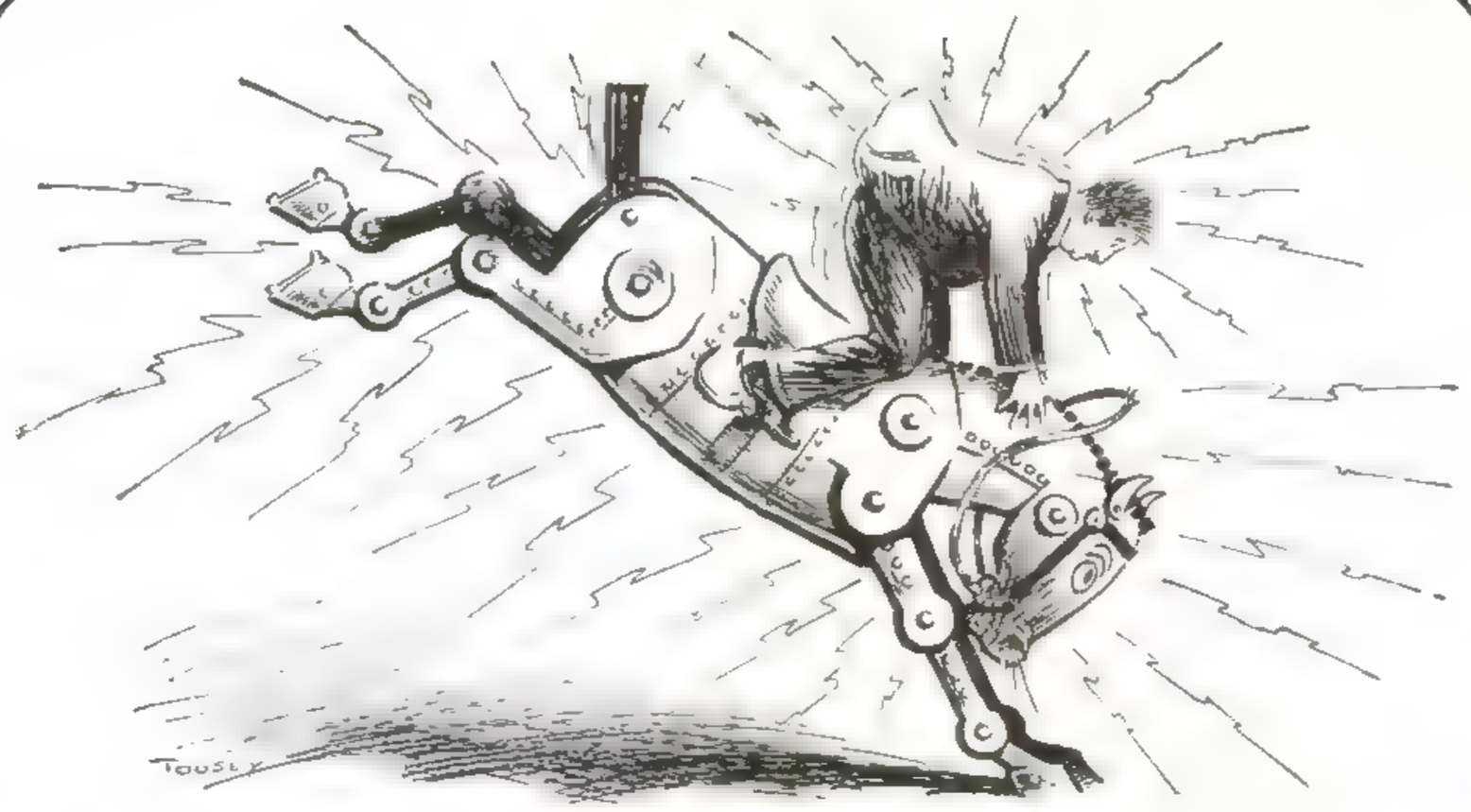
I mention this achievement because it may some day take its place in the history of the age-old quarrel between science and industry. It may mark the new era in the relations between the ancient enemies. If it does, the fame of the mercury engine will be far more enduring in that connection than because of its mechanical efficiency. In all probability it will, as an engine, have its day and pass on; but the fact will remain that it was produced by a company primarily interested in the development of other kinds of power plants.

And why is that interesting? Well, the scientists say that one of the most distressing characteristics of manufacturers is that they will never do anything revolutionary. Historically, it is true. At the present time it is at least partly true. How long it is going to remain true is a matter for speculation. In scientific achievements of practical value the future seems to belong largely to the chemist and nearly everything he does is astounding. We may admire a new kind of pulley, but the ordinary mind readily grasps whatever idea is behind it. Not so with the miracles of chemistry; and yet they are becoming as common as weeds. It is not at all unusual nowadays for the technical staff to undertake rearrangement of atoms in a basic material in order to achieve utilitarian results. The quality of many metals is now disclosed by use of the X ray, which shows whether the crystals are properly placed. If they are, there is no need to bother with tests for strength or drops of acid.

Already the men of science have made their mysteries part of the familiar daily performance for thousands of the so-called hard-headed business men. As for the future, almost anything seems probable, including the possibility that the ancient enemies may become firm friends.



"Storm Brewing," Sitka, Alaska



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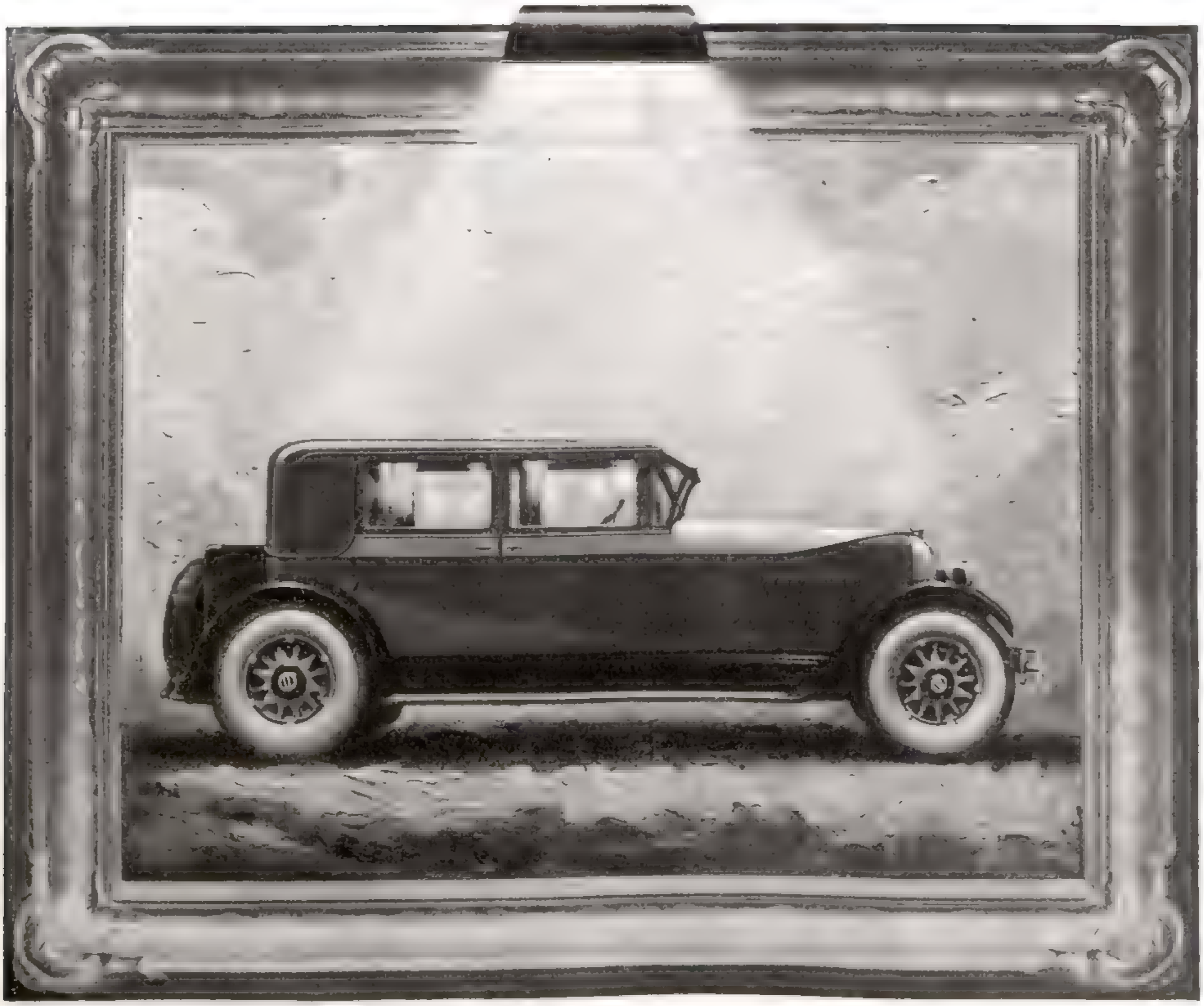

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AUBURN EIGHTY EIGHT

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A CONSUL

(Continued from Page 41)

anyhow, the exhilaration of a complete change of surroundings.

To go from one dreary place to another, if your luck is not in, is at least to get out of a rut; and by the time you are firmly set in the new rut, hope revives; the same reveries, the same eager exchange of anticipations. It is the consul's own fault if he always draws blanks. The Department of State holds the view that the best work is done amid congenial surroundings and endeavors to put the right pegs into the right holes. Politics has nothing to do with it. The pitiless efficiency record is either the Nemesis on the trail or the bright star that guides to success.

The red tape of the service is unbelievable, but I know no detail of it that is unnecessary. Every step an official takes is in pursuance of law or regulation, and records must prove this. A lawyer or merchant, at possible peril to his pocket or reputation, may be careless with transactions or records; but a government never. The State Department does not expect detail work from a consul after a certain apprenticeship, but distasteful filing and recording are often forced by conditions on an experienced consul—so often, indeed, as to constitute the most serious existing objection to the consular service.

There is a simple remedy for this. If Congress would permit salaries for clerks up to $2000 to be paid to non-American citizens, middle-aged consuls who think they have some brains would be spared long hours over mechanical duties, and young American citizens, who accept clerkships at $1800 a year, would be spared much misery. These young men cannot live on their salaries unless in isolation or with undue self-denial, and easy credit often leads them into debt. If illness, leave of absence or transfer deprives the consul of their help, he must do their work; and if they are indolent or incompetent, he is at their mercy.

But efficient foreigners, locally resident, can be had almost everywhere. They are local fixtures, entail no cost for transportation, can be readily replaced, are not forced—as is an American clerk, even against his will—into maintaining some kind of social status and have no secrets to betray. A consul has his confidential files closed even to his American clerk, as is also the cipher code; so that objection falls.

Handicapped by Salary Laws

The Americanization of the service is right and proper; but where should it end? With the janitor, the office boy? That would be fanatical adherence to an ideal. With the typist, the under clerk? Congress says yes—so long as the salary does not exceed $1000 per annum. But these youthful foreign assistants, if they are any good at all, are always seeking another job with a better prospect. For most of them, $2000 a year would represent the peak of ambition, and if they could rise to this by merit, they would be permanent. This slight change in the law, not a change of principal, but merely of a maximum wage, would quite disproportionately increase the efficiency of the service, bring content to consuls in the smaller offices—for nothing I have said applies to the higher positions—and save young men from being lured abroad on starvation wages.

The second great advantage the foreign service offers is the opportunity of meeting interesting people. So broad is the halo which surrounds the head of the youngest secretary of embassy that intelligence and a receptive mind will bring him in touch with the great in the arts, in statesmanship and finance. In far lesser degree, the same is true of consuls; but even a consul, in his progress through the world, may make many stimulating mental contacts. An American professor, who did not care for power, once said to me that the sole advantage of wealth was the chance it gave its possessor of meeting big-brained people. A consul, without wealth, may meet all the best that comes to his city; and in Europe, at any rate, he is within a few short hours of some interesting capital where he may, if he has the desire and some social initiative, form interesting affiliations.

On the diplomatic side of the foreign service, it is impossible, and always will be, to do the best work or to get the most out of this attractive career without a private income. Success in business is usually in part achieved by founding friendships on common interests; but now and again great ability may bring success to a lone hand. But a hermit diplomat could not succeed; and if he is poor, he is forced to break one of the cardinal rules of life. He must habitually consort with richer folk, at the peril of sycophancy or bankruptcy.

The extreme instance of an effort to end illogical conditions is to be found in the instructions of the Soviet Government to their foreign representatives to refrain from social relations with colleagues of other nations. This fanatical policy is doomed to ultimate failure, but it is inspired in part by perception of this hard fact—that no government will ever pay $10,000 a year to a secretary of embassy, and that no secretary in a great capital can hold up his end on less. The Department of State will no doubt assign its men without looking into their pockets; but unless these pockets are lined, the young man who aspires to a career of diplomacy is planning for a life of endless petty and narrowing worries. His position is set out with more wit than delicacy by Washington hostesses, who call young attachés at the various embassies the bread line.

On the Social Warpath

Wealth, power, initiative, stern business battles, civic conflicts, lifelong intimacies—these are denied to the foreign-service officer; but there are compensations. To many temperaments, it is pleasant to be on a hilltop and watch the fierce struggle in the valley. No matter how long a diplomat may remain in a capital or a consul stay in a city, no matter what intimacies either may form, no matter what political predilections either may conceal, they are observers always, denied participation by the nature of their office.

I was appalled by the hatreds born of the general election on the first Home Rule Bill. These were deep and lasting. Lifetime intimacies were abruptly severed, old friendships cut short. I lost no friend, but my weekly whist table was broken up. As I was the only consul of career in Bristol, I think I may truly say that I was the only man among 400,000 people whose daily affiliations were not more or less altered by the political passions of the hour. My friends were regrouped, that was all. A Conservative would be sure to trump his Liberal partner's ace.

The consul has no competitor. Hence his life is free from the jealousies incident to commercial life and his wife exempt from the antagonisms of social progress. A lady who had expanded with her husband's successful career told me that she had shed her friends three times before she got to the top in her Western city.

"What do they think about you?" I asked.

"I'm not worrying about that," she answered. "I had to do it to give my daughters a chance to marry well. Were they and I to stick in the $3000 set while my husband was with the $30,000 a year lot? No; I fought without gloves for my aims, just as he did for his. And I'd do the same over again. Oh, I wielded the tomahawk all right."

But a consul's wife need not go on the warpath. With a good manner and some social talent, she may select her friends in any foreign city, and she is not expected to be competitive in her entertainments. Tacit allowance is made and cutlet for cutlet is not demanded.

I once gave a merchant a lift in my pony trap. As we passed the offices of one of his competitors, he shook his fist at the sign.

"All right, my friend," he muttered with profound contempt. He repeated this before another office.

"What's it all about?" I asked.

"Smith," he answered, "sacked me thirty years ago. Brown has done me dirt at every chance. My last year's balance sheet was made up today and my profits are $130,000. I've beat 'em both and they'll know it all right."

I expressed my genuine astonishment that the first thought over the proof of a

"It was not like this in the olden days"

THERE was a time when taking castor oil disturbed the whole family! You rebelled. Mother coaxed. Father threatened. Finally orange juice came to the rescue.

That was in the olden days! Today you can buy a really *tasteless* and *odorless* castor oil of highest purity and greatest medicinal value—Squibb's Castor Oil (Tasteless)—a castor oil that *remains* tasteless and odorless.

Squibb's Castor Oil has been purified by special processes. It has none of the disagreeable features that mark the ordinary product. It is one castor oil that the whole family will find easy to take.

When you buy requirements for your medicine cabinet insist on Squibb's Castor Oil (Tasteless) and other Squibb Household Products. Each Squibb Product is distinguished by points of superiority which you will instantly recognize and appreciate. All Squibb Products are made to meet the most exacting demands of the medical profession.

Be sure to get: Squibb's Cod-Liver Oil (palatable, vitamin tested), Squibb's Epsom Salt Special (slightly effervescent, palatable), Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda and Squibb's Milk of Magnesia. At drug stores.

For those who prefer it—Squibb's Castor Oil, Aromatic

Ask your druggist today for an entry blank to the Squibb Healthy Baby Contest.

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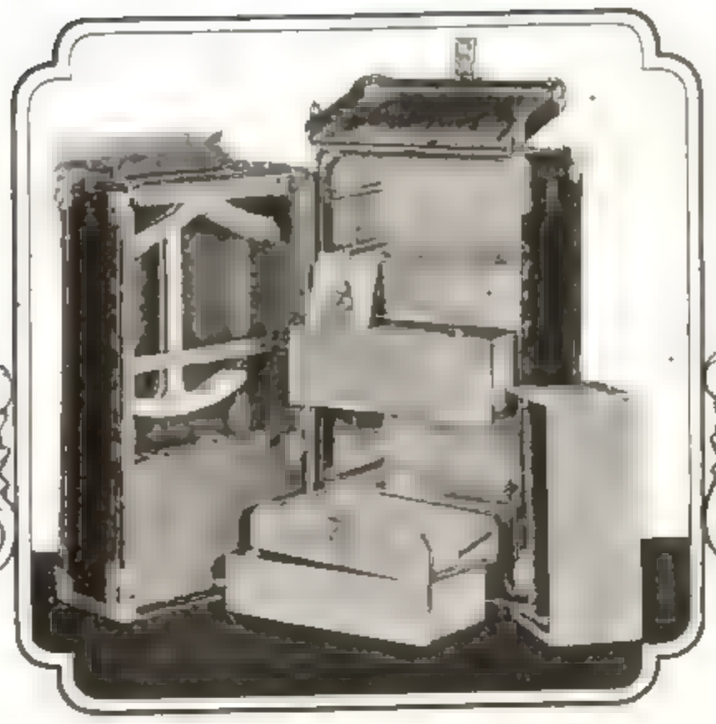
E. R. SQUIBB & SONS, *Manufacturing Chemists to the Medical and Dental Professions since 1858*



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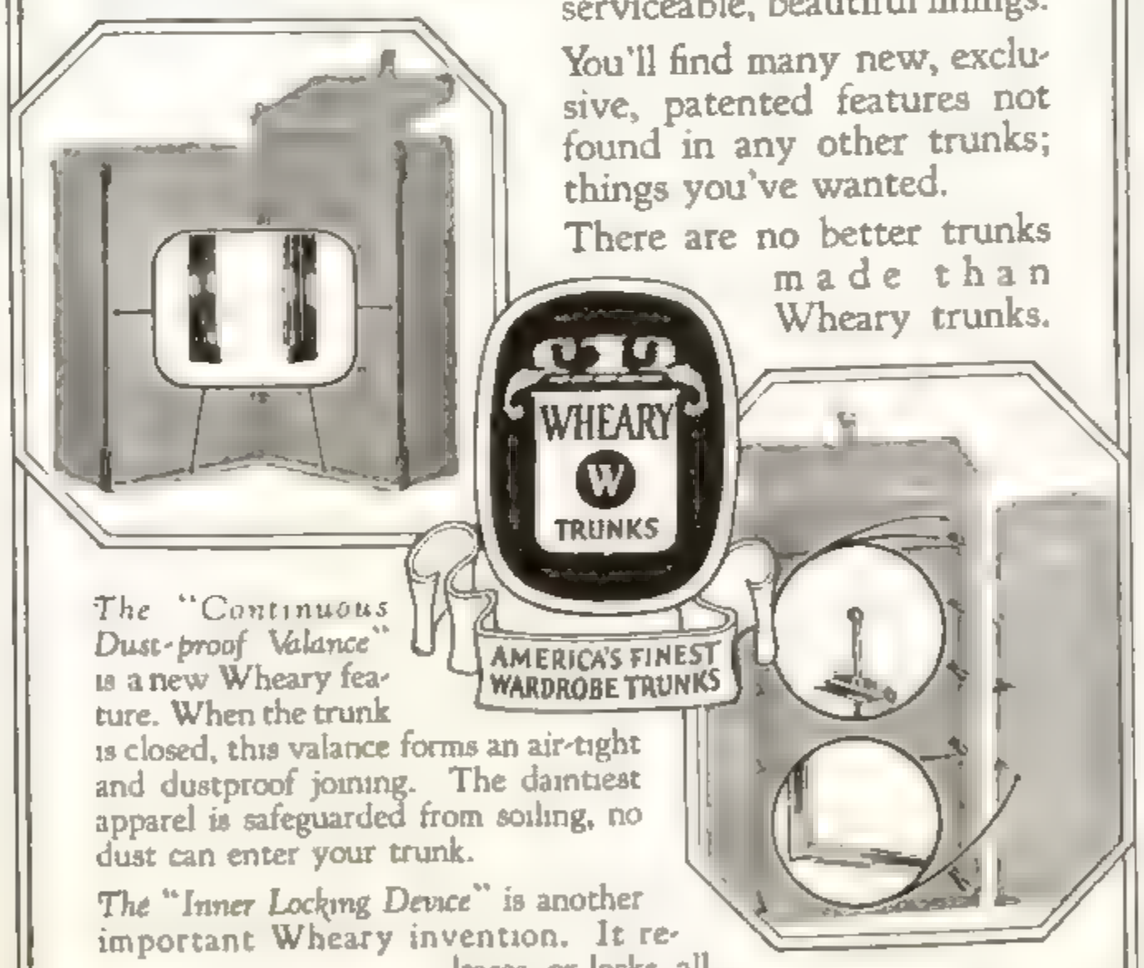
Wardrobe Trunks

You can see, in leading luggage shops and department stores, the new 1925 models in Wheary Trunks; 80 different styles, finished in washable Fabricoid, silks, cretonnes; serviceable, beautiful linings.

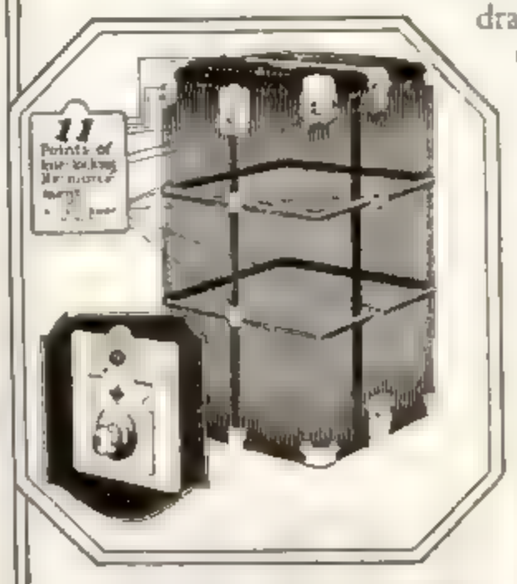
You'll find many new, exclusive, patented features not found in any other trunks; things you've wanted.

There are no better trunks made than Wheary trunks.



The "Continuous Dust-proof Valance" is a new Wheary feature. When the trunk is closed, this valance forms an air-tight and dustproof joining. The daintiest apparel is safeguarded from soiling, no dust can enter your trunk.

The "Inner Locking Device" is another important Wheary invention. It releases, or locks, all drawers by opening or closing the lock in the top drawer. This Wheary system anchors both sides of each drawer to the steel drawer slides riveted inside of trunk body.



Wheary "Multiple Control Master Lock" gives absolute protection. Contains the Wheary patented sealing device. Snapping the lock shut automatically clinches a keyless locking mechanism and secures the trunk at eleven points.

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Send me your free book, "America's Finest Wardrobe Trunks."

Name

Street

City

successful self-made career should be vindictive.

"Lucky consul," he said; "outside of it all. And yet, I don't know. There's unholy joy in getting even. Watch me next year!"

I watched, but all I saw was a bigger house, bigger dinners, bigger diamonds on the wife's fingers, and ultimately affectionate exchange of kisses with the wives of the two competitors. He had arrived. The hatchet was buried. All was peace. But the next year his profits were enormous. He bought an estate in the country, where city supremacy meant nothing; so they must begin again at the foot of the social ladder. They are still struggling. Perhaps it is worth while, as so many do the like; but the consular career is safe from any such temptation. Consuls are free from wounds incident to competitive life and their wives escape many of the heartaches of ambitious women.

It is a legitimate attraction of the foreign service that you are somebody. High talent or much money, or sometimes heredity, is required in your home town to make you a prominent citizen; but in your foreign community you are a marked figure and enjoy without effort some of the attributes of power. It does not matter that you have not the power or that it is your Government and your position to which the policeman touches his hat; you thrill to the salute if you are young and human. It is pleasant to open the ball with a visiting princess, or to hear nine guns thunder when you leave your country's battleship, or to have a king tell you that he has met you before, naming the time and place. He doesn't remember, of course; but you are important enough to be on the card index. You may not have been great at baseball, but you enjoy pitching the first ball to a duke at the bat, with Papa Spalding behind him, while papa's two nines grin at W. G. Grace, king of cricketers, as he knocks sky balls about.

You enjoy being asked to Paris "to meet Monsieur Bartholdi, on the occasion of his completing his colossal statue Liberty Enlightening the World, or in taking the chair when Henry Ward Beecher—yes, as far back as that—lectures in your town; or giving a dinner to Nansen or Admiral Peary or Colonel the Honorable William F. Cody; or in playing tenpins all night with Sir Henry Irving, on a rare occasion when he laid aside his stately dignity; or in conducting Happy Fanny Fields over a cathedral; or shambling on hands and knees in a medieval chapel with a distinguished ambassador, searching the worn stones for tablets marking the graves of his ancestors—typical instances, these, chosen at random out of hundreds that flash to memory.

Hands Across the Sea

Philosophers will tell you that you are small-brained to find continuous enjoyment in vicarious honors. Eager seekers after wealth or political prizes will tell you that you are squandering abilities which might earn high rewards. But you, following a career which offers to a slender purse many of the advantages of wealth and traveled leisure, are content to smile. You serve your country with a unique directness. Your country's flag flies over your office. Your country's coat of arms is on your walls. Your chief in Washington is so far away that you fancy yourself your own boss. You cherish the useful and invigorating idea that you are somebody, doing solid service for your country.

The American ambassador in London has for audience the English-speaking world, with occasional echoes filtering in translation to other tongues. The keen-eared among his hearers are the representatives of home journals antagonistic on partisan or personal grounds.

"There is nothing I can catch hold of," said a disappointed newspaper man to me, after loudly applauding a charming address; but I saw afterward that his editor had twisted a sentence on which to found a vitriolic editorial.

As the matter must be noncontentious, the aim is to say nothing in the most effective way; but Mr. Russell Lowell exhausted the fount of language in doing this and no successor so happily and continuously talked Hands Across the Sea with variations. A sentence lingers in memory.

"I will not say '*Mater pulchra, pulchrior filia*,' he said; "but I will say that in the countenance of the daughter you may discern the lineaments of the mother."

Can you beat that for mellifluous elegance? Mr. Lowell's task was the hardest of all, for the Irish question was acute during his later years. He was truly beloved and honored by the British people, and his great influence was subtly backed by British political leaders and the press. In those days when a revolutionary movement financed across the sea was erupting in spurts, there was an air of unreality about the social gatherings at which the health of the representative of the United States was to be drunk. A common language, a common origin, a common law—everybody grazed all over the common until the herbage was short. No wild ass ever kicked up his heels and strayed over the border into facts, but these facts were behind the minds of most listeners.

"If we face you," said one such listener to me, "and have a thundering good row, we shall get a knife in the back from an antagonistic Europe. But why can't we be allowed to suffer in peace and not have to chuck all this dosset about?"

Lowell's Oration on Cheese

Dorset butter is of supreme excellence, and the expression "chucking dosset about" came from the highly successful play, Our Boys, produced in the 70's. The English so deeply dislike extravagant speech as to consider the usual American expressions excessive.

It was in 1883, I think, that Mr. Russell Lowell asked me the way to Valhalla.

"Take the 2:40 train at Paddington," I answered, "and get out at Taunton in Somersetshire."

"And do warriors fight all day there, dine on inexhaustible wild boar each night and stay dead till morning?"

"It is a museum where busts of deceased worthies perpetuate memories and where Your Excellency is expected to unveil the sculptured Fielding, with appropriate ceremonies."

That essay, delivered at Taunton as an address, may be justly regarded as one of Lowell's most finished productions, but Fielding was overshadowed that day. Archdeacon Denison, Lowell's delightful fooling, an amused press, and a local public which knew more about dairy products than about the father of the English novel, transformed this Fielding festival into a glorification of cheese. Archdeacon Denison, vicar of a parish near Taunton, was a national figure through his tremendous fight against the Tractarian movement, his friendship for Gladstone and his command of forthright language. His foible was the local cheese and he had on his hall table, under glass, a piece which had rested there forty-one years. This interesting and historic relic, still edible according to its preserver, was shown with a high pride to the distinguished visitor. Lowell, much amused, built his post-banquet speech on Cheddar cheeses and there were brave passages of wit over this product of the lush pastures of Taunton Deane. So it followed that local papers condensed the essay, reported speeches in full and wrote the editorial about the cheese.

No American representative since Lowell has won the place which he held in English estimation. He was a kind of superman to them, and his lightest word carried weight. His successor, Mr. E. J. Phelps, won high regard for legal talent, and especially for ability shown in the fisheries negotiations; but to the general public he was little more than an honored name. On his departure, in 1889, a farewell dinner was given to him by the Lord Mayor of London, and the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House in the City was said to have contained that night the most brilliant and representative gathering ever assembled under its roof.

Though this splendid ovation and innovation, the cause of much heartburning among embassies and legations in London, appeared to be a spontaneous tribute, it was in truth a detail of British Foreign Office policy.

The Irish matter continued to be an international irritant and the vexations of the decade had culminated in the abrupt dismissal of the British minister from Washington. The necessity and justice of this dismissal were understood in England, but the Sackville incident, naturally enough, inflamed antagonisms. British policy was unflagging in seizing every chance to express good will. Important visiting Americans were paid great attentions and the cables hummed with accounts of honors

(Continued on Page 313)

Glass Stopper Lip Jug finished in various colored enamels or in full nickel-plate. Quart and Pint Sizes. Priced from $8.50 up.

"Thermos" Pitcher Set. Silver Plated. Pint Size. Mattelle Design. No. 363, $35 each.

Thermos announces a new line of Vacuum Pitchers and Jugs

IT is surprising and gratifying to realize how broad is the scope of the great "Thermos Service" which first gave portability to hot or cold food.

The contributions which this Service makes to our daily living seem to be endless. We are not judging from our own experience but from letters which we have received from thousands of customers who long ago accepted "Thermos" as a necessity.

Among these letters, many have voiced, in various forms, the same request.

"Why not a 'Thermos' that will go with the other silverware on the dining room table or the appointments of the drawing room?"

And so it is that the people who already know "Thermos Service" are the ones who inspired these new and latest additions to the genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottle Line—the Silver Plated Pitcher Sets, the Jugs with trays to match in colored enamels to match the hangings of your home.

The jug and pitcher shown on this page are two of those we have selected after considering a great many designs and finishes.

Either of these new pieces will supply your guests with "Thermos Service" in a most attractive manner.

'Tis "Thermos" or 'Tisn't "Thermos"

Remember one thing when you buy vacuum bottles.

All vacuum bottles are not Genuine Thermos Vacuum Bottles.

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Brand New— and Knockouts, too!

Nothing compares with an open roadster for smartness and dash. For years everybody has wanted one. But the seating capacity has kept many back.

Now Moon with this new design presents something entirely novel, *chic* and practical—a front seat wide enough to hold three and a concealed rumble seat to hold two more.

The new Moon engine has been especially designed for modern road conditions. Today you find hard fast roads everywhere. They mean higher speeds for longer periods.

With Moon's new type pressure lubrication, and with the Moon counterbalanced crank-shaft and four big main bearings you can hold your speedometer at 50 to 60—or better if you dare—without vibration.

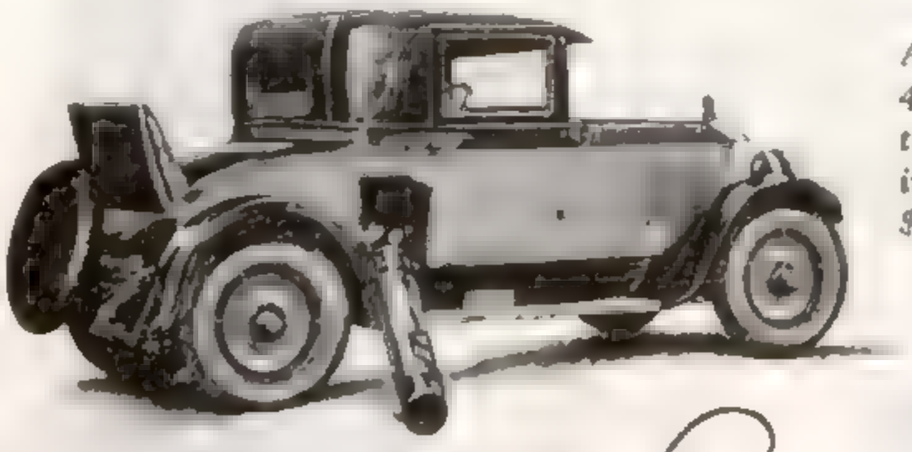
At the same time Moon cars are also designed to meet modern metropolitan usage. Women just love to drive this car. With Moon's specially designed steering gear all that is needed is a small space at the curb and an easy twirl of one hand to park and *un*park.

There is a roomy compartment in the rear deck for golf clubs, guns, bags, what-you-will. Men and women will find this an ideal utility as well as a sport car.

The Cabriolet is the same new idea in a closed roadster. With a rear window and seating arrangement that for the first time allows real sociability among all five passengers.

These cars fairly ooze distinction. You will thrill to their looks—and even more so to the marked superiority of their road performance.

And as for value you will find them incomparable at their respective prices. See them today and prove what we say.



The Cabriolet as well as the Roadster has the disappearing rumble seat also latest one piece ventilating windshield, bright finish black leather top, brown striped mohair upholstery to match the two-tone tan finish, new instrument board and patented rear window regulator.

All Moon cars have six cylinders, 4-wheel hydraulic brakes, balloon tires, patented easy-parking steering gear, Duco finish. Priced from $1295 f. o. b. St. Louis and upwards.

MOON

MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY • • • ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 210)

rendered by court, press, society and the people. Oliver Wendell Holmes would have had a fine welcome in any event, but the delightful octogenarian bathed in the splendor of his triumph, never suspecting that he was in part a political counter and that the word had quietly gone forth to render homage which should please the American people.

But Mark Twain knew. Coming to the Savage Club one night in that white suit which he affected sometimes in later years, he said to me, "Across the water, I am only Mark Twain. Here I am forty-six states and some territories under one hat."

Incidentally, Twain was much better known in England than Holmes. I heard him roundly taken to task one night at the Savage for wasting his talent on exposing the mistakes of Fenimore Cooper, still read in England with pleasure. On that same night, oddly enough, a patriotic Welshman, steeped to the neck in the legends of the Mabinogion and the Red Book of Hergest, made a fiery attack on A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur. Twain, little accustomed to criticism and born without reverence, was genuinely interested in this devotion to a long dead writer and, as he said, to a king who had never lived.

To return to the Phelps' dinner.

The Lord Mayor, Mr.—afterward Sir James—Whitehead received "from high quarters an intimation to the effect" that the court could not single out for special honor the representative of any one country. Could the City express the national sentiment by a farewell dinner? It could and did. Each of the 300 guests had achieved something; what I had achieved, it is necessary to explain for modesty's sake, was an invitation—the sole requirement, after all, for any dinner. On arrival, I slipped aside and watched the scene. The Lord Mayor, in his bullioned robes, was welcoming guests whose names were announced in a loud clear voice by the liveried servitor. About his lordship were grouped guests who watched the new arrivals and clapped hands as they heard familiar names.

Well-Arranged Applause

"The Lord Chief Justice of England"—applause; "Sir Arthur Sullivan"—wild applause; "Mr. Russell"—moderate clapping for Bull Run Russell, the veteran war correspondent; "Mr. Morley"—a most modest greeting for this writer and rising statesman; "the Lord Chancellor"—a respectful salvo; "Mr. Gilbert"—tumultuous applause; "Mr. Somers"—a silence, for nobody knew Mr. Somers.

I remember this Mr. Somers, whoever he was, humbly crossing that ten feet of desert in solemn silence, conscious that 200 pairs of eyes of great men were fixed compassionately on him, while their owners wondered how the dickens an unknown had crept among them. The lonely traveler shook limply the hand of the Lord Mayor and dived into obscurity behind the massed ranks of the great and successful. A lesson in humility, this reception.

"Sir Edwin Arnold"—loud acclaim to the editor of the Telegraph and the author of the Light of Asia; then I gritted my teeth and followed: "Mr. Lathrop"—to my astonishment, vigorous clapping.

I was sure that I was mistaken for somebody else, but that applause was the most welcome that ever came to me. Then I found that Fred Penfield, United States vice consul general, afterward to be diplomatic agent at Cairo and ambassador to Vienna, had organized a little clique of Americans, that no fellow countryman should cross that strip of hall unwelcomed; a kindly thought, that.

The Egyptian Hall at the Mansion House is 200 feet long, 80 wide and 60 high, and its dining capacity is 300. It is usually set with one long and eight transverse tables, on which the massive civic plate gleams beneath the light of seventy-five chandeliers. It is a glittering and attractive sight, but it is history, tradition and association which make its gatherings unique. At the court end, the West End, of London, all is heredity. At the Mansion House, only successful individual achievement counts.

Many lord mayors have built their great fortunes from nothing. They serve but for a year and their duties are principally ceremonial and decorative. One lord mayor told me after retirement that he had not brought one friendship away, formed during his year of office. He had felt himself, he said, merely an unconsidered unit in a long procession marching to the just glory of commerce, a mere prop on which to drape the robes of a great tradition. Some lord mayors are less genuinely modest. I remember one who went across the Channel and visited in semistate, with some of the trappings of office, a town in France. Here he made a speech which touched on international relations and was criticized with such sharp severity by the London press as to recall him promptly to the square mile over which he nominally ruled.

At this dinner to Mr. Phelps he got off an epigram which has lived ever since; and after thirty years, I saw it quoted with proper credit in a London newspaper. Making the excuses for shortcomings which are inevitable in a farewell address, he wound up by saying, "He who never makes a mistake, never makes anything." In the course of a lifetime I have been present at the delivery of but one other sentence which became current coin for a generation. Lord Long of Wraxall, then Mr. Walter Long, shortly after the South African War, said, "We have muddled through somehow." For some reason unperceived by me, this utterance, true of all wars, excited hot criticism and the man who drove rabies from England for once in a long and useful life tasted unpopularity.

Browning's Bitter Retort

Robert Browning was a guest at the Phelps dinner and was the object of special interest by reason of his lately printed bitter sonnet on Fitzgerald, the creator of the English Omar Khayyam.

Fitzgerald's letters had just been issued and contained a sentence which I quote from memory and which might perhaps have been omitted, as Browning still survived: "Elizabeth Barrett is dead: no more Aurora Leighs, thank God." The poet's harsh retort ended thus:

"Were yourself alive, good Fitz,
How to return your thanks would task my wits.
Kicking you seems the common lot of curs,
While more appropriate greeting lends you grace;
Surely to spit there glorifies your face—
Spitting from lips once sanctified by hers."

The last of these Mansion House dinners which I attended was that given to Mr. Choate in 1905. The consular service was beginning to be reorganized and it became impossible for a simple consul from the country to appear at gatherings to which colleagues were not asked. I had achieved my ends by no other means than knowing the ropes, and I could no longer pull these with impunity.

I am glad that I made these chances for myself and recall with vivid pleasure brief chats on these occasions with Browning, Thomas Hardy, William Black, Lecky, Kipling and a hundred others important in the world of artistic or material achievement. I recall with amusement information given to me at one of the banquets by an elated successful man, somewhat cynical of mind and blunt of speech.

"I saw H. R. H. last week," he said—meaning the Prince of Wales, after Edward VII—"and he said, '—— would you like a honor?' and I said, 'Very much, your royal 'ighness,' and he said, 'Ow about a C.B.?' and I said, 'I think it ought to be a knighthood; I think I've earned that, sir,' and he said, 'You shall 'ave it.'"

Misplaced *h*'s are most uncommon now, and the general spread of education leaves no chance for comedy to make gibing contrasts between the courtier and the citizen or between the lady of the court and the mistress of millions who never had a grandfather. It is possible for a limited few, given to aspirates in the wrong place, to use them correctly for a limited time. I once knew a member of parliament whose conversation was a "'ash of haitches," who never misplaced one in a public address. When I heard him speak, I used to think of the rheumatic actor who stumbled to the wings on crutches, and on hearing his cue, strode manfully onto the stage. The actor's temporary triumph over physical ills is easily understood, but I often wondered if the orator preceded each public utterance with a resolve to speak correctly. The subject was too delicate for personal inquiry and I leave the problem to psychologists.

The American representative in my time who was the most instantly and happily in accord with the aristocracy of England was

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At hardware and sporting goods stores.

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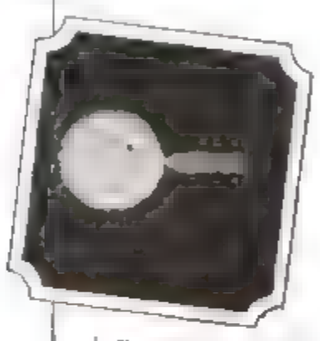

Showing a cross section view of Home Comfort Weatherstrip before being applied.

Showing cross section of strip applied to door stop. Note how it is pressed firmly against door, changing position of strip

When door or window warps or settles, leaving an open space, Home Comfort Weatherstrip automatically fills up this opening

Note ease of making corner turn. Numbering or sawing. Pat. Jan. 27, 1925.

No objectionable noise from slammed doors. No rattling windows to disturb you. The cushion effect of Home Comfort Weatherstrip absorbs these noises. It keeps out dust, soot, insects and gases in addition to rain, wind and snow. Home Comfort Weatherstrip is the only flexible weatherstrip that adjusts itself to wavy surfaces such as warped or settled windows and doors. This feature assures a weathertight contact at all times.

Home Comfort Weatherstrip is made of a high grade insulating material covered with a special rubberized fabric. It will not harden or crack. It is waterproof, mothproof and non-conductive of heat or cold. Does not deteriorate with use; lasts many years. The leading architects and builders endorse it. Many of the largest buildings in the country are equipped with it, such as the Washington University buildings in St. Louis and those in Central Park, New York.

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You can install Home Comfort Weatherstrip yourself. A tack hammer is the only tool required. (Sufficient tacks accompany Home Comfort Weatherstrip). No need to take down doors or windows. A few hours of easy work and you can have your home efficiently weatherstripped, affording comfort and a saving of fuel bills for many years.

Get Home Comfort Weatherstrip from your nearest hardware or building supply dealer. The average window or door requires about 20 feet. The cost is 10c per foot, including tacks, for the maroon and 13c for the white. Home Comfort Weatherstrip comes in a continuous length, assuring no waste in left over ends. Complete instructions for installing accompany each order.

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Mr. Bayard. This sunny-hearted old gentleman of charming manner, a kind of hereditary senator from a small state and afterward Secretary of State, had been spared the rough-and-tumble of life and was a natural aristocrat of the best type. He delighted rather in expounding the Constitution or in peaceful study of a treaty than in the practical conduct of affairs; but too much must not be expected of one whose amiable presence and courtly dignity were in themselves an international cement.

This man, *persona gratissima* to England, was uncertain on his appointment that he would even be *persona grata*. He had been Secretary of State when Lord Sackville had been sent his passports and he told me himself that he had not been unprepared to hear that Lord Rosebery, then Foreign Secretary, preferred that somebody else be sent. The consul general was in similar case.

"There exists somewhere," said Pat Collins, "a picture of a slim boy taken in his hot and fiery youth, dressed in a Fenian uniform."

It is unprecedented, I think, that appointees to the two chief English positions should simultaneously have been doubtful of their reception. Each deserved and won unusual popularity, proving how little vindictive is English memory.

Mr. Bayard's oratory—but let Mostyn Pigott describe that. Pigott, barrister at law and delightful verse maker, was the most diverting after-dinner speaker of that day in London.

"I have heard the new ambassador," he said; "a noble presence, good matter, an effective delivery, a pleasing mannerism. He pauses, lifts his eyes to the ceiling, searches for a word and finds the inevitably right one. All this so quick as not to delay, and it adds to the effect. He had prepared the skeleton, no doubt, but he clothed it in our presence." A week later: "I have heard your ambassador again. Splendid! He shot the ceiling just the same and always bagged the same word."

Mr. Bayard had in truth delivered word for word the same speech twice over, but such was his art that it appeared each time to be extempore.

He was confronted by a sharper task than had ever ambassador to meet in my time. On the day of a speech in Edinburgh, the Venezuela message appeared in print. It will be remembered that this message was sent, not to Lord Salisbury, but to the Congress, and that Mr. Bayard had no knowledge of it. An angry and inflamed Britain—the only time in my thirty-seven years of residence—awaited his words with tense and incredulous curiosity. But what could he say? He could no more than stumble out the belief that his chief must have been misinterpreted.

An Eccentric Visitor

British municipalities, and important institutions in them, make great efforts to secure the American ambassador on ceremonial occasions and it sometimes fell to my lot to set out as engagingly as conditions permitted the special reasons why his excellency should come to my district.

I could not succeed with Mr. John Hay, the representative American whom I most admired of any man I ever met in public life, nor with Mr. Choate, who said, "I have kept your committee's letter for six weeks that I might appear to give it sufficient consideration, but I never had any intention of going." It was not hard, however, to lure ambassadors to Bath.

The old city had a most persuasive system for attracting celebrities. As everybody who was anybody through two centuries "took the waters" here at least once in a lifetime, innumerable mural tablets mark the respective dwellings of these visitors, reading, "Here dwelt," when the visit was transient, "Here lived," for a resident or habitual frequenter. Tablets were prepared as addresses were ascertained and there were usually a score or so of these stowed away for the right moment.

It was thus possible, in persuading Mr. Whitelaw Reid to come and unveil a tablet, to offer a choice of twenty subjects, and he chose Edmund Burke. A Bath official who went with me to Doughty House in Park Lane was so deeply impressed by the glittering splendor of His Excellency's home that on his return he arranged tentatively for an open carriage drawn by six horses, three of which should each carry a postilion. Mr. Reid, subsequently told how narrow was his escape from royal honors in respect of equipage and other details, was cheerfully grateful and promptly made up in imagination a page of a Sunday edition of an inimical New York newspaper. His pungent comments on himself disclosed no loss of journalistic facility.

In San Francisco, in the 70's, I dined a successful prospector and introduced asparagus to him. As the dweller in deserts savored the novel vegetable, he cried with fervor, "Well, dang me!" So, the same expression was forced not in awe but in wonder and amaze from a Nevada miner who stepped with me into the hall of Doughty House and faced for the first time a platoon of liveried and powdered footmen. Our little matter satisfactorily ended, we strolled away; and round the corner saw, across the street, a footman whose smoking pipe proclaimed him off duty.

"Supper at the hotel at seven," my friend said, and darted across.

A Well-Remembered Laugh

I watched a friendly chat and saw the two, arm in arm, enter one of those glittering Mayfair saloons, supported in part by the menservants of the neighborhood. At dinner that night my Western friend said:

"He's human all right, but kicking like a mule at everything—at his fourteen-hour day every other day, at his grub, at the shakedown they give him in the pantry, at his wages. I offered him eight dollars a day in my mine and to pay his passage money. 'Not in mine,' he says, meaning no pun; 'I had an uncle,' says he, 'went to them parts as valet to a governor general in Canada and the mosquitoes done 'im something cruel; oh, no, not me.' I told him mosquitoes didn't bite underground, but he said old England was good enough for him."

We were dining, not at my friend's hotel, but at the Savage Club, and newspaper men listened with interest to his naïve impressions. He never bought a guidebook or a catalogue, but had gone about "seeing what he liked." "A big church on a hill" had interested him. "It had a statue of a queen in front and heaps of pigeons."

"St. Paul's Cathedral," we said.

"I guess that was it," he agreed. "It was pretty big, and a marble soldier was laying on a tomb in it like the undertakers had just been there."

"Gordon's recumbent statue," an art critic said, "and anatomists have made just that comment."

He had strolled into a big gallery "near where the lions are." He had been greatly struck by "some pictures of the country with big solid trees and hay wagons and little houses with straw roofs."

"The Constables in the National Gallery," we said.

Yes, that was it, Constables. They had plenty. Could he buy one or two?

"I'll find you some," said Jimmy Orrock, art dealer, whose Bloomsbury house was a museum of wonders and who gave an annual pork-pie supper to O'Dell, the oldest actor in the world.

Orrock is dead and O'Dell, who closed the Savage Club every night for two generations, is now like Colonel Newcomb, a brother of the Charter House, and has to be in by half past nine. I went in 1923 to visit the white-bearded courtly old bohemian in the medieval precincts of the Charter House and was taken to call on a newly made brother, a young man of nearly eighty, with bright eager eyes and a ringing laugh.

"I heard that laugh in the 70's in San Francisco, Mr. Horace Lingard," I said, "and I remember your wife, Alice Dunning, and your sister, Dickie."

I told him how a boy of twelve, rummaging boylike in a sitting room, had stumbled on a pile of photographs which he had gazed at in wonder, and how his fat hostess had come in and he had cried out, amazed, "Here's a picture of your face on top of Alice Lingard's body," and how the angry lady had boxed his ears and then bribed him to silence with a seat in the parquet for that night's performance.

"Don't you dare to tell anybody," had said the stout lady, her ample bosom quivering; "they ain't fer local use, and I don't never expect to see my daughter again way back East, and I want fer her husband's folks to see her ma as I was when I was her age."

"Precocious boy!" said the old actor. "To know Alice with another head! She was a good wife to me, and a good actress,

Continued on Page 217

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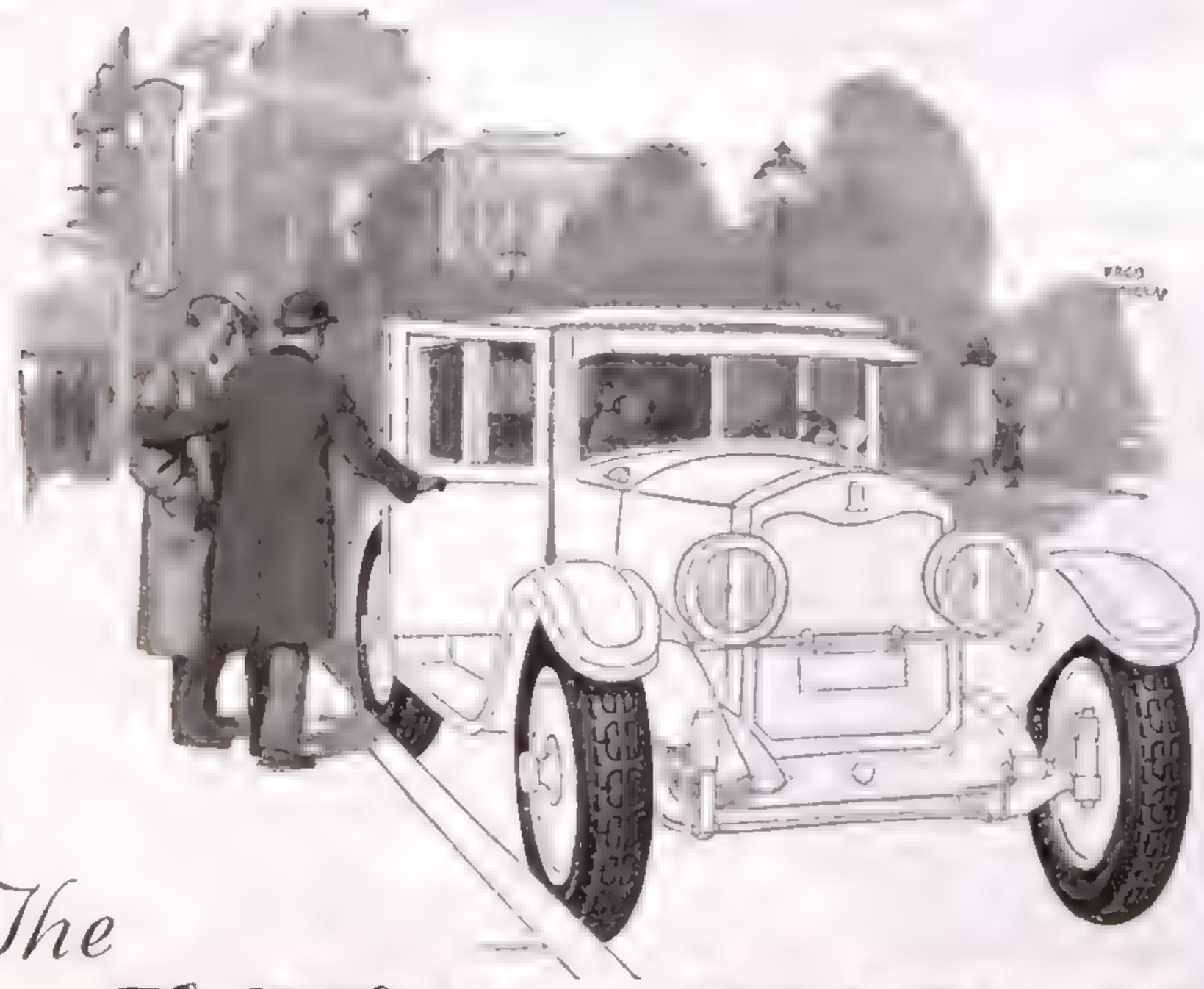

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WILLS SAINTE CLAIRE
Motor Cars

(Continued from Page 214)

and she knew how to dress. She's been dead many years." He turned to O'Dell. "You acted with me in Newcastle in 1859," he said; "I came across the playbill."

"Did I?" was the eager query. "What in?"

Lingard pondered and shook his head. "And I laid aside the playbill to show you and now I can't find it."

They fell to rummaging and I with them, and we searched the heaps of disordered programs that blazoned the wanderings of a star. To no avail; the two ancients could find no record of the hour in which they had trod the boards together more than sixty years before.

To return to my visiting man of the mines. It will give the measure of the Savage Club when I say that no man there made overt or secret jest of him or his words. His simplicity, his fearless earnestness, won respect. Asked what had most impressed him in London, he answered, "Mr. Whitelaw Reid." Asked why, he explained: "A sure enough diplomat. You get held up by a squad of men dressed like earls in pictures, and you're passed along a line of 'em, and you think if this is the beginning, the end must be a throne and him sitting like an idol, and you wonder if you'd ought to get on your knees; and then you meet a man like yourself, dressed like you are, and man to man, and you feel so relieved you want to give him everything you've got. It wouldn't work in my country; but you mill some ores and some you roast, and if roasting's your way here, go to it and pile on your footmen."

His exit speech was acclaimed. As he turned to go, asked for his general impressions of London, he said almost reverently, "Gentlemen, it's a permanent camp."

Each visitor to Europe has his special interests, his individual hopes of pleasure, his plans for learning something, his memories to be revived or the traditions of his ancestral race to be reimbibed at the fountainhead. Scholars, students and artists specialize in their aims, but never have I witnessed such concentrated devotion to an ideal as was displayed by two men who were neither scholars, artists nor students. They kept a pool room in New York and came into $64,000 by a successful speculation. They decided to close the pool room for a month and spend that windfall in Europe. For two weeks they would be millionaires, not exclusive starchy millionaires, but real fellows, kings in the only world they knew, the underworld, and after the manner of that world.

High Play

I heard about it through an accidental meeting with one of the most magnificent-looking men I ever knew. I saw him in the grillroom of the Café Royal, where I was having supper after the theater, and I went to his table and said, "The last time I saw you was when you were calling the numbers in the Mercantile Library lottery in San Francisco twenty-five years ago."

"The hardest day of my life," he said. "I know of $50,000 that changed hands when I stuck it out. I wouldn't back myself till I had got the pitch of the hall. I fixed my eyes on a fellow way up in the rafters in the farthest corner and I told him the first number drawn, and I could just make him out looking at a list in his hand; then I knew I could last the day and raised my hand, and that won me ten thousand."

This man was George Smiley, who had been caller of the San Francisco stock board in its earlier frenzied days, and as we supped, he talked of old times; and he told me, among other things, how he had helped to build a tent about dying Senator Broderick, shot "on the field of honor" by Terry in what was in reality a duel between Northern and Southern Democracy. As we rose he said, "Come and see two men spending $4000 a day without moving from their rooms"; and as we went he told me the tale of the keepers of the pool room on a vacation. We entered the Hotel Continental, then in the dazzling blaze of a success soon to be quenched by the police, and went to a gilded room whence came laughter and chatter borne on waves of cigar smoke and patchouli. Twenty or thirty people were there, some watching a poker game, some helping themselves at the buffet, some sipping champagne.

Liveried waiters constantly replenished the sideboard, bringing Perigord pies, pâté de foie gras, boned turkey and all the regulation dainties that you read about in novels that describe the feasts of the fast. A dozen untouched open bottles of champagne fizzed their wasted lives away on the chimney piece. Choice Havana cigars were scattered about in a hundred boxes. I saw one gentleman gut a full box; his dress coat was humpy with the spoil.

I stood on a chair—I might have stood on my head if I had wished—and looked over the crowd at the silent players. The limit, I inferred, was twenty pounds—say, $100—and as the winner of a jack pot drew in his counters, four bare arms shot over his shoulders, bejeweled fingers twitched, and I heard a voice: "Just one, for luck."

The player twisted his head backward, recognized one face, said contemptuously, "Which claw is yours?" and when a hand straightened out in front of him, he thrust a chip in it.

"*Cochon!*" said one of the disappointed, as she drew her arm away with a jerk. And then came Mr. Smiley with one of the hosts and presented me.

"You are having an original vacation," I said.

"We thought," he said, as he looked proudly over the scene, "we'd show 'em what New York sports is like."

"Have you seen Westminster Abbey," I asked, "or St. Paul's Cathedral?"

"We ain't much on churches," he answered, shaking his head.

"Have you been to the Tower or the National Gallery or the Houses of Parliament?"

He laughed.

"We ain't had time," he said. "We ain't been out of the hotel except to the Turkish bath. We sleep there all day and we're here all night."

"You're off tomorrow, I hear."

A Well-Deserved Rebuke

"That's right. The wad's melted and we've seen Europe, so it's little old New York for us."

Then came the lady to whom had been presented the counter. He redeemed it with four five-pound notes—"And another, just for luck."

"Why not two?" said the bejeweled lady, eying hungrily the big bundle of notes in his hand—so near and yet so inaccessible.

The host snatched the extra note from her hand.

"Some of these dames ain't got no manners," he said as he turned his back.

But I have wandered far from those scenes of decorum in which ambassadors move in stately dignity with their entourages. I called once on the newly arrived wife of a new-made secretary and was received with such warmth of cordial regard that I told myself that the lady had yet to learn how insignificant were consuls.

"Cream and sugar, my lord?" Mrs. X purred as she delicately poised the sugar tongs in solicitous inquiry.

How could I maintain an imposture so pleasing to my hostess? Prompt confession was the only way.

"Who do you think I am, Mrs. X?" I asked humbly.

"Didn't the man say Lord Latham?" she asked a little sharply.

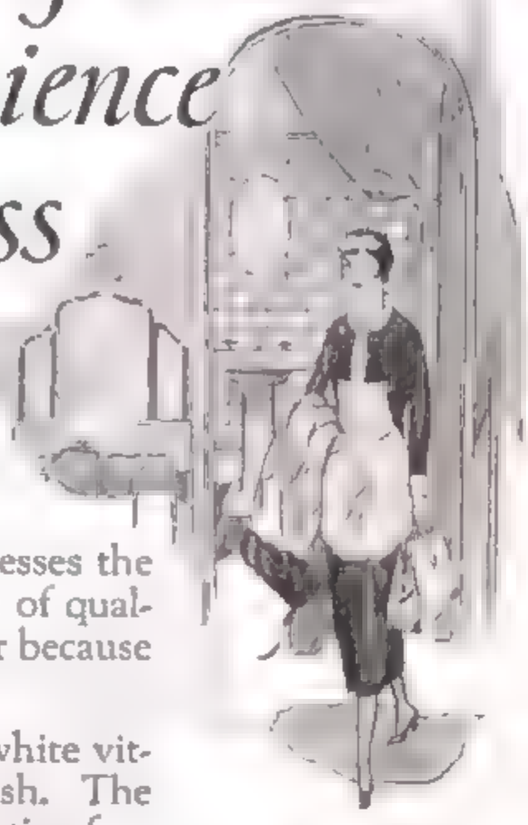
I owned up. I gave my name, my official status. My hostess, to do her justice, made a gallant effort, but disappointment and chagrin could not be entirely hid. Without repeating her question, she gave me two lumps and milk. Now I never take either, but I dared not protest.

During the war there was neither time nor opportunity to know or to appraise Mr. Page. It was not until his biography appeared that I realized how fine a character and how strong a man had represented our country in London. I remember how my English friends followed in imagination the course of the contraband-laden vessel ostensibly cleared for Germany from New York, but in reality headed for British capture and international complications. I recall the excited laughter on the Shipping Exchange at Cardiff when it became public that a French cruiser had seized the vessel. Few knew until the Life appeared that this ingenious solution had been the fruit of one of those all-night lonely vigils of Mr. Page.

"He should have a statue in our city for that alone," said one to me in that great coaling port, whence vessels sail to uttermost harbors and where the laws of the ocean, in war and peace, are known and understood.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of articles by Mr. Lathrop. The next will appear in an early issue.

A lavatory of utmost beauty, convenience and cleanliness



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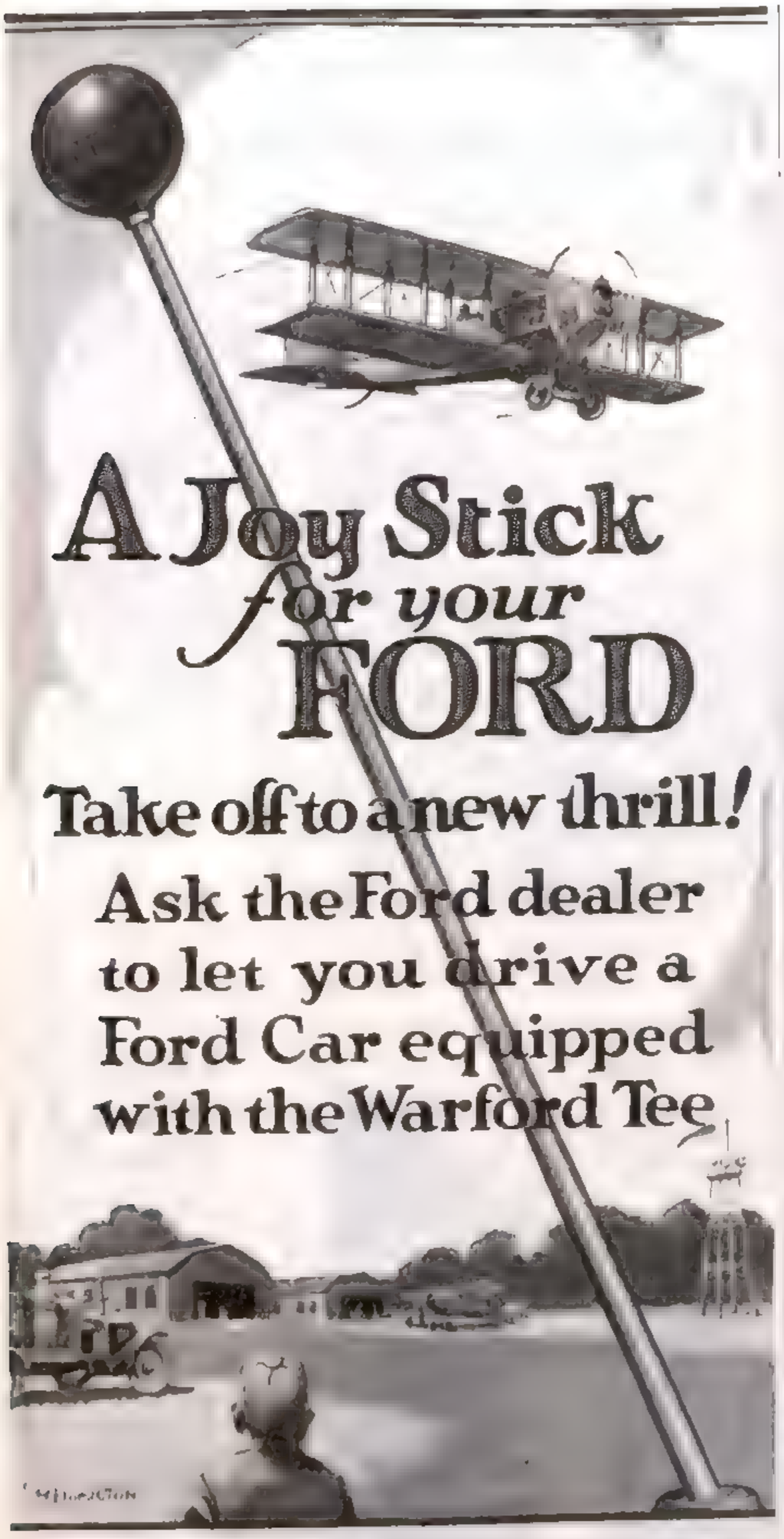

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THE ELEPHANT

(Continued from Page 21)

"Come on," said the keeper. "Nothing to hurt you, George, old man. Come on." And George decided it was all right and come lumbering up beside the tractor.

It was worth going a long way just to see George walk, and observe the way he handled his legs. He didn't raise his feet more than an inch when he took a step, so he seemed to be sort of sliding and shuffling along. His hind legs had knees which bent forward just like his front legs; no hocks at all like on a horse. And his feet wasn't really feet at all; his legs come down the same size all the way and ended like logs that have been sawed off; and where the bottom ends of his legs touched the ground there was a few toe nails and that was his feet—no larger around than his legs except when he stepped on them and they would spread out just the least bit.

He was put together all kind of loose, and you could see his thick scabby skin sliding around over the bones and muscles underneath every time he took a step. There was very little hair on him—no more than on one of these Mexican hairless dogs—and I remember that the edges of his ears was irregular and frazzly looking.

When he got behind the tractor, he turned his head halfway around and looked at me with one little brown eye. He didn't say anything or do anything; but I had a feeling that he was doing a lot of thinking behind that long solemn poker face.

Sam set up his camera and came over to the tractor with a cigarette in his mouth and a match in his hand. I got down to help fasten George's collar chains to the drawbar of the tractor.

"Get away from there!" yelled the keeper. "What do you think you're doing?"

I looked up, and he was talking to Sam.

"Can't I light a cigarette?" asked Sam, very much grieved.

"Yes," said the keeper, "but don't let me catch you striking any more matches on George."

So Sam went back to his camera, and I went over and saw that he got it placed where he could take a good picture, and then I went back, and by this time the tractor was all hitched up to George.

The tractor was pointing north and George was pointing south, and the two was connected by the two big trace chains on George's collar. About a dozen men from around the circus buildings had gathered to see the excitement. The weather, as I remember, was clear and sunny—a very pleasant March afternoon.

I started the motor, and George give a little jump and looked around.

"Steady, old boy," said the keeper, "steady!" And George didn't run away or anything, but he seemed to be getting a bit nervous.

Over my shoulder I could see him swaying from side to side, shifting his weight from left to right and back again. He didn't lift his feet from the ground, just swayed his body and let his trunk and his tail swing back and forth.

"All right!" yelled the keeper.

"Look out!" I called back, and I started to let in the clutch.

The keeper prodded George a little. George leaned into his leather collar and the tractor rolled backward about a foot. But then as I shoved the clutch all the way in and opened the throttle, the tractor took hold and slowly moved off, dragging poor old George along behind. I kept my eye on him as much as possible. He seemed surprised. He pushed into his collar harder than ever and began to grunt and wheeze, shifting his clumsy feet around here and there, trying to get a foothold. But it was no use; the tractor was too powerful, and slowly and surely we dragged him back ten yards, twenty yards, fifty yards, and more, until finally poor old George just bent his knees and laid down.

"Stop!" yelled the keeper.

I pulled out the clutch and turned around, and there was George laying on his side and looking at me sort of reproachful.

"I'm glad that's over," said the keeper. "It's no way to treat a good elephant. If he could only get a good foothold, he could pull you all over. But he ain't got no chance on this soft sod."

I stopped the motor and yelled to Sam, "What kind of a picture did you get?"

"Picture?" said Sam. "You never told me you was ready for the picture. I was waiting for you to give the word."

"What?" I yelled. "Didn't you get any picture?"

"I'm sorry," said Sam, "but I didn't know you was ready. I thought this was just a rehearsal or something. You didn't tell me you was ready, so how could I know?"

"Holy cross-eyed bullfrogs," I said, "we got to do it again!"

"No," said the keeper, "George has had enough. You said you was going to have one pull and you didn't say you was going to work him all afternoon. Get up, George," he said, "and let's see how you look."

George began shifting his big feet around and grunting, and finally he stood up again and shook himself a little to get the dirt off.

"Look at him!" I said. "Fine as a daisy! Just once more won't hurt him, and this will be positively the last time. If I don't get a picture, all our trouble is wasted."

"That ain't my fault," said the keeper.

"Listen," I said, "we won't count this first time on the fifty-dollar bet. And maybe next time George will get a better foothold and drag the tractor."

"Yes," said the keeper, "maybe he might."

"It ain't fair not to give him another chance," I said. "Look at him; he's just crazy to show what he can do."

We looked at George, and there was George still as solemn and mournful looking as ever, and nobody in the world, not even his own keeper, could tell what he was thinking about in behind those little eyes.

"If it was just for the picture," said the keeper, "I wouldn't do it. But if it's to give George another chance, we'll go ahead."

We unhooked the chains and the keeper took George back to the starting point. I started up the motor, put the tractor in reverse and backed up right behind George. Then I went over and give Sam a piece of my mind.

"This time," I said, "you take your picture. You grind your old crank, or whatever it is you do, and you run your film through there and you make good and sure you are getting a picture of us, and a good one too, because if you don't, I'll have them bring George over here and walk on your face." Then I ran back and jumped in the tractor.

They seemed to be having a little trouble this time hitching up George. He was swaying from side to side, with his trunk and tail swinging, like when he had first got scared at the noise of the motor. Only now he was shifting his feet around too, dancing one of these new-style dances—all in one place.

Every once in a while he would make a little snorty noise in his trunk; and his ears, which had formerly laid flat against his head, were now commencing to stand out like the sails of a ship. The keeper was hollering to him to stay still and trying to hook the chains onto the tractor.

I began to feel a little uneasy. I looked up at George's big rear end, heaving back and forth, and all at once I remembered how years before I had once stood behind a mule out in Tarkio, Missouri, and how that mule had give me a kick that like to finished my career. And here I was, standing behind George just like I had once stood behind that Missouri mule, and George was ten times as big. And for all I knew, an elephant could kick out behind just like a mule, only with ten times the power. I got to looking at George's hind legs, built like a couple of telephone poles, all covered with thick scabby hide, and with each toe nail as big as a mule's whole hoof. And then I noticed again how George's body was swaying from side to side like he was working himself up to do something violent, and finally I got down off the tractor.

"Is there any danger," I asked the keeper, "of him kicking out behind like a mule?"

The keeper laughed like he thought I was a dumb-bell.

"No," he said. "When you're behind him, you're safe. But if he turns around and goes for you with his tusks, then you want to look out."

I got back on the tractor. And pretty soon they got the chains hooked up and I grabbed hold of the clutch lever. On an Earthworm tractor, the clutch is shifted with a big lever, not a pedal. The keeper waved to me that he was ready and gave George a little poke.

(Continued on Page 221)

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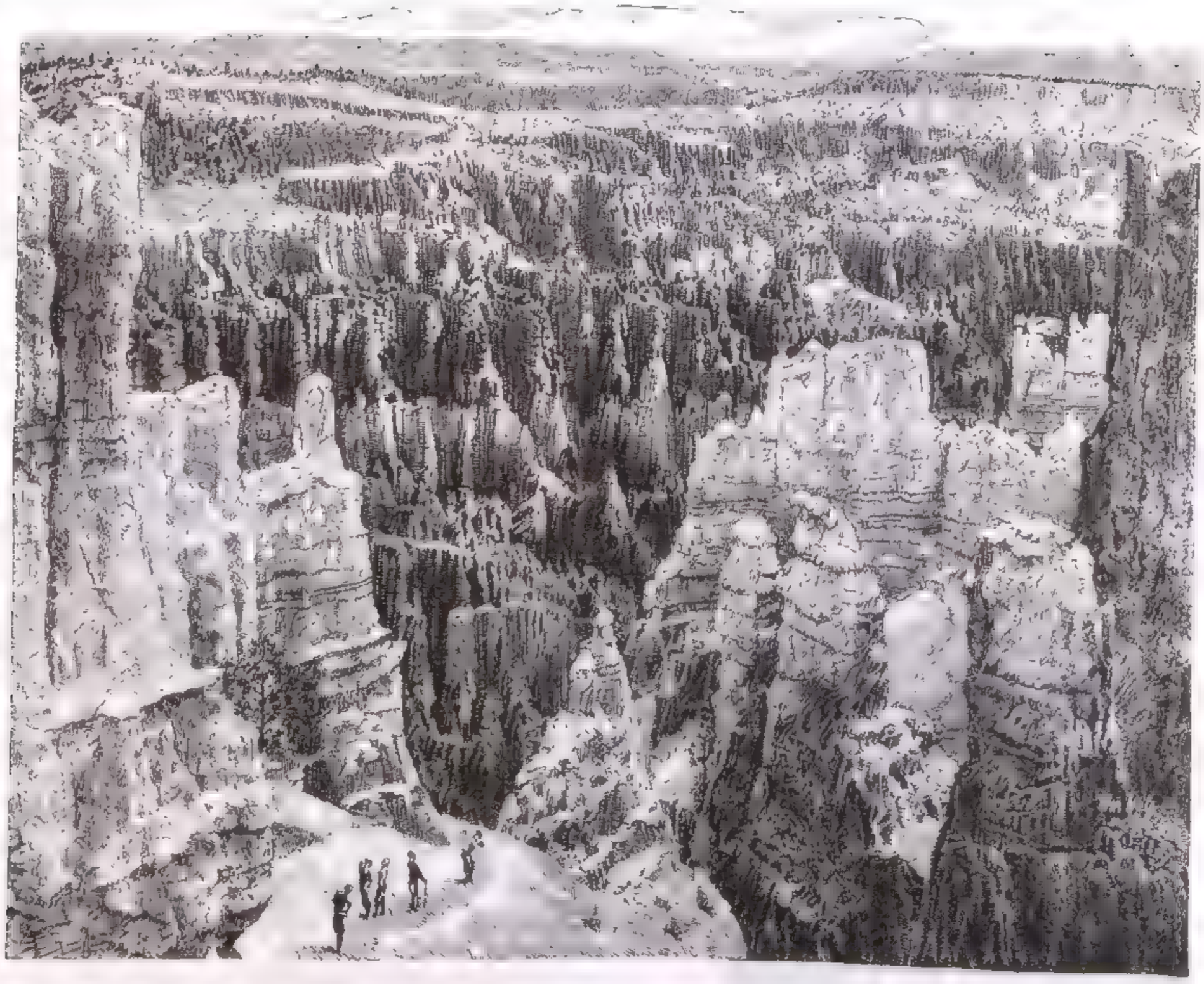

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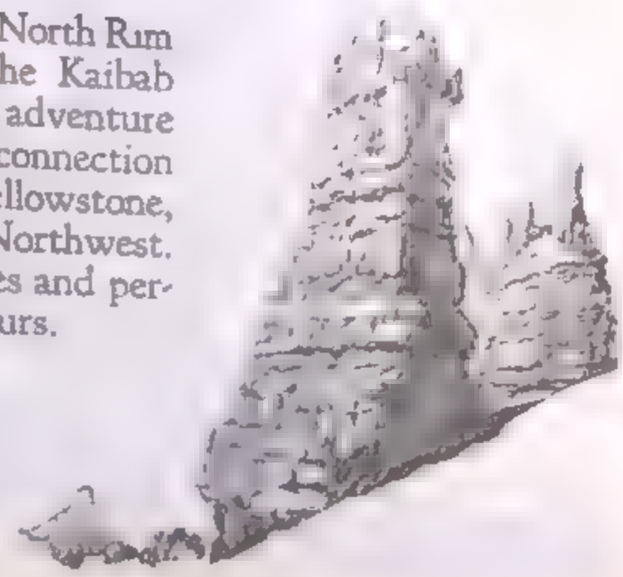

(Continued from Page 218)

I shoved in the clutch. The tractor started backward and bumped George right in his large rear end. He let out a little squeal and whirled around. As I saw his trunk swinging over my head with them two big ivory weapons on each side, I let go everything and made one jump out of that tractor. As I went through the air, it come over me what had happened; the gear-shift lever was still in reverse.

I lit on a rolling cobble, turned my ankle, fell flat, and rolled over just in time to see the tractor, still in reverse, hit George again, this time on his side. George shied off and started down the field, still harnessed to the tractor, which backed along behind him at an even speed of three miles an hour. Across the whole field they went, with George pulling like a locomotive, and the tractor following. I tried to run after, but couldn't make it with my hurt ankle.

Finally George gave an awful sidewise jerk, broke his leather collar, got loose, turned around, lifted up his trunk and let out a squeal as loud as a factory whistle. Then he curled up his trunk, put down his head and butted the tractor from the side, spinning the rear end around so that it backed into a telephone pole and stopped with a crash. This seemed to satisfy George as far as the tractor was concerned. He lifted his trunk, let out another blast of his whistle, then curled his trunk up again, stuck his ears straight out from the sides of his head and started for us.

I forgot my turned ankle. The next I remember I was inside the big elephant house, hiding behind the bars in one of the stalls. I must have streaked in there in about one-fifth of one second. Outside I could hear the keeper hollering and catch a glimpse of men running with pointed poles, and finally they drove old George, squealing and fighting, back into his cage.

I crept out of my hiding place and found the old keeper. He was mad and pleased at the same time.

"It's no way to treat a self-respecting elephant," he said. "Fortunately, nobody got hurt, and George will calm down pretty quick now. And he sure dragged your tractor around, didn't he? You owe me fifty dollars rent and fifty dollars on the bet."

I didn't have the heart to argue with him, and I wouldn't have dared ask for another trial, even if the tractor had been all right, which I didn't think it was. I paid him the hundred dollars, wondering just what the boss would say when he saw it charged on my expense account and found out we had got no picture and smashed the tractor besides.

I went outside, and Sam and the camera had disappeared completely. One of the men told me that Sam had got a fine picture of everything while George was dragging the tractor. About the time George broke loose, though, Sam got scared and quit cranking. And when George started in our direction, they said that Sam took the camera and sprinted out the gate so fast they could hardly see him.

"And he better keep right on going," I said, "because if I find him I'm liable to kill him."

I looked over the tractor. It was not seriously damaged, but would need a few extra parts from New York to put it in shape to drive back to Mount Vernon. It was then five o'clock in the afternoon, so I got on the train and went back to New York, and not a sign of Sam did I see.

Next morning I reached the office a little late. I was hobbling along on a game ankle and I was not at all happy.

"How was the demonstration?" asked the boss.

"Not so very good," I said.

"What was the matter? Couldn't you pull the elephant?"

"Sure, we pulled him all right. But we didn't get a picture."

"No picture?" said the boss. "Why, a young man from the film company arrived half an hour ago with the film and a projection machine. He's setting up the machine now in the stock room, where he can throw the picture on the big white wall. Says he has a fine picture to show us."

"He's a nut," I said. "But wait till you see it."

"All right," said the boss. "I'll be in there in a minute."

I walked back into the stock room. The lights were out and they had hung blankets over the windows. I couldn't see much, but several of the salesmen seemed to be in there. I heard Sam's voice say, "All right, here she goes!" And the machine began to click. Then I heard the boss' voice behind me in the office

"Come right in, Mr. Stuart," he said. "You are just in time. We had to have the test yesterday—couldn't get the elephant any other day—and we have motion pictures of the whole thing. My mechanic tells me the little five-ton tractor pulled a large elephant all over the lot. He said something about the pictures not being quite satisfactory, but they ought to show something. Come right in. The young man is running them through now."

Dimly, through the darkness, I could see the boss and Mr. Stuart entering the stock room. I had to think fast. I couldn't very well throw them out, but at least I could knock over the picture machine. I started toward it across the room.

"It sure is a peach of a picture," came a voice out of the darkness. It was one of the salesmen.

"Look at that little five-ton tractor," came another voice, "pulling that big elephant right along!"

I took a side glance at the picture. I stopped in my tracks. The picture was clear and fine; there was the tractor, and there was old George, big as life. And the tractor was dragging George backward slowly and steadily. There seemed to be something funny about the picture, but I couldn't tell just what. George was pulling hard. He was leaning into his collar and shuffling his feet as if walking, but he was moving to the rear. Then I heard Sam's voice:

"Oh, I know what's the matter. I've got this film running through backward. Just a minute; I'll change it."

One jump took me to his side.

"Keep on turning," I whispered in his ear, "and keep your mouth shut or I'll murder you."

"But," began Sam, "I've got it ——"

"Shut up," I said, "and keep on turning!"

Sam shut up and kept turning.

"What's that he said?" asked Mr. Stuart. "Something about something going backward?"

"He said the tractor is pulling the elephant backward," I called out, remembering the deaf man in the old home-town cartoons.

The picture went clicking merrily on. Mr. Stuart came over near the projection machine.

"I say," he remarked, "it's a most extraordinary picture. And the way that elephant moves his feet as he is pulled backward is most remarkable. I never saw anything quite like it."

Yes, it was remarkable, all right. When you take a moving picture of an elephant walking forward, and then run the film backward, you get some funny motions of the feet. But I didn't want to explain this to Mr. Stuart, so I just said, "An elephant always moves his feet in that curious way when he is being dragged. I take it you have never before seen a tractor pulling an elephant?"

"No," admitted Mr. Stuart, "I never have. And by the way," he went on, "I notice there is no operator in the tractor. Most extraordinary, I should say."

"Yes," I said, "on level ground it is possible to set the tractor so it will run by itself. I had got out to make sure the pictures were being taken properly."

The show went on. Everything was happening in reverse order; it had started down at the far end of the field and was working back to the center, where I had made that flying leap out of the tractor. All at once it come over me how that jump would look if run through backward. Already, in the corner of the picture, I could see myself lying flat on the ground. If the picture kept on, it would show me suddenly jumping backward from that position straight up into the air about eight feet, and landing sitting down in the tractor. And even this dumb Mr. Stuart wouldn't swallow a thing like that.

I leaned over and whispered to Sam. "Stop that picture and keep your mouth shut!" Sam stopped the picture. "That is all, gentlemen," I shouted. "Lights, please!" The lights were turned on. "The cameraman here," I announced, "is sorry, but he has a very important engagement uptown and can't stay to talk to you."

Sam started to open his mouth, but I give him a look that made him shut it.

"Here is your hat," I said. I made him pick up his projection machine, and I took his arm and led him out the side door.

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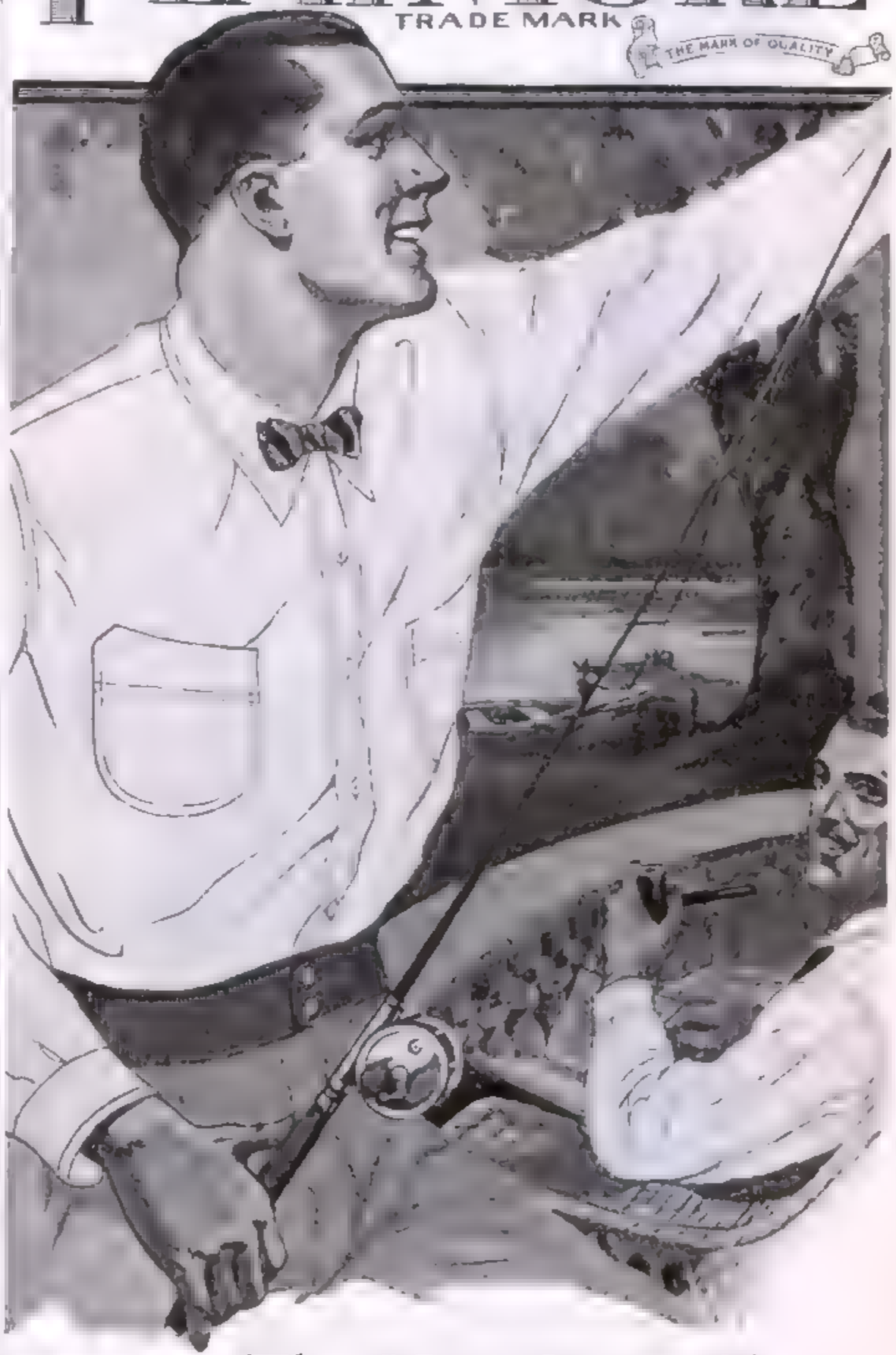

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"Sam," I said, "you did a pretty good job after all. But it ain't safe for you to stay around here. You run along back to your office, and I'll be around later and settle with your boss and give you a good recommendation.

"But don't you stick your nose in here again, because somebody might shoot you. Good-by."

I watched him till he got out of sight, and then I walked back and listened outside the boss' private office. I could hear Mr. Stuart's voice inside.

"That was most extraordinary," he said, "most impressive. I had almost made up my mind anyway, but after this visual proof, I no longer have any doubts. Seeing is believing. I have decided to purchase six of your five-ton Earthworm tractors."

There followed a faint scratching noise which I knew was a pen traveling jerkily along a dotted line.

MAKING AMENDMENTS

(Continued from Page 35)

for the purpose of determining the policy of the Government and of crystallizing the sentiments of the majority into legislation. It seems to be trifling with the rights of the people when their mandates cannot be obeyed within a reasonable time. It is unfair to an administration that the legislation which it thinks essential to the prosperity of the country should be so long deferred. It is true an extraordinary session may be called early in March, but such sessions are limited generally to one or two subjects, which of necessity wastes the time of each House, waiting for the other to consider and pass the measures.

At the present time the second regular session does not convene until after the election of the succeeding Congress. As an election often changes the political complexion of a Congress, under the present law we frequently have the injustice of a Congress that has been disapproved by the people enacting laws for the people opposed to their last expression. Such a condition does violence to the rights of the majority. A member of the House of Representatives barely gets started in his work when the time arrives for renomination. He has accomplished nothing, and hence has made no record upon which to go before his party or his people. This is an injustice both to the members and to the people. The record of a representative should be completed before he asks an indorsement.

Under the present system a contest over a seat in the House of Representatives is seldom decided until more than half the term, and in many instances until a period of twenty-two months of the term has expired. For all that time the occupant of the seat draws the salary, and if his opponent be seated he also draws the salary for the full term; thus the Government pays twice for the representation from that district. But that is not the worst feature of the situation; during all that time the district is being misrepresented, at least politically, in Congress.

An amendment should be adopted eliminating the short session of Congress. The short session is not a good institution. It has been the source of much criticism and ought to be abandoned. No vital governmental questions can be considered during a short session.

The President and the Vice President should enter upon the performance of their respective duties as soon as the new Congress counts the electoral votes. It is the old Congress which now counts the electoral votes. It is dangerous to permit a defeated party to retain control of the machinery by which such important officers are declared elected.

January Weather

If no candidate for President receives a majority of the electoral votes, the Constitution provides that the House of Representatives shall elect the President, each state having one vote. At the present time it is the old House of Representatives that elects the President under such contingency and thereby it becomes possible for a political party repudiated by the people to elect a President. Under the present provision of the Constitution, in the event the House fails to choose a President before the fourth of March, then the Vice President becomes President for four years. This affords a temptation by mere delay to defeat the will of the people, and if it is ever exercised it will lead to grave consequences.

January weather might be inclement for an inaugural parade, but that is a reason too insignificant to constitute a serious argument against a constitutional amendment which would convene the new Congress in the January following their election. Nearly all the governors of states are inaugurated in January. The pomp and ceremony which usually attend the coronations of monarchs are at least not necessary to a republic.

In my opinion sound public policy requires that each amendment to the Constitution hereafter submitted should contain a limitation of the time within which the states may ratify the particular amendment, as was done in the Eighteenth Amendment by the following provision:

"Section 3. This article shall be inoperative unless it shall have been ratified as an amendment to the Constitution by the legislatures of the several states, as provided in the Constitution, within seven years from the date of the submission hereof to the states by the Congress."

It is startling to reflect upon the complexities that have come and that may come in the future by a continued failure to set a time limit within which a proposed amendment may be ratified.

Amendments Pending

Five different amendments proposed by the Congress are now pending before the states for their action. These amendments are as follows:

One, proposed September 29, 1789, one hundred and thirty-five years ago, relating to enumeration and representation:

"Article I. After the first enumeration required by the first article of the Constitution there shall be one representative for every 30,000 until the number shall amount to 100, after which the proportion shall be so regulated by Congress that there shall be not less than 100 representatives, nor less than one representative for every 40,000 persons, until the number of representatives shall amount to 200, after which the proportion shall be so regulated by Congress that there shall not be less than 200 representatives nor more than one representative for every 50,000 persons."

Another, proposed September 29, 1789, one hundred and thirty-five years ago, relating to compensation of members of Congress:

"Article II. No law varying the compensation for the services of the senators and representatives shall take effect until an election of representatives shall have intervened."

Another, proposed January 12, 1810, one hundred and fifteen years ago, to prohibit citizens of the United States from accepting presents, pensions, or titles from princes or from foreign powers:

"If any citizen of the United States shall accept, claim, receive or retain any title of nobility or honor, or shall, without the consent of Congress, accept and retain any present, pension, office or emolument of any kind whatever, from any emperor, king, prince or foreign power, such person shall cease to be a citizen of the United States, and shall be incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under them, or either of them."

Another, proposed March 2, 1861, sixty-four years ago, known as the Corwin Amendment, prohibiting Congress from interfering with slavery within the states:

"No amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give to Congress the power to abolish or interfere, within any state, with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or service by the laws of said state." (12 Stat. 251.)

And still another, proposed June 2, 1924, the Child Labor Amendment:

"Section 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the

(Continued on Page 225)

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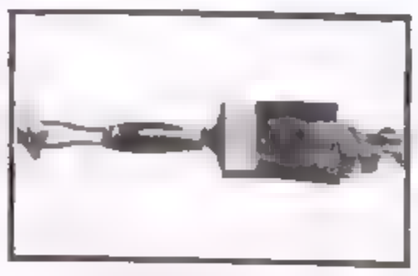

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ACCOUNTING MACHINES *with the* FLAT WRITING SURFACE

(Continued from Page 222)

labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

"SECTION 2. The power of the several states is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of state laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress."

On September 29, 1789, twelve constitutional amendments were proposed by the First Congress. The requisite number of states ratified proposed articles numbered 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 within two years and three months, while Nos. 1 and 2, although proposed one hundred and thirty-five years ago, have not, according to the latest available returns, received favorable action by the requisite number of states and are yet before the American people or the states; rather, have been for one hundred and thirty-five years, and are now subject to ratification or rejection by the states. After those two proposed amendments, to wit, Nos. 1 and 2, had been *in nubibus*—in the clouds—for eighty-four years, the Ohio State Senate in 1873, in response to a tide of indignation that swept over the land in opposition to the so-called back-salary grab, resurrected proposed amendment No. 2 and passed a resolution of ratification through the state senate. No criticism can be visited upon the Ohio Legislature that attempted to ratify the amendment proposed in 1789; and if the amendment had been freshly proposed by Congress at the time of the back-salary grab, instead of having been drawn forth from musty tomes, where it had so long lain idle, stale and dormant, other states doubtless would have ratified it during the period from 1873 to 1881.

Contemporaneous Action

Thus it would seem that a period of one hundred and thirty-five years within which a state may act is altogether too long. We should not hand down to posterity a conglomerate mass of amendments floating around in a nebulous haze, which a state here may resurrect and ratify and a state there may galvanize and ratify.

We ought to have homogeneous, steady, united exertion, and certainly we should have contemporaneous action with reference to proposed amendments. Judgment on the case should be rendered within the lifetime of those interested in bringing about the change in our fundamental law. Final action should be had while the discussions and arguments are within the remembrance of those who are called upon to act.

The amendment proposed on January 12, 1810, was submitted to the states under peculiar auspices.

It is probable that the Congress which submitted that amendment believed that when officials accept presents of value they dissolve the pearl of independence in the vinegar of obligation.

Unfortunately, the annals of Congress and contemporary newspapers do not give any of the debate upon this interesting proposition. The only light thrown upon the subject by the annals is the remark of Mr. Macon, who said "he considered the vote on this question as deciding whether or not we were to have members of the Legion of Honor in this country."

What event connected with our diplomatic or political history suggested the need of such an amendment is not now apparent, but it is possible that the presence of Jerome Bonaparte in this country a few years previous, and his marriage to a Maryland lady, may have suggested this amendment.

An article in Niles' Register—Volume 72, Page 166—written many years after this event, refers to an amendment having been adopted to prevent any but native-born citizens from being President of the United States. This is, of course, a mistake, as the Constitution in its original form contained such a provision; but it may be possible that the circumstances referred to by the writer in Niles' relate to the passage through Congress of this amendment. The article referred to maintains that at the time Jerome Bonaparte was in this country the Federalist Party, as a political trick, affecting to apprehend that Jerome might find his way to the Presidency through "French influence," proposed the amendment. The Federalists thought the Democrats would oppose the amendment as unnecessary, which would thus appear to the public as a further proof of their subserviency to French influence. The Democrats, to avoid this imputation, concluded to carry the amendment.

"It can do no harm" was what reconciled all to the amendment.

That amendment was submitted by Congress one hundred and fifteen years ago, and it was ratified within two years by Maryland, Kentucky, Ohio, Delaware, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Vermont, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, Massachusetts and New Hampshire. It was rejected by two or three of the states. At one period of our national life the histories and the public men announced that it was a part of our organic law, and this error arose because in the early days of our Government the Secretary of State did not send messages to Congress announcing ratification and did not promulgate any notice as to when an amendment became a part of the Constitution. I have caused the journals, records and files in the Department of State to be searched, and there may not be found any notice of any proclamation of the ratification of the first ten amendments to the Constitution. The states assumed—it was not an unwarranted or violent assumption—that when the requisite number of states had ratified an amendment it was then and there a part of our organic law.

On March 2, 1861, the Corwin Amendment, quoted above, was proposed by Congress

There are not a hundred persons in the United States who know that such an amendment is now pending before the various states of the Union for their ratification. The amendment was ratified by the state of Ohio and by the state of Maryland through their legislatures, and was attempted to be ratified by the state of Illinois in 1862 by a convention.

Thus we perceive that a system which permits of no limitation as to the time when an amendment may be voted upon by the state legislatures is not fair to posterity or to the present generation. It keeps historians, publishers and annalists, as well as the general public, constantly in doubt.

Having searched closely as to whether there is in the Constitution itself any expressed or implied limitation of time as to when an amendment may be adopted, I am driven irresistibly to the conclusion, with all due deference to the opinion in Dillon versus Gloss, 256 U. S. Reports, page 368, that an amendment to the Constitution, once having been duly proposed, although proposed as remotely as September 29, 1789, may not be recalled even by the unanimous vote of both Houses, if the Congress wished the same recalled, because the power to submit an amendment is specifically pointed out; but no power is given to recall the same, and silence is negation.

I am of opinion that a state which rejects a proposed amendment may, of course, at any time thereafter ratify the same, and a state which adopts or ratifies a proposed amendment may withdraw its ratification, provided it withdraws such ratification before the required number of states shall have ratified.

Sixty Years of Immobility

Neither the legislatures of the various states nor conventions therein should be eligible to ratify proposed amendments to the Federal Constitution. The qualified electors themselves should be the only authority eligible to ratify proposed amendments to the Constitution of the United States.

Amendments have come by amendment epochs. For all practical purposes the first ten amendments—the Bill of Rights—will be herein considered as a part of the original Constitution. The Eleventh and Twelfth amendments were adopted in the ten-year period between 1794 and 1804; the Eleventh was brought about by the decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Chisholm versus Georgia (2 Dallas, page 419), which held that a state could be sued by an individual citizen of another state; the Twelfth was brought about by the tie in the Electoral College between Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr. Call that the first amendment epoch. Then, notwithstanding that many score of amendments were introduced in Congress and two were submitted between 1804 and 1864, no amendment was adopted; thus there was a sixty-year period of immobility with respect to amending our Federal Constitution.

Then came the second amendment epoch, which began in 1865 and lasted until 1870. In that five-year period the Thirteenth,

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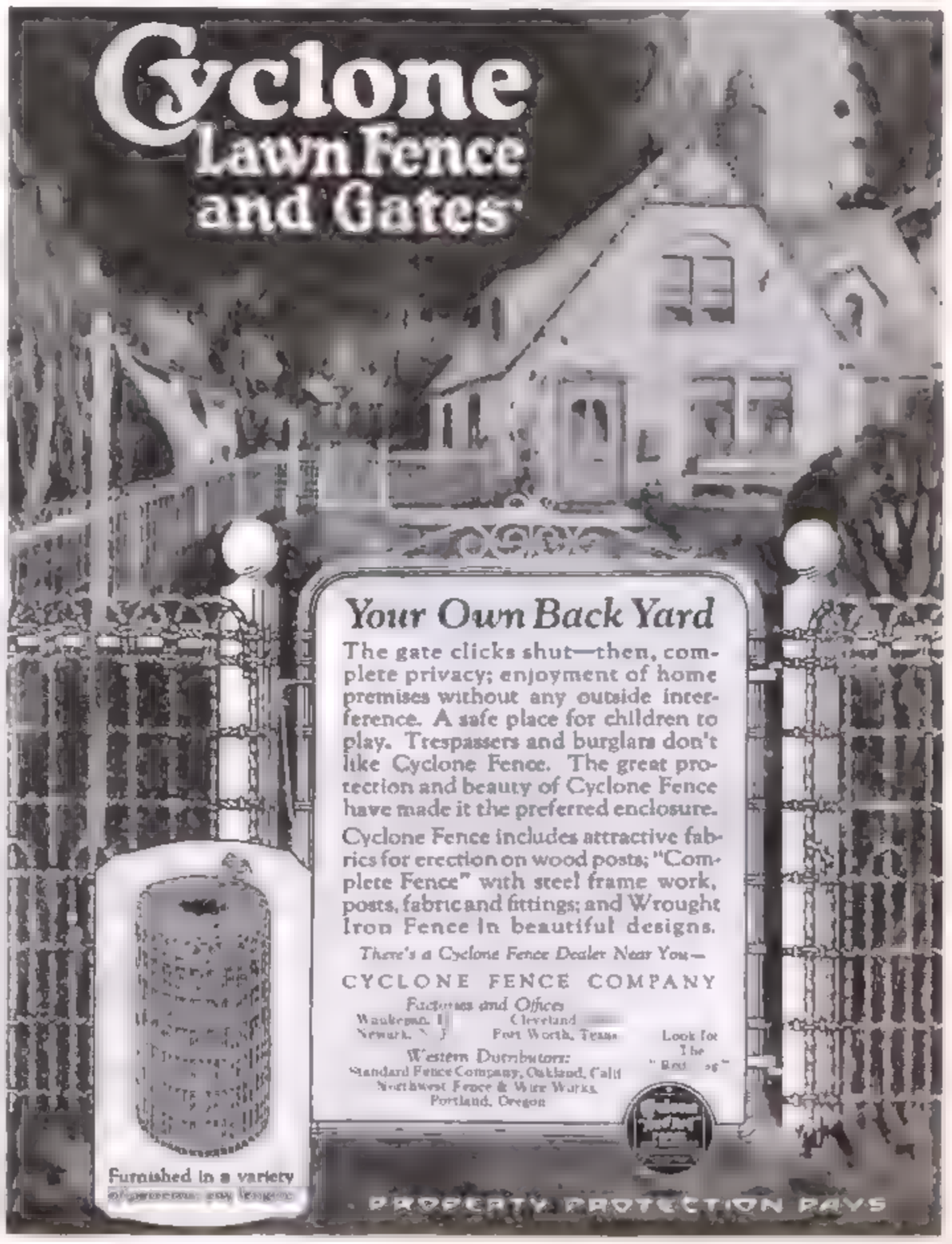
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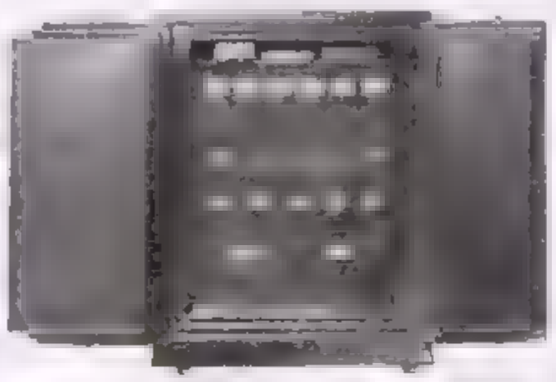

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Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments were proposed and ratified.

Then came over forty years of immobility; and then came the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth and Nineteenth amendments—the third amendment epoch, 1909 to this date—showing that these amendments move in cycles.

The Federal Constitution conserves and protects all that Americans hold precious; it should not be changed by legislative caucus.

There is not a state in the Federal Union whose constitution may be amended by the state legislature. The State of Delaware is an apparent but not a real exception, as Delaware requires that an amendment to the state constitution must be proposed by at least two-thirds of one legislature, then there must be notice to the electors for a certain period before the next election so that if they desire they may express their will at the polls upon the proposition; then the amendment must be ratified by a second legislature by a two-thirds vote, which gives the people an indirect vote. The various state constitutions may be amended only by the electorate of the state. How archaic, therefore, it is to deny the electorate an opportunity to express itself upon proposed changes in our fundamental law.

If the consent of the voters be required to alter and amend a state constitution, *a fortiori* the vote of the people should be required to change the Federal Constitution.

It is vital to our American system that the voter should have an opportunity to say at the ballot box under what form of government he desires to live.

If we are not willing that the state legislatures should choose United States senators, for a much stronger reason the legislatures should not change our fundamental law.

Every argument in favor of the election of senators by a direct vote of the people is a stronger argument in favor of consulting the people on constitutional amendments.

I favored the amendments providing for the income tax, direct election of senators, prohibition and woman suffrage. I believe they were wise amendments, and that they were a response to the deliberate judgment and progressive thought of a vast majority of our countrymen; indeed, I believe those amendments were demanded by the people and were not forced upon the people. If a referendum to the people on the Prohibition and Woman Suffrage amendments could have been had, each amendment would have been ratified by the electors.

According to the data of the year 1919, the aggregate membership of the legislatures of the states was 7403 members.

A mere majority of the membership of the legislatures in three-fourths of the several states, plus two-thirds of the 531 members of Congress, may and do propose and ratify amendments to the Federal Constitution.

Thus about three thousand men could change the structure of our Government to any form their fancy suggested or the lobbyist dictated, and the people would have no opportunity to defeat or reject the proposed amendments.

Our American system and public right should not be at the disposal of legislative caucuses, but should be guarded by the free ballot of all the citizens.

Constitutional amendments should be ratified by the qualified electors in each state, and not by the legislatures of the states.

The Poets' Corner

Heart's Vision

I LIKE to think of you when you were just a little boy,
Before I ever knew you, heard your name or caught your smile;
Before you'd learned what life is made of—love and pain and joy—
And that was years ago, my dear; a long, long while!

But rainy Sundays when you sit and whittle,
I have a glimpse of you when you were little.

Head dark against the western light, that boy of long ago
Carves magic chains, beguiling boxes, for our tiny maid;
Pursing his lips in slow, soft whistling, deep-set eyes aglow,
With pride in his technic and in his sharp-whet blade.

Watching, I think I see him, earnest, little,
Out in the woodshed, learning how to whittle!

I love your baby picture, and the scared one ten months old;
The kilted chap of four—he wears your own straight, steady look—
The high-school graduate's stiff pose; shy mouth, demeanor bold.
But, oh, the lad I'm seeking isn't in that book!

Dearest, those rainy Sundays when you whittle,
He sits there too, so lovable, so little!

—*Katharine Sawin Oakes.*

Regret

IT IS a little sad, I think,
That though, when first we met,
Our spirits touched—yet now apart
They move—and we forget

The loveliness of broken things,
The shadow hands that drew
Us on—the far-off sound of wings—
And what was almost true.

It is a little sad that we,
So close to paradise,
Should lose our way and stumble past
The gates, with blinded eyes.

—*Mary Dixon Thayer.*

The Wind

GUSTILY over the hills
Does the wind go by,
Singing old songs that we loved
Under the sky;
Spindrift, veiling the stars,
Trembles like mist
On the face of the fading rose
That the frost has kissed.

Night on a hundred hills;
The sheep in the fold,
And the boats all in, and the lights
Burnt amber and gold
Where the village slopes to the downs
And the downs to the sea—
And the surge and thrill of the wind
In the heart o' me.

Shaken, the lamp's flame bends
Where the gale whirls in;
The chimney's throat is a sigh
And the soot blows thin;
The dog on the hearthrug whines
With a note of doubt;
In hollow and haunted wood
Are the witch fires out.

Wild is the voice of the wind
In the night abroad,
Laughing across the hill
And adown the road;
Stirring the autumn grass
Where the dark leaves fall
Over the ancient graves
By the churchyard wall;

Rippling the sullen face
Of the long lagoon,
Till the shadows break and flee,
And the ghost of a moon
Steals up at the midnight hour
From the world's dark rim;
And the chant of the wind swells high
Like a pagan hymn.

Endlessly, all through the night
Does the wind go by,
Singing old songs that we loved
Under the sky;
Over the haunted wood
And the long dim shore,
Endlessly calling your name,
Who will come no more!

—*Mary Lanier Magruder.*

After centuries of waste, the finer flavors of wheat are now

CAPTURED!

BAKED!

SEALED!

DELIVERED!

Few people of today know the rich wheat flavors enjoyed by ancient Orientals. For while their wheat was crushed with flat stones, their appetites were not crushed with flat tastes.

They could bake with fresh-milled flour!

What have you ever tasted that was baked with fresh-milled flour?

A New Taste—
The *true* wheat taste

A BRAND-NEW FLAVOR in wheat . . . the age-old food . . . How the rich flavors which soil and sunlight store in ripened grain are conserved by a new process . . . Why this new delight in crisp, fresh, full-flavored wheat-crackers is winning the favor of the nation!

Freshness is the vital quality in food!

The finer flavors in grains as in vegetables and fruits are contained in aromatic oils. These oils are delicate. They evaporate when exposed. They perish with age.

That is why fresh-ground coffee is richer and more appetizing than old-ground coffee—why strawberries, fresh and dewy from the garden, are so much nicer than those which have lain in crates—why fresh eggs, fruits and vegetables are so different from the storage kind—why fresh-milled flour is so rich with flavor while old flour is such a lifeless starch.

Capturing a Flavor

Years ago we learned how to bake fresh-milled flour. Whereas other bakers held that flour must first be aged. That gave us the most popular cracker in the territory where it was sold.

Then we discovered a new form of package. We tested it in a hundred ways. Crackers were sent to South Africa and back, crossing the humid equator twice. They returned fresh and crisp. Other packages were left all night in a drenching rain and immersed for twenty-four hours in water. The crackers came out just as they went in.

So that now we deliver crackers across the United States in as fresh and crisp condition as across the street the day they are baked.

The Edgemont Process captures these rich oils—bakes the full fresh flavors of wheat into crackers—packs these crackers hot from the oven—seals the flavors in and keeps all moisture out. So that you have delivered to your table fresh, crisp Edgemont Crackers with flavors that you never before have tasted.

No other crackers are so made or so delivered.

A flour mill at the Edgemont Bakery

Wheat comes into the Edgemont Bakeries one day and goes out as crackers the next. The flour is milled in four minutes!—quickly mixed and sealed in the dough!—baked while fresh and full of flavor! Thus you get the true wheat taste in Edgemont Crackers.

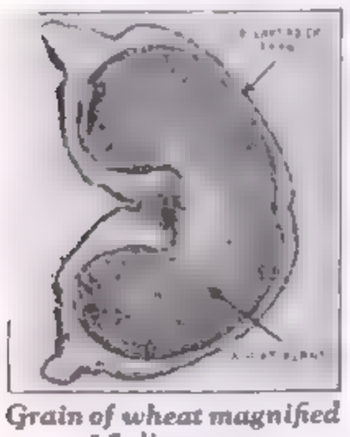
Crackers now have Flavor—
such flavor as you never before have known—
the *true* wheat taste

Wheat is now made so delicious that people eat hungrily—old and young—at all times of the day. "Edgemonts" are served to children after school and instead of bread at meal time. People find that these oven-fresh, wheat-crackers add a touch of appetizing zest to the entire meal.

"Edgemonts" come as though you had just baked them from fresh-crushed wheat. They come with the bloom of the oven, done to a golden brown. Packed 1¼ pounds to the package, they cost about the same as ordinary crackers.

You will find them where good foods are sold.

THE GREEN & GREEN COMPANY
Dayton, Ohio

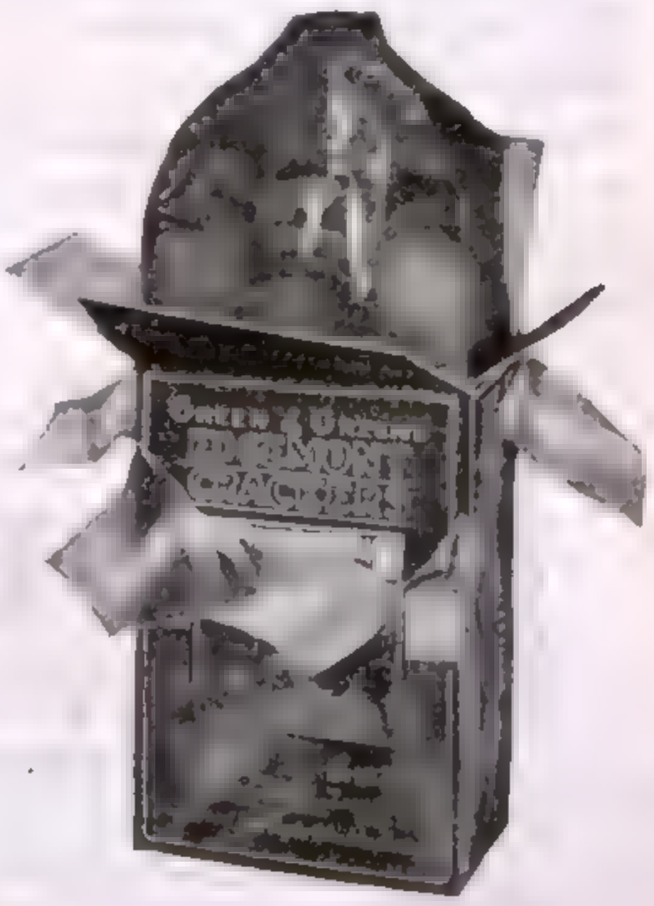


Grain of wheat magnified 15 diameters

This is a microscopic photograph of a grain of wheat. It is enlarged many times the actual size. Notice the way nature protects the precious kernel of the wheat (see picture). There are actually six layers of bran which form the outside cover or shell of the wheat. As long as these bran coats are left intact, the contents will keep. But once broken, the oils which contain the flavors are exposed and evaporate.

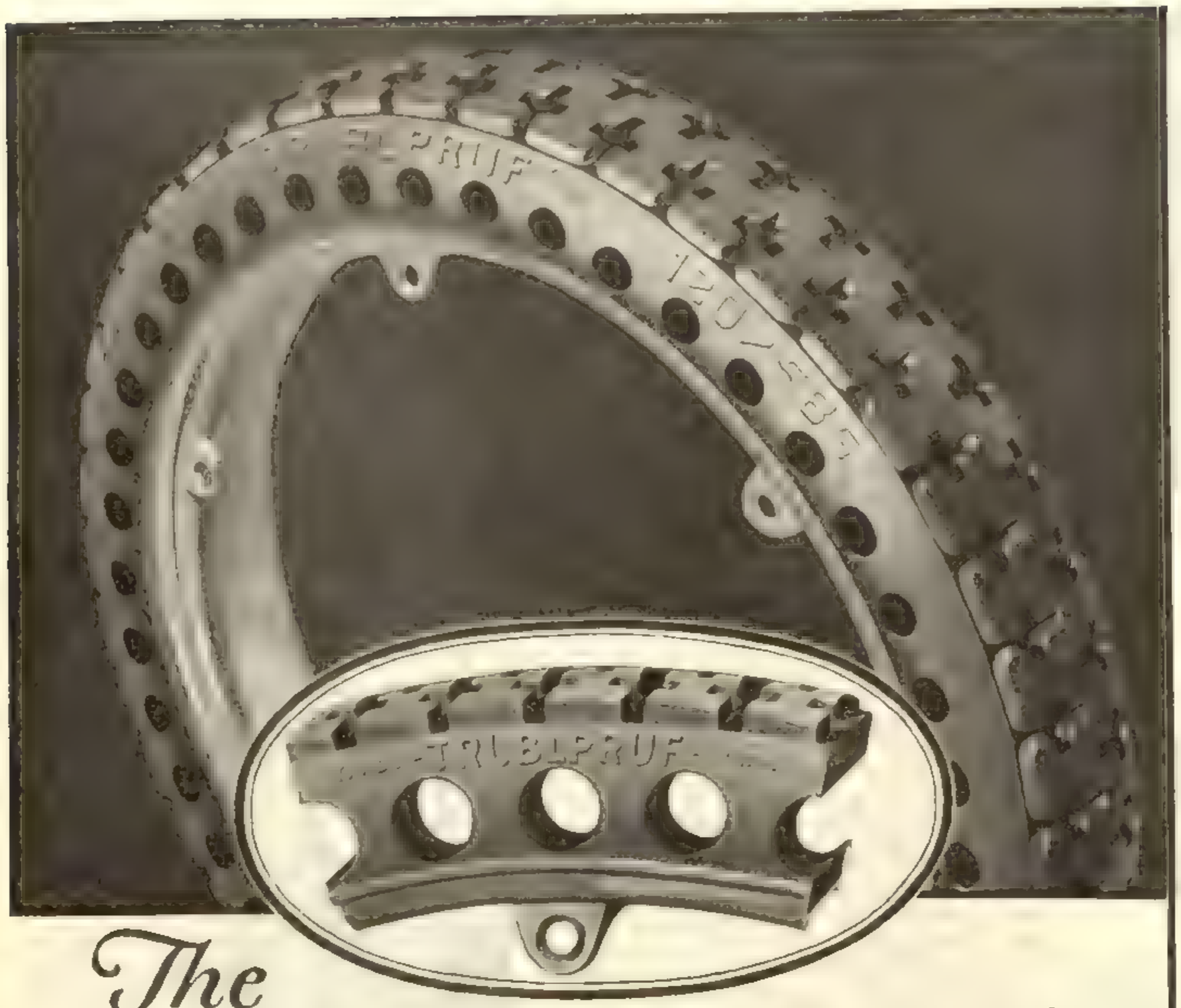
The only way to save the flavor is to bake the flour, fresh from the mill.

Just as nature protects the elusive flavors of wheat with six bran coats, we protect these full flavored "Edgemonts" with three coverings. Our triple-wrapped package is patented (U. S. Patent No. 1,454,888).



EDGEMONT
Crackers

SERVED AS BREAD



The Holes Go Clear Through

This exclusive feature of Lambert "Trublpruf" Tires adds resilience and long life to their uninterrupted service and freedom from upkeep cost.

The elimination of punctures and blowouts is only one of the savings made possible by Lambert "Trublpruf" Tire construction. By means of the holes that go clear through, Lambert Tires approximate the resilience of fully inflated pneumatics and carry off the frictional heat which shortens the life of ordinary tires.

While the Lambert guarantee is for 10,000 miles of uninterrupted service, users report an average of nearly 30,000 miles without tire trouble or tire upkeep cost.

This combination of resilience, long life and freedom from delays has brought tire savings of 25 to 60 percent to Lambert users in every line of business.

A condensed report of user opinions is contained in our booklet "The Evidence Rolls On." A copy will be mailed by the nearest Lambert Distributor or

LAMBERT TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, *Akron, Ohio*

Originators of a Cushion Tire Built on a Demountable Rim

LAMBERT TIRES

"TRUBLPRUF"

This is the second advertisement of a national campaign which will continue throughout 1925. Lambert dealers are averaging 100% increases in Lambert Tire sales, each year. Tire dealers, auto dealers and business men seeking a profitable commercial tire connection are invited to write for our dealer proposition.

The Business Tire

Lambert "Trublpruf" Tires are being used by—

Auto Dealers	*Furniture Stores*
Bakers	*Gas Companies*
Baggagemen	*Groceries*
Banks	*Ice Companies*
Butchers	*Ice Cream Cos.*
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Bus Companies	*Laundries*
Creameries	*Lumbermen*
Coal Companies	*Meat Packers*
Contractors	*Movers*
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Canning Cos.	*Paint Makers*
City Utilities	*Public Utilities*
Dry Cleaners	*Railroads*
Doctors	*Retail Stores*
Dairymen	*Rural Mail Men*
District Schools	*Road Builders*
Farmers	*Salesmen*
Fire Departments	*Wholesalers*

They are built in all standard demountable sizes for cars and light trucks. Changeover is as simple as putting on a spare. There are also press-on Lamberts to replace solid tires.

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THE SOCIAL ATLANTIC

(Continued from Page 14)

This conversation has been conducted in loud tones in a rather small restaurant, where other less conspicuous Americans have been lunching with French or English friends. Is it any wonder then that the foreigners turn with tactful manner to the quiet Americans and say, meaning to compliment them, "I'd never know you were American"? And can we condemn completely the American who is thereby flattered? At the same time, of course, he could not be truly pleased with the personal compliment if he was not chagrined by the implied criticism of his fellow countrymen.

Foreigners who have never been in the United States, and who therefore judge Americans solely by those whom they see abroad, are the critics who insist that the loud, nasal-voiced, boasting American is the typical American, and that the quiet, well-bred and well-mannered American is the exception and is not typical.

There are at least three reasons for the persistence of this erroneous belief. The first is the obvious fact that one aggressive, bumptious and antagonistic person attracts more attention and implants his image more vividly in the mind of the onlooker than twenty nice people. Secondly, Europeans can never fully realize that the possession of sufficient money to travel widely and to stay at the most expensive hotels and to wear the largest pearls does not necessarily imply, in America, the possession of standards of culture or manner. Every country, of course, has its quota of nouveau riche; England has a large share. But the significant difference is that in England when a man without educational or environmental advantages has worked his way up to the top of the financial world he usually wants to talk and look and act like the traditional Englishman of the leisure, cultivated class. This is true of the newly rich of most European countries. It is not nearly so true of Americans. It comes back, as do so many of the social differences on the two sides of the Atlantic, to a feeling of democracy. The third reason is that a great number of the so-called typical Americans whose voices and whose unsympathetic ideas seem to fill the air of the European tourist centers are not true Americans at all.

This is not because their ancestors have recently arrived, for this is of no consequence, but because the motives which brought them and the standards of their citizenship are quite unlike the motives which impelled the true pioneers and underlie the best American life, regardless of material prosperity.

Americans in Name

In Vienna, a short time ago as I came out of the opera I heard a group of three or four men and women loudly discussing the merits of the soprano. I wondered at first why they all attempted to speak English, for they not only looked foreign but their accent made them almost unintelligible.

Then one of them said, "Vell, ve should tell them about her v'en ve get home to Amurica."

Of course they were Americans in the sense that they had passports which so stated, but from their further conversation, which it was impossible not to hear, it was plain that they were, in every respect except the one of technical citizenship, aliens.

In the hotel lobby of another European capital we encountered a man who insisted upon talking in embarrassingly penetrating tones about the superlative little old New York.

"Why, they don't know what living is over here!" he proclaimed, to the amusement of the bystanders. "Will I be glad to get back to the U. S. A.? Well, I just guess I will! I went to the best show in town last night—they thought it was good! Gee, Belasco would have died laughing."

He went on and on, until the handful of Americans whom he was addressing, disappeared one by one. Later when we asked the manager of the hotel who he was, he laughed. "I am sorry to admit it," he said, "but he comes originally from this very town. He was a little boy when his father went to America."

"Write that on a bulletin for all our foreign friends who think he's a typical American," said one of the group who had suffered from his monologue.

We fell into a discussion then of the habits of Americans abroad; all of us had lived in Europe for some time and had reached nearly the same conclusions about our fellow countrymen.

"The whole trouble," someone summed it up, "is that the essence of all good manners is simplicity. At home we are simple—at least American men almost always are—and we have an idea that it's easy to just be ourselves, but it's the most difficult thing in the world to be simple and natural in unfamiliar surroundings. When everyone speaks a language you don't understand, and there are differences apparent even in the details of eating and shaking hands, it's almost impossible to be at your ease unless you've got tremendous poise and experience."

Another man said, "I'll confess that my own first few months over here were almost ruined because I couldn't reconcile myself to eating breakfast in my room. I wanted to go down to the hotel dining room and eat fruit and cereal, bacon and eggs, and coffee with cream, the way I'd always done at home. I thought no one but invalids and actors had breakfast on trays in their rooms. I insisted at first upon going downstairs, but there was never anyone around, and it took half the morning to scare up a waiter and get a table laid in the dining room. Then I felt as if I were in the middle of Sahara Desert, for no one else ever appeared. Finally I gave up and had it sent to my room. As a matter of fact, I find that as I have dinner so much later here, I only want the customary rolls and coffee with hot milk, and have long since of my own accord given up the heavy breakfast which at home I really need."

Continental Manners

"It's funny how your ideas do change," said the first man. "I'd been over here about four years without once going back to America. Then last year I went home, and my youngest sister undertook to revise all my manners. 'You shake hands with everybody any time you see them,' she said. I told her I had carefully trained myself to do that over here where it was expected, and it had become a fixed habit."

"I admit that one must do a certain amount of adapting oneself, in order to get the best out of living over here," said a woman journalist, "but I hope none of our American men will ever adopt that boorish custom of going ahead of women, the way some of these men do. Of course it springs from their low estimate of women."

The American wife of a diplomat from one of the Balkan States interrupted. "But, my dear, it does not spring from anything of the kind. At least in my husband's part of the world it comes from a chivalrous attitude toward women."

"But how can it?" said the journalist. "Chivalry means giving precedence to women."

"It depends upon the surrounding circumstances," the diplomat's wife answered. "I admit, though, that I was as shocked as you when I was first married and went to my husband's country to live and found that when we left the house together he always went ahead of me. At last I spoke to him about it, and he explained that they had always considered the danger of being attacked as they left the house, so the man went first, in order, if necessary, to be able to protect the woman."

Many of the other differences in manners which puzzle Americans when they go to Europe, and are equally difficult for the Europeans who come, though in less number, to our country, can be traced to real differences in the economic and social foundations which underlie a nation's origin. Many times customs which have long ceased to serve their utilitarian purpose have become through habit an integral part of a people's code of good manners.

The custom of shaking hands, for instance, which on the Continent is carried to an extreme, is supposed to have originated in the desire to prove that a man was unarmed. A great many other differences in habits are due to the existence of a definite servant class in Europe and the gradual elimination of trained and contented personal servitors in America.

In a typical English country house a maid comes quietly into one's bedroom early in the morning, closes the windows,

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EVERY pair of Smartsilk Hosiery carries, first, a written guarantee of satisfaction from the maker—unlimited, unqualified—

Behind this guarantee stands a *second* guarantee, an ironclad bond that makes assurance doubly sure:

The National Surety Company, the world's strongest bonding organization, has issued us a bond, backed by its immense financial resources, guaranteeing the fulfillment of the Smartsilk guarantee.

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FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Two Pals for Every Camper!

A Coleman Camp Stove for plenty of well cooked "eats"—whenever your appetite insists. A Coleman Quick-Lite Lantern for all the good light you need—anywhere, any night, in any weather.

The Coleman Camp Stove—regular model No. 2 illustrated above, is acknowledged by out-door experts as the finest camp cooker made—a mimic [illegible] Coleman *Hot Blast Starter, Swinging Fuel Tank, Built-in Oven and Drum Heater Built-in Wind Baffle and Warming Cabinet, Built-in Air Pump and Locking Funnel, Speedy-Heat Flame Spreading Burners*—everything you need for easy, quick action camp cooking. Uses common motor gas for fuel. Other models—No. 9 without built-in oven or drum heater. Prices in U. S. A., Model No. 2 only $12.50; Model No. 9 only $9.00

The Coleman Quick-Lite Lantern—Lights up the whole camp. Brighter than 20 old style oil lanterns. Has [illegible] wind proof, bug-proof, rain-proof. Makes and burns its own gas. Sturdily built. Can't spill even if tipped over. More than 40 hours service per gallon of fuel (common motor gas). U. S. Price $7.50

Ask your dealer to show you both the Stoves and the Lantern. Descriptive literature on request. Address Camping Dept. P.30.

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Branches: Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles. *Canadian Factory:* Toronto, Ontario

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SHOES
$6.00 $7.00 $7.50

Enormous purchases of leather coupled with manufacturing on a large scale to supply our 120 Exclusive Retail Stores and 6,000 Retail Shoe Dealers, enables us to give you the greatest possible shoe value for your money.

Before purchasing your next pair it will pay you to see the smart styles for Spring designed to meet the demands of young men also the more conservative styles.

Name and retail price stamped on every pair at the factory.

Our Womens shoes are durable, yet dainty and so moderately priced they represent the maximum of value giving.

Shoes for Boys
Boys require good substantial shoes We have them at $4.00 and $5.00

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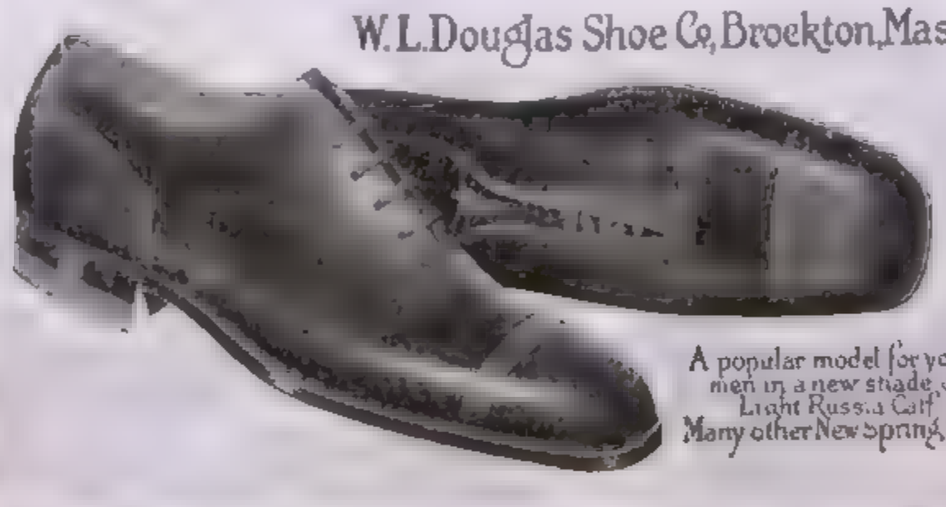

A popular model for young men in a new shade of Light Russia Calf
Many other New Spring Styles

Never well-dressed without well-kept hair

CAN a man be well-groomed with straggly, unkempt hair? Or a woman conspicuously lovely, whose hair does not lie softly smooth and lustrous?

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And with Stacomb, perfectly kept hair is now so easy to have!

One touch of this delicate cream in the morning—all day long your hair stays just as you want it.

And Stacomb is actually beneficial, especially to the dry scalp. It helps prevent dandruff, keeps your scalp cleaner and healthier than ever before.

Not sticky or gummy. In jars and tubes (or the new Liquid Stacomb) at all drug and department stores.

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KEEPS THE HAIR IN PLACE

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Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. A-57
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Please send me, *free of charge*, a generous sample tube of Stacomb.

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lights the open fire, and leaves cans of hot water near the washstand. Later she comes in with a tray of tea, which is to be consumed in bed. After the tea has been drunk and one's letters read, the room is warm enough so that one may get up and dress, and go downstairs to a pleasant breakfast, which does not begin, but ends, with fruit, and includes one or two substantial hot dishes on the buffet, to which one helps oneself.

"Of course in America you have so many bathrooms!" the English are apt to say almost accusingly.

"But here you have so many servants," one replies. "We couldn't get enough maids to carry hot water to our rooms if we wanted to. We've had to invent all sorts of mechanical things to take the place of human labor."

This, too, comes back to democracy.

The difference in the interpretation of hospitality is another which to some extent depends upon servants.

An American friend of mine was astonished one day to receive a telegram from an Englishwoman who was visiting in New York, asking if the American could have her for the week-end at her country place.

"But I scarcely know her!" said my friend. "I shouldn't think of inviting her to my house on such a short acquaintance. I did say something about hoping she'd come here later, but now she's invited herself. Isn't that a strange thing for a well-bred person to do?"

Of course the Englishwoman, to use her own phrase, proposed herself without realizing how much more difficult it would be for the American to entertain her than it would be if she were living in England. She assumed that the wish to see her in the country meant that when she found herself free she should so notify her hostess, who in turn would let her know whether her house was full or not. As they were women of about the same yearly income and much the same habits and tastes, it was interesting to see the differences in their manners.

"I've never seen so many bathrooms!" said the Englishwoman when she arrived. "It seems so luxurious to have one all to myself. At home, you see, we have only one for the entire family and our friends too."

But she came down late for dinner because she couldn't find a maid to hook her gown.

Her hostess, having prided herself on her knowledge of English habits, persuaded the waitress to take a tray of tea up to her the next morning, but the second day the girl gave notice because the guest came down so much later to breakfast than the family, and as they were not equipped with alcohol lamps to keep the food hot, in the English fashion, it meant a delay of all the rest of the maid's daily routine.

Domestic Service

My American friend confesses to humiliation that the visit of a person with whom she really had much of interest in common could have been almost marred by the difficulties of material things.

"It's a shocking thing to admit," she said, "but after years of struggle to find a satisfactory waitress I felt I could better forgo the visit of my English friend than to lose such a perfect maid. Ten years ago I should have refused to speak to anyone who would have said such a shocking thing. I was brought up in the best American tradition of open house and hospitality generously extended. But we lived in the South with plenty of colored servants. Now that I've moved, for the sake of the children, to a suburb of New York, I simply can't have people the way we used to at home."

"How did you solve the problem?" I asked. "The maid is still with you."

She laughed. "Well, my guest never did know it, but I took up her tray of tea myself, tiptoed into the room, closed her windows and turned on the heat before she was entirely awake. Then I just bribed the cook to keep her breakfast hot. In that way I managed to have a really delightful visit with her."

About a year later I ran into this same American woman in London, just after she and her husband had been staying with our English friend in her charming country place. I listened attentively to her account of this visit, particularly because, as I have said, the incomes and backgrounds of the two families were so much alike.

"Instead of our two begrudging servants and a governess," began my American friend, "she has five perfectly trained servants as well as a governess and a nursery maid. Her home is delightful; say what you will about our modern houses, they never achieve the atmosphere of these English places."

She interrupted herself by a series of sneezes. "But I was never so cold in my life!" she went on. "Do you remember how Lady M suffered from our steam heat last year in America? Well, I nearly perished with the cold at her house. When I first got there everyone was having tea around an open fire in the drawing-room, and I thought how charming it was. I almost decided to have our furnace taken out when I got home. But I had tea with my wraps on. Later we went upstairs to dress for dinner."

She laughed. "Well, of course I ought to have been prepared, but it's years since I've been in England, and I've grown so used in America to doing everything for myself that I'd quite forgotten the differences over here. When I went upstairs, to a very attractive single room with bright chintz and an open fire, I found a very correct maid taking the last things out of our bags. I'm a poor enough packer ordinarily, but we had been so busy in London the day we left that I simply threw my things into our bags; my husband put some of his shoes in with mine, and I put some of my clothes in with his. His room, as we now discovered, was some distance from mine, and the only bathroom in the house was miles from either of us. To complicate matters further he found he had forgotten to bring a dressing gown, so before he could take the bath which he had signed up for, much the way we sign up for a tennis court at the club, he had to dress himself completely and come down to my room to borrow my kimono. This made him late and delayed all the other baths, and so everyone was late for dinner!

High-Pressure Entertaining

"However, finally we all got down, and I assure you I was nearly congealed in the dining room, in a low dress without sleeves, sitting at the right of our host, as far as possible away from the open fire." She sneezed again. "Then after dinner they all agreed, even those with the worst gout, that our American houses were kept unhealthily warm! Of course," she added quickly, "I really had a delightful visit, and much as I had liked my hostess before, I liked her even better after I had seen her in her own house. No one could have been a more perfect hostess. I learned from her, too, that the art of entertaining lies almost as much in knowing when to let your guests alone as in doing things for them."

I have heard foreigners who have visited the United States say that their American hosts erred only in the one respect of having their guests too much on their minds. Sometimes minute programs, covering every second of their days, would be presented to the bewildered strangers; in less formal households, when the visitors would try to go to their rooms to rest or write letters or just to be alone, a member of the family would follow to make sure the guest was not lonely.

"The most tantalizing part of my visit to your country," a well-known European woman told me, "was the stack of new and interesting books that were put in my room and which I longed to read. But I never was allowed long enough time to get beyond the first chapter during the day, and at night I was much too tired to read."

We live at higher tension, of course, than any other people in the world, and this intellectual steam heat which distresses the foreigner arises not only from our greater preoccupation with business but it is also generated by our serious attitude toward those things we call recreations, whether bridge, golf or cross-word puzzles.

An Italian woman who has been over here a good deal, visits among other Americans a family who have a beautiful country place in the hills. While she is there she likes nothing so much as to go outdoors and sit tranquilly in the sun with no occupation other than meditating on the pleasant warmth and the beautiful view.

"But of all the kind things they arrange for me," she declares, "this one which I enjoy so much is the most difficult to achieve. Dinner, picnics, dances, garden parties, golf or tennis, yes. But that a grown woman should enjoy best doing nothing, they cannot understand. It is simply a matter of

(Continued on Page 233)

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(Continued from Page 230)

different ideas of entertainment," she concluded, "for Americans are at heart the kindest people in the world."

While I was meditating on these last words, which have been uttered many times by all manner of disinterested people, I happened to be present at a dialogue between an American woman whose husband held a high diplomatic position abroad, and an Englishwoman, similarly placed. They were discussing the question of inviting or not inviting to their houses a certain woman whom they both disliked, but who was clamoring for invitations.

Finally the American woman said, "There is no reason in the world for asking her, except her insistence, and I'm not going to do it."

"I dislike her quite as much as you do," said the Englishwoman, "but I shall invite her. However, when she comes, I shall treat her very coldly."

The American woman was plainly shocked by this point of view, for she had been brought up to believe that courteous treatment of guests under one's roof was an implicit obligation of the act of extending hospitality.

"One has a right to exclude people who are undesirable," she said later when we were alone, "and this particular woman that we were discussing has no official connections—she is simply a vulgar and obnoxious climber or she would not be in the position of seeking invitations. But it outrages my American sense of hospitality even to consider asking her and then deliberately plan to treat her coldly."

In order to see if our standards of hospitality and those of other countries really differed on this point, I put this problem hypothetically to various people, being careful not to reveal the nationality of the two disputants.

Without exception every American whom I asked was in complete sympathy with the point of view expressed by our countrywoman. The English, on the other hand, saw nothing especially reprehensible in the attitude of their representative.

One of them said, "Of course you've heard that definition of a gentleman—'one who is never rude unintentionally'?"

The Art of Being Rude

When I threw this controversy into the casual conversation at a luncheon table of cosmopolitan flavor, the discussion grew heated.

An Englishwoman had just said, describing the English wife of a foreign diplomat, "She is most awfully well-bred. She can be most frightfully rude."

At this point I launched the hypothetical question regarding hospitality.

"Of course," said the same Englishwoman, "rudeness is, after all, the best possible social weapon."

"That is because in old and overcrowded civilizations," said another European, "society is based upon a defensive policy. The vital thing is not whom one can include but only whom one can exclude. Therefore it seems more important to be able to rebuff people rather than to welcome them."

"That doesn't fully answer this question though," said a serious American. He turned to the Englishwoman: "Do you really mean that you gauge people's breeding by their ability to be rude?"

"In other words," said an Irishman, "that good manners consist in having bad ones?"

"One must define manners," said the hostess, hoping to be conciliatory.

But everyone began talking excitedly, all together, all apparently in violent disagreement, until at last when the conversational smoke had blown away, two fundamentally different points of view were disclosed.

The Europeans held that manners consisted of a well-defined set of customs and habits, which could be taught.

"There is a technic," explained a Frenchman. "Just as one may learn the rules of golf, so one may acquire the technic of good manners."

"But manners are not a game," said the spokesman for the Americans. "Manners are much more than ease in entering a room and knowing whose hand to kiss and all those things which can, of course, be taught. In that respect I grant you that Americans do not shine. But we believe that truly good manners spring from the heart."

This is, I believe, the crux of the social differences which separate us from Europe. By and large, Europeans have much more charming manners, and they are apt to have greater poise and savoir-faire. As a nation we do not pay enough attention to the details; or as the Frenchman, whose manners cannot be excelled, put it, the technic of good manners. But the standards toward which we aim are those of kindliness of heart, loyalty to our friends and generosity. Of course it would be hypocritical to pretend that anyone is always able to live up to these or any other standards, but they have, nevertheless, stamped themselves upon our national character.

The surest way to learn a people's ideals is to see what they desire to inculcate in their children. As a whole we are apt to stress those qualities of courtesy which come from innate kindliness. For instance, a young woman who is keenly interested in the development of her children was talking to her small daughter the other day on the subject of curtsying.

"You can do it or not," she said. "It's become the fashion, and considered awfully English, although it's done even more in Germany. But the thing that I do care about is that when people come into our house you should look them in the eye as you take their hand, and make them feel really welcome."

Usually, however, we do not follow the method of this mother who tried to teach the technic by which kindliness could be best expressed. Perhaps it is for this reason that we are accused as a nation of spoiling our children. This is more especially the accusation of the English, and there seems to be much justification for it. A prevalent theory in England is that a well-brought-up child is one who leads its own life of the nursery, with a competent governess, almost apart from the life of the family, and in the case of a boy, is one sent to a boarding school at an age so early that it seems to us sometimes cruel.

Bringing Up the Children

An American friend of mine whose husband is an English diplomat rebelled furiously at the prospect of sending her elder son, who was not yet eight, and not physically strong, thousands of miles away from their foreign post to boarding school in England. Her rebellion was futile, for her husband sincerely thought it was the only course possible for a well-bred English boy.

"You certainly wouldn't want him to be brought up like a spoiled American child?" said the husband.

"But why must we—his parents—refuse to shoulder the responsibility of his bringing up?" retorted the exasperated wife. "You English are so proud of the way your children are brought up, but you don't do it yourself—you leave it to governesses and schoolmasters!"

It was hard for her to realize, as it is for most Americans, the social gulf which the English have created between the public-school boy and all others. By public school they mean, of course, the most exclusive private boarding schools, such as Eton, Harrow and Winchester. Many of these arbitrary distinctions which seem unbearably snobbish to us, with our warm admiration for the self-made man, are based upon economic and political conditions which differ widely here.

On the other hand, some of the democratic qualities upon which we pride ourselves are not universally admired; as, for instance, the peculiarly American habit of making chance acquaintance upon trains and steamers. We maintain that this springs from a generous open-heartedness; foreigners put it down to lack of discrimination.

A Roman friend of mine who has visited in America was greatly perturbed when some people he had met there came to Italy and invited him to dinner.

"I like my hosts very, very much," he said, "and at their house in the States I met only the most delightful and cultivated Americans. But here! Well, I will try to tell you the kind of Italians I met at dinner. Of course I did not want to say anything directly to my American friends, but I asked them how they came to know these people; and I found they had met one couple on the steamer, and another they had run into, as they said, while buying some antiques. He had so politely interpreted for them and saved them a great deal of money, so they had kindly invited him to dinner. Now I became curious to know just what the game was of these Italians, for I saw the moment they entered the room that they were not the sort

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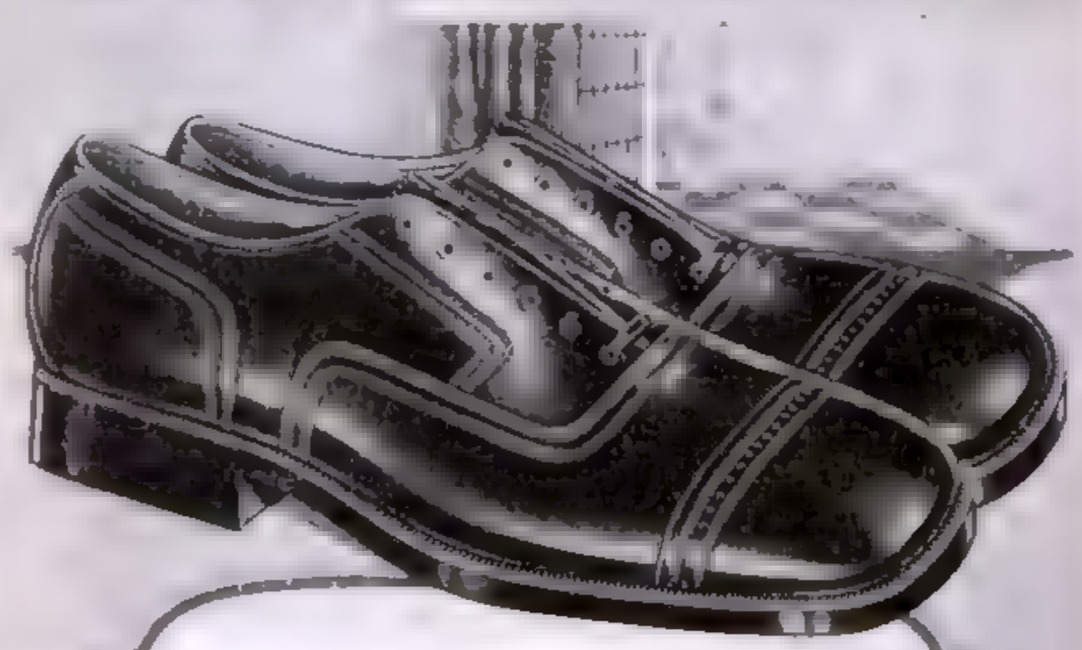

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[VENTILATE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM]

of people my American hosts would have tolerated had they been Americans. So I resolved to find out, and learned quite easily that the couple they had met on the steamer are famous only for their skill in cheating at cards. The man has been turned out of clubs and is not even allowed in certain hotels. The other Italian, whom my friends had run into in the antique shop, was nothing more or less than a very clever interpreter who made a profession of appearing to bring down the prices, which, of course, he does by being in league with the proprietor and dividing the profit later."

"Have you told the Americans the sort of people they were entertaining?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "No! If they had wanted to know they could have found out before they invited them to dinner. What would they think of me if I went to them and criticized their other guests?" He laughed. "Moreover, you see, they met me upon a steamer too!"

I have heard many other foreigners who have American friends declare that when these Americans visit their country in Europe they never, if possible, attend their parties, so certain are they of meeting completely undesirable fellow countrymen. These mistakes of judgment are not, of course, confined entirely to Americans, as all people are apt to err regarding strangers of other nationalities, but we are peculiarly susceptible for the additional reason of our hail-fellow-well-met standard, which is especially true in the more recently settled parts of our country to which a newcomer is really an asset and is welcomed by the community.

Our population is extraordinarily widespread and we are becoming more and more nomadic, so that even our most conservative communities have come to realize that newcomers are often a welcome addition. In a country where democracy wins such dramatic social victories and the social status of one generation sometimes gives no clew whatever to the social status of the preceding one, we are bound to accept people more upon their face value. But as a whole, particularly when we are dealing with foreigners, we are too apt to believe what people tell us about themselves. The average twenty-year-old Italian, French or Austrian youth has more cool judgment about people than the average American twice that age. We call that cool judgment skepticism, and attempt to condemn it as cynical, but nevertheless it forms an effective armor of personal protection.

Countesses Boarded Free

Perhaps it is for this very reason that titled foreigners, some of whom can be found in Burke's Peerage or the Almanach de Gotha, and some who cannot, usually find a rosy path of endless entertainments and lavish hospitality spread before them once they reach our democratic shores.

Not long ago I heard a young woman whose father is the bearer of a modest title in Europe say that she longed to visit the United States, but couldn't possibly afford to live at our hotels.

"If you've the money for a first-class ticket on an expensive steamer," an American answered, "you won't even need taxi fare after you land—provided, of course, you have yourself put down on the passenger list as countess."

"But it is not proper to so do," she answered. "Mamma is the countess—not I."

"But they'll never know that!" he answered. "We don't bother to look people up in books and things the way you do over here. You'll have a wonderful time!"

His prophecy turned out to be accurate. Two days before she landed in New York an ambitious American woman who had not yet achieved the desired place near the top of the crowded social ladder, invited her to spend the entire winter in her luxurious home. The European gladly accepted. The newspapers photographed her, interviewed her, finally raised her title to princess, and the popularity of her hostess received a great impetus.

A very different story which equally demonstrates our attitude toward rank, however, was told me the other day by a titled Dutchman. He has recently been touring the United States, and on a Western train the conductor was so courteous and helpful that the baron desired in some way to express his appreciation. He had been warned that in this country it was not correct to offer money, so with the usual formula he presented the conductor with an excellent cigar.

The next day, just before he arrived at his destination, the conductor came to his seat, told the foreigner how much he had enjoyed meeting him, and in turn presented him with a cigar.

"It couldn't have happened in any other country in the world," said the Dutchman. "And it was one of the pleasantest memories of my journey!"

Society Play-Acting

Americans who go abroad a good deal are apt to fall into the habit of bemoaning the lack in their countrymen of that which they term finesse or polish.

A woman who typified this group talked to me at length on the subject one afternoon at tea at a foreign embassy. She was particularly impressed by the gaucheries of certain of our compatriots because she had just been talking to a titled woman who had deeply impressed her.

"She is the quintessence of charm!" she declared enthusiastically. "Her manners are exquisite. She knows so exactly what to do and what to say on any occasion, and her conversation is so amusing too!"

As the butler announced the arrival of another woman guest with an impressive title, the interested American suddenly stiffened.

"It isn't possible!" she exclaimed.

The woman whom she had just praised so warmly had risen and gone toward the newcomer with open arms, kissing her on both cheeks, and drawing her affectionately to a seat beside her.

"But only a moment ago she was telling me the most frightful things about her!" whispered my bewildered compatriot. "How can she now rush up to her like that?" After a moment's meditation she concluded, "Well, this forces me to believe that all that graciousness and charm which I have been admiring is nothing more than a highly developed form of acting. They don't mean anything!"

This emphasis upon good manners meaning something is peculiarly American, and places a great responsibility upon us in molding our own, for we like to believe the assertions of many foreigners who have seen us in our own setting, that we are as a nation unusually kind-hearted; and we also believe that really good manners proceed from the heart.

The thing we sometimes fail to realize is that good intentions alone are not enough to produce manners which will satisfy this high standard. Resourcefulness, quick wit, and, above all, ability to perceive the viewpoint of others, are requisite.

There is an Oriental proverb worth our pondering, which says that there is no such thing as a rough diamond—that a diamond proves itself a diamond only through its ability to take polish.

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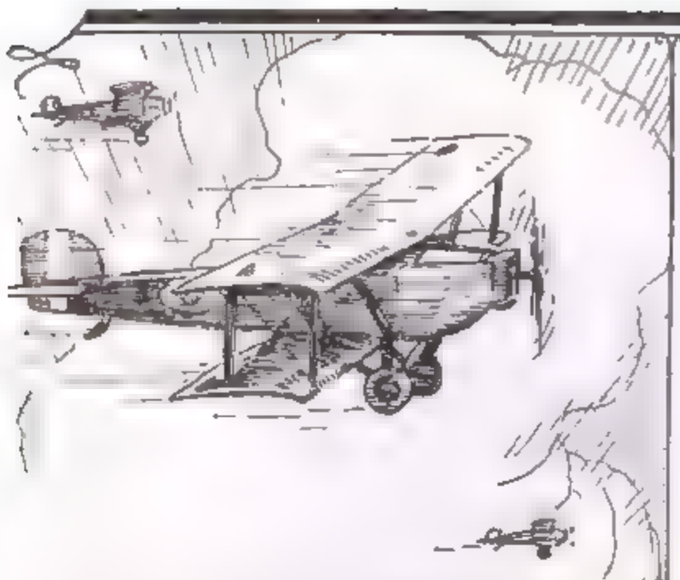

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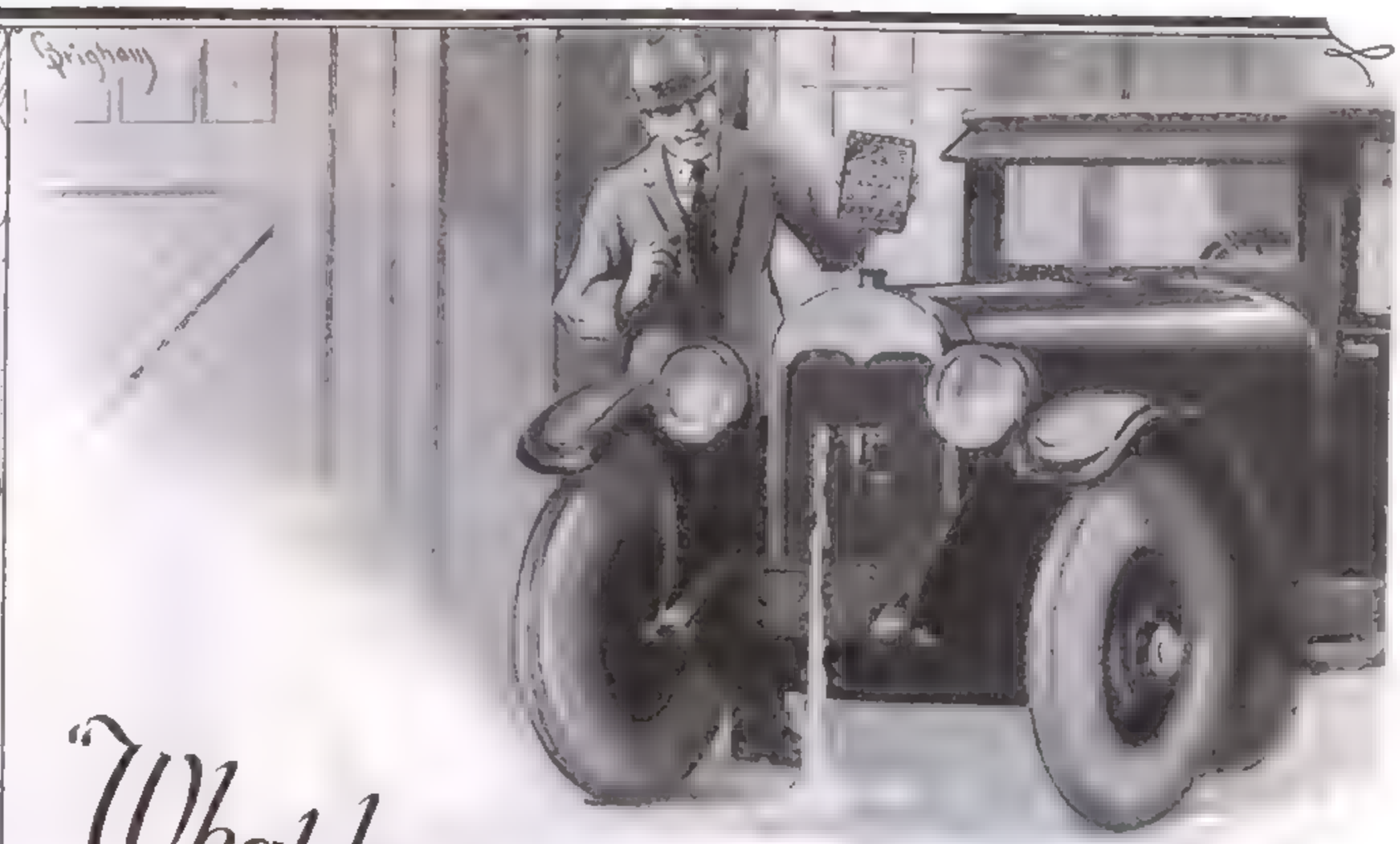

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WANTED—A SUBSTITUTE FOR WORK

(Continued from Page 46)

educated or polished person of another race. For seventy-five years the flood of foreigners who have come to our shores have been poor, generally humble and quite willing to do the jobs that the old American stock considered menial or unprofitable or both. I recall a remark made long before the war by a second-generation German whose family had done well enough in America to send him to a German university and allow him to spend several years in European capitals.

"Wherever I traveled on the Continent," he said in his precise half-foreign accent, "I could always tell a veritable American as far as I could see him. It was the way he walked, with his shoulders high, like a nobleman."

This observation seemed highly flattering. The second-generation German himself, I sensed, was vastly pleased at being a citizen of a country whose travelers carried their shoulders high, like noblemen, and who regarded foreigners with a rather amused and patronizing interest.

Events of the last decade have tended to increase this feeling of superiority. Before the war we were merely better dressed, better educated, more polished than the immigrant foreigner, who was practically the only foreigner we knew. Suddenly, when one European nation after another began tearing at its neighbor's throat, the conviction was forced upon us that we must be infinitely more virtuous than any race of foreigners whatsoever. We of all the world did not covet others' lands or riches. Had we not lived on peaceable terms with our good neighbor, Canada, for a century?

Once the conviction of our moral superiority was established, it was but a step to the sentimental wish that others might recognize it also. Even after we entered the war ourselves, one remembers the serious proposals that we should send clouds of airplanes over the German lines, not to drop bombs, but to release millions of pamphlets describing the American character. One also remembers that it was mainly the old-stock American who favored these easy gestures. Our foreign-born, with generations of wars in their past, knew better.

Too Much Organization

One of the dangers of overorganization is its tendency to perpetuate itself after its period of usefulness is over. During the war we were obliged to organize intensively, not only cultivating the habit, but in many in cases creating the belief that organization has a mysterious power of its own. With such a multiplicity of business organizations, it is naturally difficult to find enough serious work to supply necessary interest and maintain attendance so vital to satisfying gesture and to the continuation of the salaried secretary's job. Hence the golf tournaments that are a feature of so many first-class conventions.

It is a trait of human nature that laxness inevitably leads to a desire for artificial stimuli. The idle man is more addicted to alcoholic drink than the busy one; the overly shielded woman becomes a prey to sentimentality. Far be it from the purpose of this article to decry any serious movement toward the betterment of mankind; but it can hardly be denied that some fields of uplift are being rather overworked by organizations originally formed for business purposes, but which, for lack of material, have turned toward emotionalism as a means of artificial stimulus.

It goes without saying that work for the betterment of mankind is good work; but efficiency never goes with sentimentality, which is precisely the craving to see oneself in a noble or charming attitude. Coöperation with the regular philanthropic or religious organizations can be depended on to bring results; the organization divided between business and uplift usually does both ineffectually. We have Boys' Week as a national institution along with Buy-a-Book Week, Suspender Week and More-and-Better Steam Laundries Week, and similar publicity methods are used for all. One wonders if the practice of making a boy mayor of a city for a day can really be beneficial to the boy so chosen; or if the welfare of the boy himself is overlooked in the unconscious desire of those behind the movement to obtain a satisfying thrill.

Aside from the questionable taste of the incidents described, there is not in them even the element of good business. A drunken person is never so efficient as a sober one, even though his drunkenness consists only of an occasional spree of sentimentality. Nor is the man who depends on his trade association, or his hired inspirational oratory, or his 100 per cent American ancestry, a match for the competitor who does his uplift without gesture and who sticks doggedly to his factory or his shop during business hours and depends on himself.

Gesture, no matter how noble or self-satisfying, can never take the place of work. It is true that the sons and grandsons of immigrant citizens may adopt the same ways as their fellow Americans of older stock; but this indisputable fact remains: The immigrant gets along in America in spite of his hampering lack of education, his imperfect knowledge of the language, his ignorance of conditions and his usual lack of capital. He makes up for these things by pointed intention. His harsher background has instilled it into him that he cannot do two things at once. The success of the immigrant in America has a deeper significance than the changing of names on the signboards. The immigrant gains his success through the use of the same direct methods that he learned from the business men of his native country.

A French Trade Convention

A few months ago I was permitted to be present at the annual convention of a French association of hardware dealers in one of the large southern cities of that country. To one used to more spectacular methods, this gathering of 300 Frenchmen was a rather colorless affair. Some of them came to town the evening before, but the majority arrived the morning of the convention, many of them starting at surprisingly early hours to be there on time. As the crowds flocked up the street from the railway station, it was easy to identify the delegates, for each had tightly clasped under his arm a brief case stuffed with papers. The convention began at ten o'clock and was opened by the mayor of the city with a five-minute speech of welcome. Then the delegates got down to business. The hall had been provided with little desks borrowed from some school building, and during the session the delegates sat crouched over their piles of papers, looking for all the world like a lot of students at examination time. At one o'clock there was an hour's adjournment for lunch. At six the business was finished and the convention adjourned.

The Lyons hardware manufacturer whose courtesy had made it possible for me to attend this gathering explained the viewpoint of the delegates.

"It isn't that they don't appreciate a good time," he said. "Many of these same men close their places of business for a week in the summer and everyone connected with the establishment goes fishing. Merely, they don't believe in mixing pleasure with business, and they regard their annual convention as business."

The United States has been passing through a period of easy affluence that sober sense teaches us cannot last forever. The time is rapidly approaching when we shall have to compete on even terms with the rest of the world, and if we wish to maintain our standard of living we shall have to regard business as seriously as our competitors. Professional optimists like to say that the mass production which we have so amazingly developed will of itself allow us to continue to live more luxuriously than other nations. But mass production has a weakness. It is the easiest thing in the world to imitate. Even where the foreign business man has not the ability to organize his mass production from the ground up, it is quite possible for him to buy his automatic machinery in the United States and install it in his own community, where his cheaper and more patient labor gives him a tremendous advantage. This, precisely, is what is being done in many foreign countries today, as many an American exporting manufacturer is learning.

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For we will tell you how you should be able to make, as do literally scores of our workers, $5.00, even $25.00 a week extra. And that's *extra* money, earned easily, pleasantly and in odd hours—just for sending us renewal and new subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

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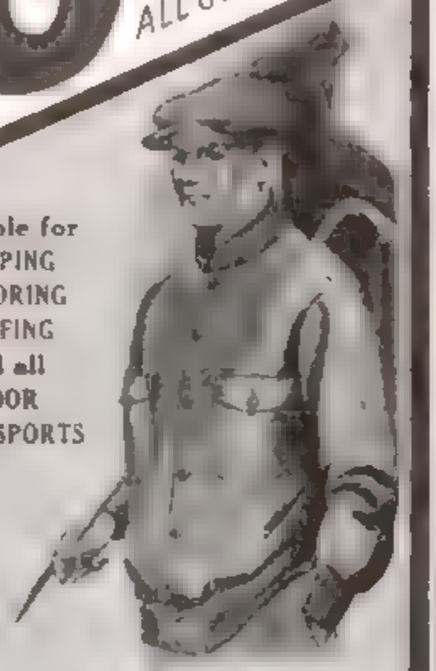

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Strong canvas upper and rugged crepe soles

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RADIO SPORT SHOE

The success of the newly arrived immigrant, schooled in foreign ways, shows we have something to learn from abroad. No one will deny that organization is a good thing; the trade association or the local business man's club can perform constructively and public-spiritedly in its proper field, which is that of eliminating waste and cultivating economic business practices. But organization can be oversold; and it is oversold when, to maintain itself, it is obliged to bring in extraneous entertainment or emotionalism or to make its gatherings joyous parties rather than serious business conferences.

Discussing these things recently with a successful New York business man whose active experience goes back over a period of nearly fifty years, he said this:

"The United States is a big country and perhaps our 1800 trade associations and our 15,000 conventions a year are necessary. This can easily be ascertained if every individual business man will appoint himself a committee of one to interview himself on these questions: 'Are my trade associations and my conventions concerning themselves with strictly business matters, or is there a tendency to mix business with jazz in order to keep up interest and attendance? When I appropriate my time during working hours to trade activities, am I doing it with the sole intention of so increasing my efficiency that I can produce and sell my goods at a closer profit?'

"One of these days the United States will have reached the limit of its easy exploitation of natural resources and then we shall have to compete on even terms with the rest of the world. Then, if we have not learned to economize our efforts, we shall have either to reduce our standard of living to the level of other countries, or to try to earn a living by selling only among ourselves. The former we don't want to do, and the latter is nearly impossible. Every uneconomic practice that we let ourselves in for is bringing that time nearer."

The great buying public—which is everyone—does not care who produces the goods it buys; it is only interested in buying at prices that have not been inflated by useless gesture. It is even possible that some organizations might gain in influence and membership by limiting themselves strictly to business purposes.

The writing of this article was inspired by a letter from a business man in a New York State city, which letter I quote verbatim:

"I used to belong to the state association of my trade, but I don't any more. The last convention I went to lasted three days and I kept books on it. We had half a day for inspirational speeches; another half day for a clambake and a baseball game between the fats and leans. The local committee took us for a ride around town to see the courthouse, the park, and to listen to a song service of grade-school pupils. We spent half a day deciding on a snappy slogan that would create sales in our line; then half a day of real business. If the convention of my trade was limited to a one-day meeting at which we just tended to business, I would join again."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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Braking equipment has come to mean so much that you are urged to study especially those cars which, following the trend of the industry, have been equipped with Lockheed Hydraulic Four-Wheel Brakes.

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The Answer

LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC Four Wheel Brakes

Start May First

LAST year two and a half million babies were born in the United States—our future citizens—the men and women who are to be entrusted with the affairs of tomorrow. Precious as these little lives were, not only to their parents but to the country itself, *one* out of every *thirteen* died before its first birthday.

This tragic waste of human material must be checked. It must be made easier for babies to pass their first milestone and for boys and girls to have a happy, healthy childhood. A gigantic plan is under way to bring this about. Every mother and father, everyone in America who loves children and his country, is asked to help.

May Day, which has always been one of the banner days of childhood with its picnics, its gayly-ribboned May-poles and its fun, is hereafter going to be a momentous day for our boys and girls. It will be known everywhere as National Child Health Day, a permanent American institution, a day for community stock-taking of child-health conditions.

May-Poles—Symbols of Health

When you see the May-poles think of them as symbols of sound health for children.

All over the country hundreds of thousands of men and women are planning to make May Day memorable in the history of our nation. Members of religious, business, fraternal, patriotic, labor and other organizations are working to make Child Health Day a success.

Herbert Hoover's Plea

The purpose of the May Day Celebration is to focus attention upon our most precious national asset—our children***

The ideal to which we should drive is that there should be no child in America that has not been born under proper conditions, that does not live in hygienic surroundings, that ever suffers from undernutrition, that does not have prompt and efficient medical attention and inspection, that does not receive primary instruction in the elements of hygiene and good health.

It is for the reiteration of this truth, for the celebration of it until it shall have become a living fact, that we urge all people of good will to join in the celebration of May Day as Child Health Day.

Herbert Hoover

There will be celebrations and festivals, public gatherings and speech making. Stores from coast to coast will have special window displays calling attention to Child Health Day. Business concerns, mills and factories will have important health demonstrations.

The men and women who are working for an improvement in child-health are painting a vision which shall and must be made real. They are working for more sanitary school buildings, more thorough health inspection in schools and better playground facilities. They are taking steps to safeguard the right of every child to reach maturity in good condition physically, mentally and morally.

Find out what your community is doing to celebrate May Day. Let's not have a slacker town or city in all the country.

Every Home a Health Center

It is time to dismiss the old foolish notion that children have to have the diseases of childhood. They can be protected by the proper precautions. Keep your children well.

Have your boys and girls physically examined at least once a year. See that they eat the right body-building food. Make certain that they play every day in the fresh air, sleep long hours with open windows and establish healthy body-habits. Give them buoyant joyous health. Endow them with strong, sturdy bodies.

But remember that the dreams you dream on May First and the plans you make must be carried out every day in the year to give your children the best possible chance in life.

There are upward of 35 million children in the United States—practically one-third of our population—who are subject to dangers in many communities by failure of community safeguards. In some sections of the country impure water and impure milk are supplied. In other communities inadequate provisions for health inspection are made. Again, too few playgrounds are opened or too many children are permitted by law to be at work in factories when they should be in school.

Great advances have been made in national hygiene, but even today three out of four children are suffering from some physical defect which might have been prevented or corrected. At least three million of our children, probably more, fall so far below the normal standard of weight that their condition demands immediate recognition and attention.

Six countries have lower infant mortality rates than the United States. The country which stands first loses only one baby in twenty under one year of age. There are many countries which lose fewer mothers in childbirth than we do here in the United States.

We need more prenatal and maternity care and instruction; closer supervision of health in schools; nutrition classes; more playgrounds and a wider system of public health measures.

The New May Day brings a plea for safeguarding the welfare of our children. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has published a booklet, "The Child", which is a guide and help to mothers. It will be mailed free, to any one who asks for it, together with a Child Health Day program prepared by the American Child Health Association. HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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1 cup flour	4 teaspoons baking powder
1 tablespoon sugar	⅔ cup Pet Milk
½ teaspoon salt	⅓ cup water

Mix dry ingredients, add diluted milk, beat well, and bake on hot griddle lightly greased.

Send for free booklets of recipes, and suggestions for mixing Pet Milk and Fruit Juices.

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What a difference a few years make in fashions! How absurd some of them seem to be, when we look backward!

Would we be willing to adopt the grotesque styles to which our grandfathers submitted? It would take a constitutional amendment, at least, to drive us to such things.

Some fashions are accepted because they promote comfort or reveal graces, but what impulse could have brought facial fur trimmings and hazardous hoops into favor? There must have been a tremendous compelling force back of whiskers that reached from ear to ear, and skirts that left no room for doubt.

If the underlying purpose of such encumbrances was to eliminate difficulty in telling the sexes apart, its effectiveness can hardly be questioned.

Here a disturbing thought intrudes. Since women have gone in for knickies and bobs and gubernatorial authority, it is conceivable that whiskers may in time have to serve again, as they served originally, to show that men are men.

The horror of such a possibility becomes evident when we see how the well-groomed man of today would look with such whiskers as were fashionable sixty years ago.

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